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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

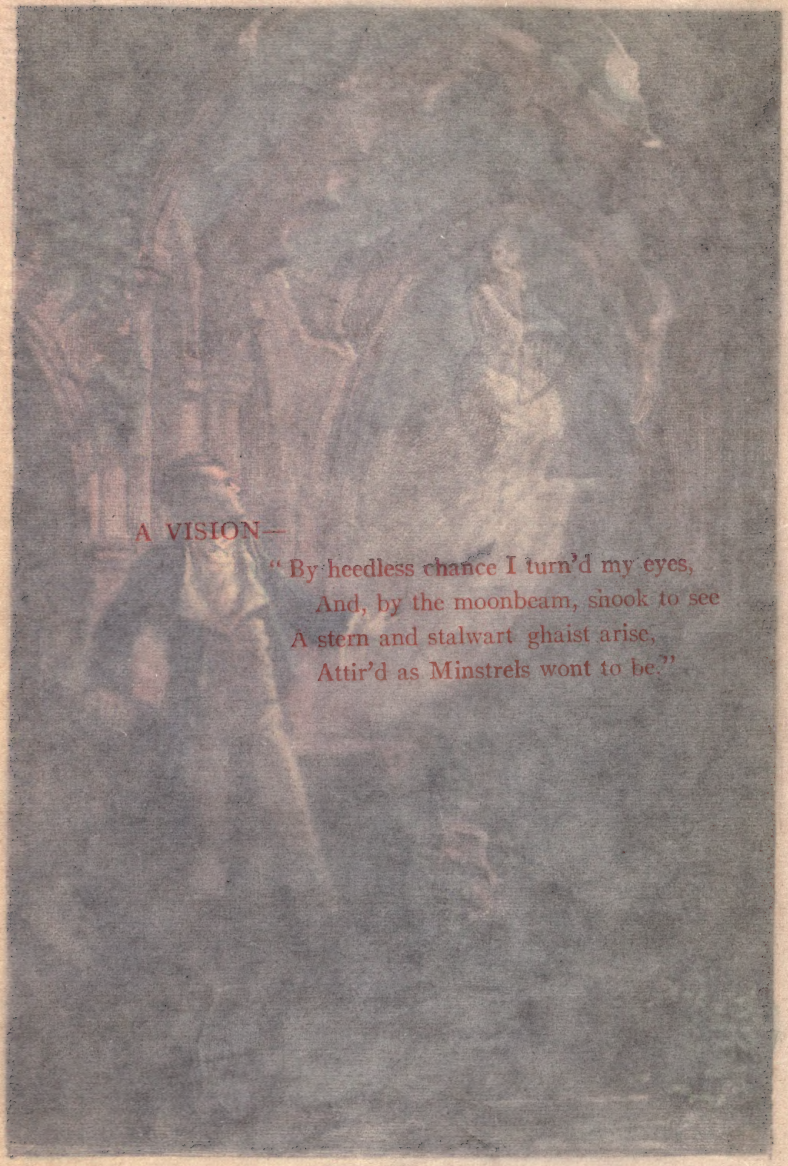
(SELF INTERPRETING)

Volume 6



ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTY ETCHINGS
AND WOOD CUTS, MAPS
AND FACSIMILES

National Library Company
New York


A VISION—
"By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be."

Edition de Luxe

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OF

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(Self Interpreting)

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THIS EDITION

OF

THE WORKS AND LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

IS DEDICATED TO

ANDREW CARNEGIE,

OF

PITTSBURGH, PA.,

WHO, IN HIS GRAPHIC SKETCH OF

"TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY"

has depicted a practical realization of that EMANCIPATION of which Burns dared to dream, a hundred years ago; and who, in himself, is a gratifying example of the worth of

"THE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE OF BEING INDEPENDENT."

PREFACE TO VOLUME VI.

On finishing this last volume, completing our edition of The Works and Life of Robert Burns, we have only to say that we have endeavored fully to fill the promise of excellence and completeness, made in our first volume. We have (as circumstantially stated at page 318 of the present volume) more closely followed the text of the Douglas edition than we originally intended; but we have added many original notes and other interesting memoranda (indicated J. H. or G. G.), besides embodying all notes of previous editors that we thought worthy of preservation; thus carrying forward all the excellences of all previous editions into this edition.

Our Illustrations, we think, will speak for themselves. Our chronological arrangement has at least the recommendation of novelty. Our record of the Bibliography of Burns will be useful for understanding the progress of completing his works (see page 310, *infra*). The Table from page 336 to 342 shews all the editions of his works published in ninety years (three hundred and forty-eight in all), bespeaking a popularity such as no author but Bunyan or Defoe or Shakespeare can boast. For this last-named Table we have to make our acknowledgment to Mr. M'Kie's "The Burns Calendar" (Kilmarnock, 1874).

We give the entire Music of the Thomson Collection and of the chief songs from the Johnson *Museum*.

Our Glossary is far more complete than any heretofore published, — and this, notwithstanding that we have generally glossed the English meaning at the end of each line where the Scotch word occurs.

Our treatment of the doubtful and spurious pieces is more thorough than ever before attempted.

We have to say, in looking back on our labors, that we recognize that Burns has had five great editors, viz.: Currie, Cunningham, Chambers, Waddell and Douglas; and, with our improvements on those editions all herein combined, we think this work is very nearly complete; and we hope and trust that the industry and care we have bestowed on our "labor of love," will be so well appreciated by some future editor as to receive at least. "honorable mention." G. G.

Philadelphia, *August 24, 1887.*

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POEMS AND SONGS.

THE MINSTREL AT LINCLUDEN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

Chorus.—A lassie all alone, was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's
gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

Now, looking over frith and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
When lo! in form of Minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A lassie all alone, &c.
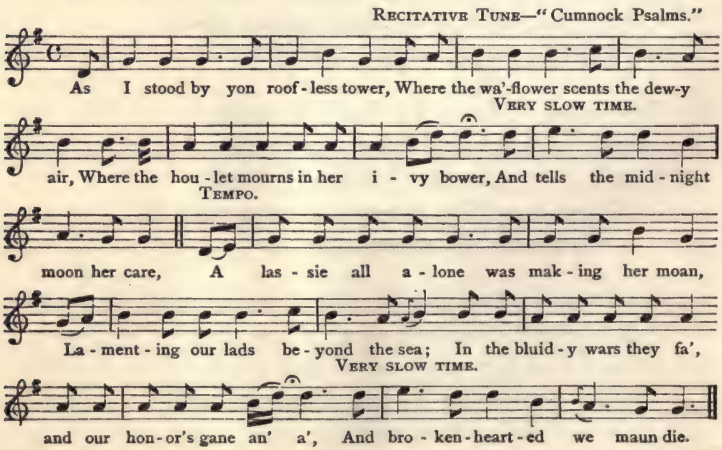
And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
A lassie all alone, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.
A lassie all alone, &c.

[The above is the poet's first version of a sublime lyric, which he ultimately left on record under the title, "A Vision," in which some changes are made in the text, and the chorus is excluded.

(The chorus of this first version, as will be seen in our note to the second version, and its connection, is significant as proving that Burns's mind was running on the American war at the time he composed it.—G. G.)

In the *Museum* this lyric is set to a strange, weird-like melody, called "Cumnock Psalms," which we here present to the reader.]



AN ODE TO LIBERTY.

(*Here first published complete.*)

The first part, of this Masterpiece of the poet, which, under the title of "A VISION," was first published in Currie's edition of Burns's works (in 1800), shows on the face of it that it was intended as a prelude to a more important poem. Currie notes at the end of the piece "Our poet's prudence suppressed the Song of Liberty; it may be questioned whether even in the resources of *his* genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation." Of course "the song" to which Currie refers is the song which the minstrel sang, referred to in the second last stanza of the "Vision":—

> And frae his heart sic strains did flow,
> Might rouse the slumbering dead to hear,
> But, O! it was a tale of woe
> As ever met a Briton's ear.

All the best editors of Burns have regretfully felt that there had either existed and been destroyed, or that there still existed somewhere, but withheld from the public, "The Song" heard in the "Vision."

Chambers says, "Burns hinted, for more than a hint cannot be ventured upon, his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit under the conservative terrors of the passing era."

Cunningham, nearer the mark, says "He gave us 'The Vision,' perhaps, in these yeasty political times, he dared not venture on The Song which the minstrel poured from his lips."

Gilfillan says more recently "The Song of Liberty was probably written but suppressed."

We are glad to be able to announce that we, for the first time, present to the world the perfect poem. At the end we give a history of the discovery of the missing Song or Ode, now permanently restored to its prelude; and we make bold to say that in the complete poem, the world possesses an Apostrophe To Liberty, one of the most noble and heart stirring tributes ever offered by genius at her shrine.

The Editor of Blackie's edition says concerning "A Vision," "The last verse of this beautiful poem is surely a most unfortunate one. Indeed, it would be difficult to point out any piece in which a stronger instance of the bathos, or art of sink-

ing, is exhibited than is done in the last two lines of this otherwise admirable poem. That the stanza should not have been altogether omitted, and the poem allowed to stand as a fragment, has always appeared to us a matter of wonder." [This editor was not aware of the existence of "The Ode to Liberty," which was subsequently discovered.]

A very careful study of the subject, with the complete Vision, and "Ode or Song" before us, leads us to the following conclusions, viz.: that Burns, as he generally did, produced the two pieces as a connected whole, and nearly at a sitting; but that he must have immediately afterwards seen that it would be unsafe to publish them in that form, and therefore added the last verse to the "Vision" or prelude:

> He sang wi' joy his former day,
> He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
> But what he said—it was nae play,
> I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

This we suppose he did in order to give an air of completeness to what would otherwise have appeared a fragment; and this would account for the "bathos or sinking" which Blackie's annotator has so intelligently pointed out.

We have therefore in our new version of the combined Vision and Ode left out the "sinking" verse,—reproducing the complete work as we believe it to have been originally formed in the brain of Burns.

In support of our theory, that Burns felt that, in the Ode to Liberty, he had dangerous literature on hand, and yet that he made one or two attempts to utilize it, we refer to his reciting part of it to Josiah Walker (see page 10, *infra*), as well as to a letter to Mrs. Dunlop (page 9, *infra*), which shows he was contemplating the adaptation of part of it "as an irregular Ode to Washington's Birth Day." Finally, we find him consenting that Mr. Perry, the editor of the, then, radical Morning Chronicle of London, should have it for publication, with the stipulation, "Only let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me." (See reference of letter to Captain Patrick Miller, page 9, *infra*.)

(PART I.)—A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

Could ever created fury dared to raise.
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That trembleat at a Despot's nod,

Yet, crouching under th' iron rod,
Canst land the arm that struck th' insulting blow.
Art thou of man's imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each sculking feature answers, NO!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
To join yon river on the Strath,*
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld *blae* North was streaming forth — bleak
Her lights, wi' hissing, *eerie* din; — unearthly
Athwart the *lift* they start and shift, — sky
Like Fortune's favors, *tint* as win. — lost

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"LIBERTIE!"

And frae his harp *sic* strains did flow, — such
Might rous'd the slumb'ring Dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

(PART II.)—THE ODE TO LIBERTY.

(The song the minstrel sang.)

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!

* The River Nith.

See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?*
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?

Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,†
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!

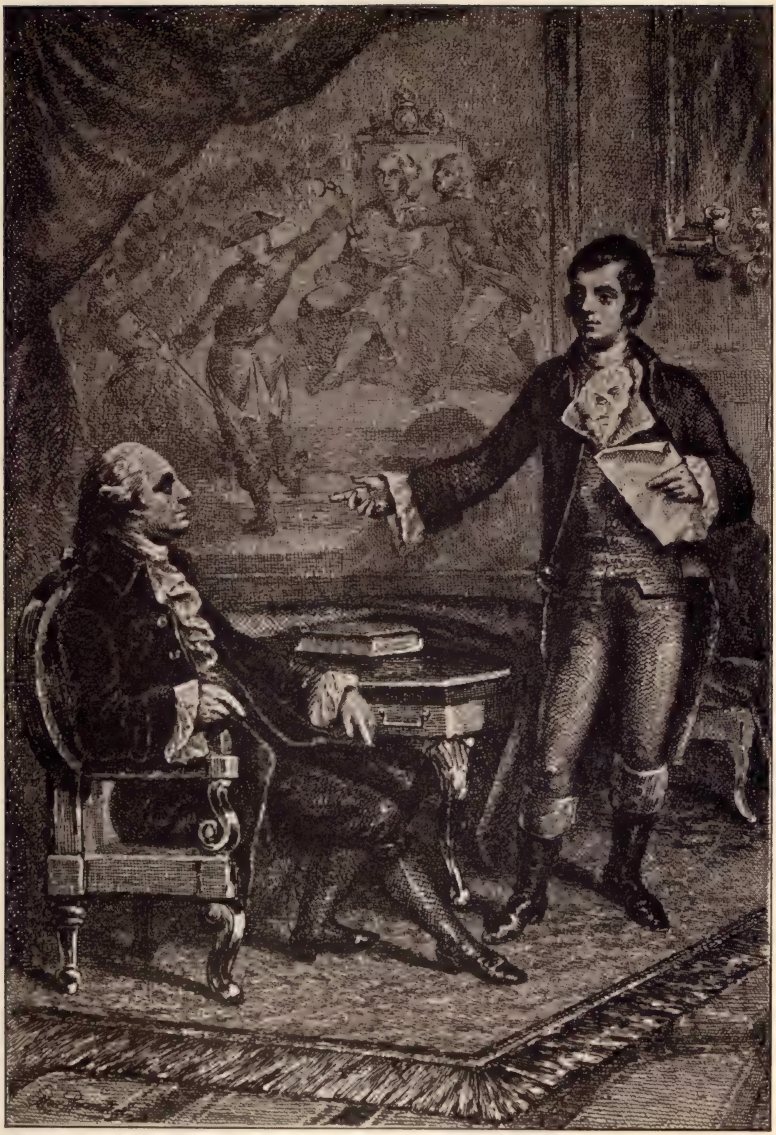
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!

---

* Washington.

† Lord North, Premier of England, during the whole period of the American War and a zealous supporter of George III. in his measures for repressing the independence of the American Colonists.—G G



ODE TO WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honor braving,
England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia! thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, resistless as the storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Crushed Usurpation's boldest daring—
Dark quenched as yonder sinking star,*
No more that glance lightens afar;
That arm no more whirls on the waste of War.

[That the reader may more clearly understand the necessity Burns was under to suppress the "Song of Liberty," we pro-

* This line, we think, confirms our theory that Burns in imagination, is still at midnight the auditor of the Minstrel at Lincluden Abbey.—G. G.

ceed now to take a brief glance at the political situation of the period (1794), which will enable him to appreciate the danger the poet would have incurred had it appeared in print. "The Reign of Terror" was in full blast in France, and the new Republic had declared war against Great Britain—a war which Burns deeply deplored although circumstances compelled him to "set a seal on his lips as to those unlucky politics." The liberal constitution of Poland was being rudely suppressed by Russia, and Kosciusko had just been forced into exile. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Scotland, and State trials for seditious publications were in course of prosecution—of Muir and Palmer in Scotland, and of Hardy, Tooke and Thelwall in England. Pitt and Burke, who had formerly been advocates of extreme liberalism had, because of the enormities of the French Revolution, become as conservative as they had formerly been liberal. The Independence of the American Colonies was, indeed, gratifying to Burns as an advocate and lover of Liberty; yet, as a Briton, he could not but feel the humiliation of the National defeat. Added to this, his unguarded utterances of his sympathy for the Revolutionists in France had lost him some of his best friends; among others, he had quarreled with his close friends and patrons, the Riddells. He had nearly been forced into a duel by a British officer, who, in January, 1794, took offence at a toast which the witty poet had proposed in his presence:—"May our success in the present war* be equal to the justice of our cause." On the 25th of February 1794, he wrote to his friend Cunningham that for two months back he had not been able to lift a pen. "My constitution and frame," he added, "were *ab origine* blasted with a deep, incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times—losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition."

The main pillar which the poet depended on to bear up his soul amid such a wreck of misfortune and misery was "a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of Courage, Fortitude, Magnanimity." Accordingly, about this period (such was the recollection of the poet's eldest son) he passed most of his musing hours amid the Lincluden

* The War with the French Republic.—G. G.

ruins. These occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden water with the Nith, at a short distance above Dumfries; and here was the scene of his Vision and Song of Liberty.]

THE HISTORY OF THE MISSING "ODE" AND ITS DISCOVERY.

We ought to premise that we rest the claim of our discovery of the connection of "A Vision" and the "Song or Ode to Liberty," on circumstantial evidence, but we think we will be able to make the chain so complete that the public will be willing to endorse our theory, especially when, on reading the entire poem, they note the internal evidence afforded by its manifest harmony and oneness.

Burns, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated June 25th, 1794, writes "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is LIBERTY: you know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me, and I design it as an irregular Ode for Washington's Birthday." The quotation commencing "Thee, Caledonia," which Burns furnished in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, consists of only the last nineteen lines of the Ode. The original is now in the possession of our friend, Mr. Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, in its entire state (we have reproduced a fac-simile of it for this new edition), and the fact that Mrs. Dunlop's fragment constitutes part of it, clearly proves that it was this same "Ode to Liberty" that Burns referred to in writing to Mrs. Dunlop. In Burns's printed correspondence, a letter addressed by him to Mr. Patrick Miller, Jr., of Dalswinton, M. P., in November 1794, evidently refers to the entire Ode. Mr. Miller had recommended Mr. Perry, of the London Morning Chronicle, to engage Burns to write for that paper. The poet, from prudential reasons, declined the offer made to him by Mr. Perry, but wrote in this connection to Mr. Miller "They are most welcome to my 'Ode,' only let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me." (We believe that Burns did not make Perry acquainted with its being connected with the Lincluden "Vision.") We thus trace the sending of the Ode to Mr. Perry; as Perry did not publish it, we may presume that he, although a pronounced radical, in this instance thought "discretion the better part of valor." This was in 1794, and

as we see, all Burns's editors seem to have looked upon the Ode as lost. It was not until November 1872 that Mr. Perry's representatives advertised the manuscript for sale in a London catalogue, and it was purchased for Mr. Robert Clarke, the present owner, to whom our thanks are due for the use above referred to. In this London catalogue it was described as "The original autograph MS. of the Ode on the American War, in 62 lines, in three leaves written on one side only, in good condition, bound in red Morocco cover by Pratt, and lettered 'The American War' by Burns."

Dr. Josiah Walker, who had been introduced to Burns in 1787, and who in 1811 published, anonymously, a memoir of him, visited the poet at Dumfries in October 1794. He says, "I called upon him early in the forenoon. * * * * * * * * * After conversing with him for some time, he proposed a walk, and promised to conduct me through some of his favorite haunts. We accordingly quitted the town, and wandered a considerable way up the beautiful banks of the Nith. Here he gave me an account of his latest productions, and repeated some satirical ballads which he had composed to favor one of the candidates at the last borough election. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * These I thought inferior to his other pieces, though they had some lines in which vigor compensated for coarseness. He repeated also his fragment of an 'Ode to Liberty' with marked and peculiar energy, and showed a disposition—which, however, was easily repressed—to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reprehended." *

Professor Wilson, (Christopher North,) on remarking on this interview of Josiah Walker says, in a spirit of well-merited contempt, "On the first day the poet conducted his old acquaintance through some of his beautiful haunts and for his amusement set off some of his electioneering squibs, which are among the best ever composed and, Whiggish as they are, might have tickled a Tory as they jogged along; but Jos thought them 'inferior to his other pieces.' Perhaps they walked as far as Lincluden, where the bard would repeat his famous fragment of an 'Ode to Liberty' with 'marked and peculiar energy.' The listener ought to have lost his wits, and to have leapt sky-high. But he felt himself called by the voice that sent him on that mission, to *rebuke* the bard on the banks of his own river; for 'he showed a disposition

* Burns had been "admonished" by the Board of Excise for indiscreet utterances, Dec., 1792.—G. G.

(which, however, was easily repressed) to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reprehended.' What right had Josiah Walker to repress any remarks made, in the confidence of friendship, by Robert Burns? And what power? Had Burns chosen it, he could as easily *squabashed* Josiah as thrown him into the Nith." If 'Christopher North' could feel and speak so strongly in his admiration for the mere *fragment* of the Song or Ode to Liberty (which was all that he could be acquainted with), what would he have said had he seen the whole Ode as we now present it? One more argument to our chain and we are done:—Burns wrote two versions of the 'Vision,' one, entitled the 'Minstrel at Lincluden,' was sent to Johnson's Museum in the poet's life-time and published in 1796, and to each verse is attached a chorus which runs:—

> **A lassie all alone, was making her moan,**
> **Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;**
> **In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's gane an' a',**
> **And broken-hearted we maun die.**

We mention this as showing the connection between Burns's thoughts at the Lincluden Vision and the American War referred to in his Minstrel's Song. We do not anticipate that the intelligent reader will have any hesitation in arriving at the same conclusion we have done as here set forth, that this Ode *is the missing song*.

The late William S. Douglas, to whom we are indebted for several facts in this description, published the Ode in his Kilmarnock edition of 1876, and also in his Edinburgh edition of 1878; but in both cases as an "Ode for General Washington's Birthday," and 20 pages away from "A Vision" Mr. Douglas acknowledged his obligation to the Perry manuscript (a copy of which Mr. Clarke had furnished him), but failed to perceive the connection which we have been fortunate enough to discover. The discovery was made quite accidentally by Mr. Gebbie the Publisher, on the 15th of January, 1886, who describes the *modus operandi* of the discovery circumstantially as follows:—

As far back as 1874, Mr. Gebbie was introduced by letter from Mr. Jas. R. Osgood of Boston to the Rev. Mr. Waterston of that city, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, and amongst other treasured relics of the poet, he showed him framed in his library the original manuscript of "A Vision,"

and on reading the poem, Mr. Gebbie was so deeply impressed, especially with the last verse, that his memory ever afterwards retained it:—

> He sang wi' joy his former day,
> He, weeping, wailed his latter times.
> But what he said—it was nae play,
> I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

In the present year while Mr. Gebbie (1886) was prosecuting his search for new material for "The Complete Edition of Burns," he opened correspondence with all those whom he knew to possess collections of autographs and reliques of the poet, and was gratified to receive, amongst the first, the original of the "Liberty Ode" from Mr. Clarke. He then wrote to Mr. Waterston, and was informed that the only Burns manuscript which Mr. Waterston now possesses is a poem entitled "A Vision," commencing "As I stood by yon roofless tower." On receipt of that letter Mr. G. turned to the poem, and as he happened at the same time to hold in his hand the fac-simile of the "Ode to Liberty" which he had just been reading when he received Mr. Waterston's reply, it struck him "like a flash" that they fitted each other, and he immediately communicated the discovery to Mr. Hunter. We need hardly say with what delight he was congratulated on the discovery.

To sum all up, as we have already pointed out, in the first version of the Lincluden Vision, Burns's thoughts were running on America.

Second, in all the performances of Burns, he manages to throw a local coloring and an artistic atmosphere around his subjects, which in the Ode by itself are entirely lacking. Preface that Ode with "The Vision" and you get at once atmosphere and locality. The scene is Lincluden; the time is midnight; the stars are shooting across the sky; this is in the commencement of "The Vision." If the reader will look to the end of the Ode the only reference to outside nature is when the minstrel is coming to his close thus:—"Dark quenched as *yonder* sinking star," which we think refers to the time that has elapsed during the progress of the minstrel's song, as well as to the starry night depicted at the commencement of "A Vision." G. G.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

[Burns at this period (1794) had the Liberty fever strong upon him. The great heart of the poet throbbed in sympathy with the struggle for the Rights of Man in progress all around him, in America and in France especially. No doubt his own oppressed position influenced him, and he hailed any possibility, however foggy the outline, that might lighten the incubus pressing on the middle and lower classes by the titled and wealthy controlling the reins of power in the social system and the imperial government.*

The authorship of this poem has, we think, been very unreasonably called in question. Since first given to the world by Chambers in 1838, and although printed then direct from the undoubted MS. of the poet, some of the best editors have left it out of their editions—Cunningham, Smith, and Douglas† (ed. 1878), the latter especially, after carefully discussing the matter, pronouncing against Burns's authorship.

Especially taken in connection with the ODE TO LIBERTY (page 3, *supra*), and taken in the stride of events, we say there can be no doubt of the authorship.

If the reader will refer to page 61, Vol. I., he will find a poem on the American War, written in precisely the same metre—"*When Guildford gude*," &c.

As regards the literary quality of "The Tree of Liberty," it is unfair to judge of verses that Burns certainly never intended for publication during his lifetime, having probably written them for the edification of his radical friends Syme and Maxwell; but we think they bear a fair comparison with, and a decided family likeness to, the "Ballad on the American War," referred to at page 61, Vol. I.

The original MS. was in 1876 in the possession of Mr. James Duncan, Mosesfield, Glasgow.—G. G.]

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* In our own days (1886) we hear the mutterings of a storm, originating from similar causes, the greed and heartlessness of the wealthy and fortunate classes, which led to blood-letting in 1794. Whether the wisdom of our legislators, and the awakening to practical sympathy with the needs of underpaid labor, will lead to concessions, and prudent and honest legislation enable us to avoid the storm, we will see, if we live long enough.—G. G.

† Douglas had admitted it into his Kilmarnock edition of 1876, with an expression of doubt; but excluded it in his Edinburgh edition of 1878.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
And *wat* ye what's the name o't? know
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't. well
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows *sic* fruit, such
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man *aboon* the brute, above
It mak's him ken himsel', man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit, If once
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.*

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak' us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low gude friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And *staw* a branch, spite o' the deil, stole
Frae 'yont the western waves, man.†
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,

* Yet this impracticable, communistic doctrine is genuine Christianity.—G. G.
† Lafayette, fresh from America, with victorious laurels won in the cause of Liberty, gave great impetus to the French Revolution.—G. G.

How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The *courtly vermin's bann'd the tree,
And *grat* to see it thrive, man; wept
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was *unco* sma', man; very
For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew* *syne*, on a time, since
Did tak' a solemn *aith*, man, oath
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they'd been at hame, man.

Fair Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,†
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes *gied* chase, gave
And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbors shine, man:

* All the thrones of Europe combined to crush the French Republic, but failed.

† The Marseillaise.

But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labor soon, we labor late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak' a plough,*
The *din* o' war wad cease, man. noise
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the *loon* wha wadna eat rascal
Sic halesome, dainty cheer, man;
I'd gie the *shoon* frae aff my feet, shoes
To taste the fruit o't here, man.
Syne let us pray auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.

Robert Chambers, in his edition of 1856, as introduction to "The Tree of Liberty," says:—"Burns and Syme, with a

* They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, nor shall they learn war any more.—*Isaiah ii. 4.*

young physician named Maxwell, and several others, all latitudinarians in most respects, and all of them enemies of the system pursued by government, held occasional symposia of a strictly private nature, at which they could enunciate their sentiments freely. It is said that they locked the door of their place of meeting—a circumstance which would, of course, set the popular imagination at work, and cause them to be suspected of something even worse than what they were guilty of. In antagonism to them, was a club of Anti-Gallicans, who took upon themselves the name of the *Loyal Natives;* and it appears that one of these gentlemen ventured on one occasion to launch a political pellet at the three friends of the people. A very miserable pellet it was:—

> Ye sons of Sedition, give ear to my song;
> Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
> With Craken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
> Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

"This being handed across the table to Burns at one of the meetings of the disloyal corps, he instantly endorsed it with—

> Ye true Loyal Natives, attend to my song,
> In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
> From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
> But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?*

"It is far from likely that the whole of the democratic effusions of Burns have come down to us. For many years, that kind of authorship was attended with so much reproach, that men of humanity studied to conceal rather than to expose the evidence by which it could be proved against him. And even after the poor bard's death, the interests of his young family demanded of all the admirers of his name, that nothing should be brought forward which was calculated to excite a political jealousy regarding him. Hence, for many years there was a mystery observed on this subject. During that time, of course, many manuscripts might perish. As things now stand—the whole matter being looked on as only a curious piece of literary history—there can be no great objection to the publication of any piece of the kind which may have chanced to be preserved. There is one which, but for the manner in which it

* See page 155, Vol. IV.

introduces the name of the unfortunate Louis XVI., might have now been read without any pain, as containing only the feelings of a man who looked too sanguinely upon the popular cause in France."

Cunningham, in his edition of Burns, published in 1842, takes Chambers to task in the following passage:—"I can little share in the feelings with which such pieces as the following have been intruded into the charmed circle of Burns's poetry:—

> Lines written on the Ruins of Lincluden College.
> Verses on the destruction of the Woods of Drumlanrig.
> Verses on a marble slab in the Woods of Aberfeldy.
> The Tree of Liberty.

There are eleven stanzas in *The Tree of Liberty*, of which the *best*, compared with 'A man's a man for a' that' of Burns, sounds like a cracked pipkin, against the heroic clang of a Damascus blade."

Mr. Cunningham was too hasty in his fiat. We think, had he carefully read "The Tree of Liberty," and remembered the circumstances under which it was composed, his conclusion would have been different. There are many verses that unmistakably bear the Burns stamp, especially the last four lines of the ninth verse:—

> We labor soon, we labor late,
> To feed the titled knave, man;
> And a' the comfort we're to get,
> Is that ayont the grave, man.

What would Cunningham, or Douglas, or other doubters, have, beside that and Burns's own handwriting? Had we picked up that printed verse in the wilderness, we would swear that Burns —and only Burns—could have written it?—G. G.

[☞ NOTE.—If the reader will refer to the "Doubtful Pieces," he will find a "Fragment of a Revolution Song" (see page 331, *infra*), which should be read in this connection.]

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

"I have presented a copy of your book of songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honored friend of mine —Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank side of the title page, the following address to the young lady."—*Letter to George Thomson, July* 1794.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift; though humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian * feeling in thy breast,
Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song,

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strains endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

[Dr. Currie thus remarks respecting the first line of stanza second:—"It were to have been wished that instead of 'ruffian feeling,' the bard had used a less rugged epithet, *e.g.* '*ruder.*' The MS. in the Thomson correspondence reads 'ruffian;' but we feel persuaded that it is a mere clerical error for 'ruffled,' the word we would venture to adopt in the text."—DOUGLAS.]

* We think "ruffling" the best word.—J. H.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the hills and far away."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

Chorus.—On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun;
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,

Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother Man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet;
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

[In Thomson's work, the second stanza is omitted, and the choruses are a repetition of the one to verse first, instead of being varied as in the MS.]

CA' THE *YOWES* TO THE *KNOWES*. {ewes / uplands}

SECOND VERSION.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus.—Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie *rowes*, rolls
My bonie Dearie.

Hark the *mavis'* e'ening sang, thrush
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding * let us *gang*, go
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Cluden's side,†
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,‡
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor *bogle* shalt thou fear, ghost hobgoblin
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near; nought
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast *stown* my very heart; stolen
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie Dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

[This was sent to Thomson in September, 1794. The reader has already seen the earlier version of this song, as sent to Johnson, at page 101, Vol. III.]

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* To fold the sheep.
† A little river so called, near Dumfries.—*R. B.*
‡ An old ruin in a sweet situation at the confluence of the Cluden and the Nith.—*R. B.*

SHE SAYS SHE LOES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Oonagh's Waterfall."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing *e'en* o' lovely blue; eyes
Her smiling, sae *wyling*, enticing
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first that bonie face I saw;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky:
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fautless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And still my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says, she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show, at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
By wimpling burn and leafy *shaw*, wood
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say, thou lo'es me best of a'.

[This gushing effusion was sent to Thomson in September 1794, along with the letter appearing at p. 249, Vol. V. Thomson in reply said:—"*She says she lo'es me best of a*' is one of the pleasantest table-songs I have seen, and henceforth shall be mine when the song is going round."]

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MAXWELL, if here you merit crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An Angel could not die!

[In September 1794, the poet closed one of his letters to Thomson by introducing this Epigram thus:—"How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Dr. Maxwell—the identical Maxwell whom Burke mentioned in the House of Commons, was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave." The reader will understand that Miss Jessy Staig was the heroine of the Song, "Lovely Young Jessie," given at page 148, Vol. IV.]

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N,

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussey, art not asham'd?

Free and Equal indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

[This is one of the scraps sent by the author to Mr. Creech on 30th May, 1795 (see letter). We are unable to point out who the lady was. Under the poet's holograph, in a strange hand, some one has inscribed the following Latin epigram which was addressed by Dr. Samuel Johnson to Miss Mary Aston, a Whig lady whom he greatly admired:—

"Liber ut esse velim, suasisti pulchra Maria,
Ut maniam liber—pulchra Maria, vale!"

See "Boswell's Life of Johnson," May 8, 1778.]

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN.

(STEWART, 1801.)

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
No, by Heavens! I exclaim'd, let me perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn!

[In the early part of the present century these lines were set to music and published by W. Shield, the composer, followed by a second verse, which we annex, and the name of Charles Dibdin attached, as author of the song. We consequently, in common with others, were led to consider that Stewart had committed a mistake in attributing the lines in the text to Burns.

They are included, however, among the seventeen Epigrams forwarded by the poet to Mr. Creech in May 1795. We are therefore bound to conclude that Shield fancied the lines for musical composition, and engaged Charles Dibdin to add a stanza, to make the song of reasonable length. The added stanza is as follows:—

"When I shewed her the ring and implor'd her to marry,
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:
Yes, I will! she replied, if you'll promise, dear Harry,
No rival shall laugh me to scorn."]

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO.

(STEWART, 1801.)

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet note of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

[This lady was the first wife of Stephen Kemble, "the Fat," who played Falstaff without stuffing. Her maiden name was Satchell. Boaden is enthusiastic in her praise. (See his Life of Mrs. Siddons, p. 214, Vol. I.) "From many fair eyes now shut have we seen her *Ophelia* draw tears in the mad scene: she was a delicious *Juliet*, and an altogether incomparable *Yarico*." — *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1832. This epigram is one of the seventeen sent to Creech. Mrs. Kemble made her first appearance in Dumfries, in the Opera of "Inkle and Yarico," in October 1794.]

EPIGRAM ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

(MORRISON'S ED., 1811.)

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who taught that not the soul alone,
But *body* too shall rise;
For had He said "the soul alone
From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever.[1]

[Mr. David Maxwell of Cardoness, was the gentleman thus satirized; but we are not aware what personal ground of offence he had given to our poet. A daughter of this gentleman became the second wife of Wm. Cunninghame, Esq., of Enterkine, whose first wife, a daughter of Mrs. Stewart of Afton Lodge—died in 1809.]

[1] Then thou hadst slept for ever.

ON BEING SHEWN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

BELONGING TO THE SAME LAIRD.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

WE grant they're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely in our eye;
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy!

[This also occurs among the "poetic clinches" sent by Burns to Creech in May 1795. The satirist here compares the landowner who has not the soul to enjoy his own beautiful estate to a eunuch possessed of a beautiful mistress. This Laird ranked higher in the opinion of some others than in that of Burns. In 1804, he was made a Baronet. He survived to 1825.]

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED THAT FALSEHOOD

IS EXPRESSED IN THE REV. DR. BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

THAT there is a falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They tell their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

[This very severe pasquinade is recorded by Burns himself in the Glenriddell volume now at Liverpool; and it was also one of the trifles sent to Creech in May 1795.]

ON A SUICIDE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

EARTH'D up, here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble;
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel',
To save the Lord the trouble.

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or "Dem my eyes!"
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were, "Dem my blood!"

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS."

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON ANDREW TURNER.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

IN se'enteen hunder 'n forty-nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' *coost* it in a corner; cast
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' *ca'd* it Andrew Turner. named

[These four epigrams we have classed together, as requiring little comment, and as exhausting the trifles of that kind attributed to Burns which we deem worthy of being reproduced here. Cunningham tells a circumstantial story of the first of these, which we can scarcely credit; for we think the kindly poet would have bestowed a tear of pity rather than waste his satire on such a forlorn wretch.

Andrew Turner, the hero of the last of them, was a "haveril," who had the vanity to ask Burns to make an epigram on him: 1749 was the year of Andrew's birth.]

PRETTY PEG.

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,
When day was waxin weary,
Wha did I meet come down the street,
But pretty Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, an' shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands,
Adown yon winding river;
Oh, that sweet hour and shady bower,
Forget it shall I never!

[A note in the *Aldine* states that these stanzas were first published in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1818; but we find that they were printed, with some variations, in the same Magazine so early as 1808. Other three verses are added in the earlier copy which we must condemn to small print, because though fair enough in versification, they sadly disturb the sentiment of the lines in the text. Of course, we do not pretend to judge of the authenticity of either half of the ballad.

The music of her pretty feet
Upon my heart did play so;
For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink—
"Come kiss me at your leisure!"

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Adown her neck did stray so;
And Love said, laughing in her looks,
"Come kiss me at your leisure!"

The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicing clos'd the day so;
Clasp'd in her arms, she murmur'd still,
"*Another* at your leisure!"]

ESTEEM FOR CHLORIS.

(ALDINE ED., 1839.)

AH, Chloris, since it may not be,
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the *friend* be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris, mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare—
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

[There is considerable elegance in these lines, reminding one of the poet's manner in his earlier lines to Clarinda. In the *Aldine*, a note informs us that they were printed from the poet's holograph.]

SAW YOU MY DEAR, MY PHILLY?

Tune—"When she cam' ben she bobbit."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O SAW ye my Dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my Dear, my Philly?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new Love,
She *winna* come hame to her Willy. will not

What says she my Dear, my Philly?
What says she my Dear, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

[This alteration of the song "Eppie Macnab," given at page 58, Vol. IV., was forwarded to Thomson on 19th October 1794. A month thereafter, the poet suggested the names "Mary" and "Harry" to be introduced instead of the proper names in the text; but Thomson never included the song in his collection.]

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT!

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1798.)

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my Dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

Chorus.—For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are *eerie;* lonely
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her Dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my Dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary:
It was na sae ye *glinted by,* passed away
When I was wi' my Dearie!
For oh, &c.

[The reader will see that this song is merely a new adaptation of the fine song given at p. 158, Vol. II. This alteration was made in order to carry out the poet's vow to have a song in honor of Chloris to suit the air "Cauld Kail." See Thomson Correspondence, page 260, Vol. V.]

INCONSTANCY IN LOVE.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1798.)

Let not Woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not Woman e'er complain
Fickle Man is apt to rove:
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty Law is change,
Ladies, would it not seem strange
Man should then a monster prove!

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow,
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly Man
To oppose great nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more you know.

[This song, sent on 19th October 1794, as English words for the tune "Duncan Gray" was produced at a time when the Muse of Burns was more than usually active. See Thomson Correspondence, page 261, Vol. V.]

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering *ilka* bud which Nature — every
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
[1]Now, to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers,
Its lay the linnet pours,
The *laverock* to the sky — lark
Ascends, wi' sangs o' joy;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day!

Phœbus gilding the brow of morning,
Banishes *ilk* darksome shade, — each
Nature, gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.

'When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of Beauty's light—
When thro' my very heart
Her burning glories dart;
'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy!

[This song was transmitted to Thomson with the three preceding effusions on 19th October 1794, and thus he concluded his communication: "Since the above, I have been out in the country taking dinner with a friend, where I met with the lady whom I mentioned in the second page of this odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and in returning home composed the following." He afterwards transcribed the song with some variations, and added:—"I could easily throw this into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and tender of the Pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scots has an inimitable effect. The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of Simplicity, Tenderness and Love."

In his first sketch of the song, the following variations are found:—

'Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower,
Chants o'er the breathing flower,
The laverock, &c.

'When absent frae my Fair,
The murky shades of Care,
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in Beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight—
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart,
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy!]

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly *thowe* thaw
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of *eild*, *but* buss or beild,* old age without
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again!

[These pathetic stanzas were written for the *Museum*, and offered to Thomson on 19th October 1794, to be set to "an East Indian air," which the bard transmitted. It seems very evident that the vigor of the poet's constitution, before the close of this year 1794, began to give way under the tear and wear of disappointed hopes, and the effects of his occasional imprudent course of life. We can scarcely believe that the brawny farmer and exciseman had exhibited these symptoms so early as the autumn of 1791, as conceived by the late Sir Egerton Brydges in his imaginary interview with Burns at Ellisland at that period, in the following language:—"His great Beauty was his manly strength, and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. I perceived in Burns's cheek the symptoms of an energy which had been pushed too far; and he had this feeling himself, for every now and then, he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him."

The first hint we find in his correspondence of the constitutional decline referred to is in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop—25th June 1794

* My aged trunk without bush or shelter.

—where he says, "To tell you that I have been in poor health will not be excuse enough for neglecting your correspondence, though it is true. I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but I trust they are mistaken." The reader may remember the poet's words to Thomson, in May 1796, when he was approaching his end—"I have now reason to believe that my complaint is a flying gout, a sad business!" On 25th December of this year (1794), in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, he thus again reverts to his consciousness of physical decay—"I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame." These feelings are freely depicted in the little song which forms our text, irresistibly recalling his prophetic words of warning, delivered to his youthful compeers in 1786, when the speaker was in the flush of youth and hope:— [See also page 331, *infra*.]

"Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses, that active man engage,
The fears all, the tears all, of dim declining Age!"]

BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

November 1794.—On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration), she suggested an idea which, on my return from the visit, I wrought into the following song:

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,*
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.†

*In the MS. this reads, "My Chloris, mark how green," &c. but in Feb. 1796, the poet sanctioned the change thus:—"In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name of Chloris."

†The change from "flaxen" to *flowing hair*, is also thus sanctioned by Burns in the same letter to Thomson (Feb. 1796), "I have more amendments to propose. What you once mentioned of 'flaxen locks' is just: they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty. Of this also again—God bless you.—*R. B.*"

The *lav'rock* shuns the palace gay, lark
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the *birken shaw.* birchen wood

The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn!

The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

["How do you like the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral? I think it pretty well. I like you for entering so candidly and so kindly into the story of 'ma chère amie.' Conjugal love is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate; but somehow it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion, 'where love is liberty, and nature law.' Musically speaking, the first is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet, while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulation of the human soul." See Thomson Correspondence, Vol. V., page 266.]

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

SONG, ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH ONE.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe—
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
The youthful, charming Chloe—

Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

[See Thomson Correspondence, page 267, Vol. V.]

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus.—Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me *tent* the flocks, watch
Wilt thou be my Dearie, O.

Now Nature *cleeds* the flowery lea, clothes
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

The primrose bank, the *wimpling* burn, winding
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my Dearie, O.*
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd *ilk* drooping little flower, each
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower,
At sultry noon, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary *shearer's* hameward way, reaper's
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

* This stanza appears first in the edition of Mr. Douglas, 1877, having been omitted by all previous editors.—J. H.

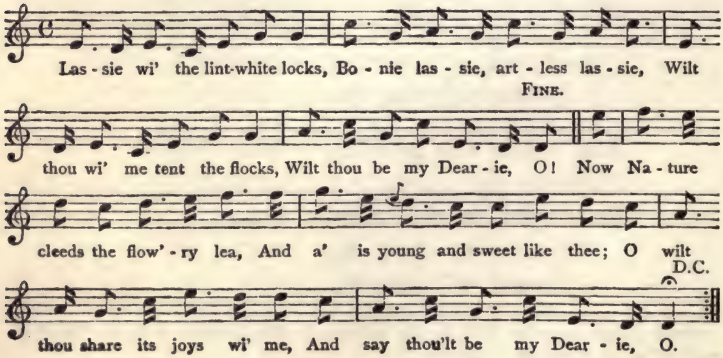
[The poet, in transmitting this fine effusion, thus wrote regarding it:—"This piece has at least the merit of a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night are regularly rounded." We have no means of arriving at the reason why stanza second of the text has been omitted by Currie, Thomson, Cunningham, and Chambers, all of whom had access to the Thomson Correspondence. On the other hand, Currie gives the following variation of the closing verse, with a note intimating that "in some of the MSS. that stanza runs thus:—

"And should the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest;
I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie O."

Cunningham has the following interesting note attached to this song:—"Those acquainted with the Poet's life and habits of study, will perceive much of both in the sweet song, 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks.' Dumfries is a small town; a few steps carried Burns to green lanes, daisied brae-sides, and quiet stream banks. Men returning from labor were sure to meet him 'all under the light of the moon,' sauntering forth as if he had no aim; his hands behind his back, his hat turned up a little behind by the shortness of his neck, and noting all, yet seeming to note nothing. Those who got near enough to him without being seen, might hear him humming some old Scots air, and fitting verses to it—the scene and the season supplying the imagery, and the Jeans, the Nancies, and Phillises of his admiration, furnishing bright eyes, white hands, and waving tresses, as the turn of the song required."

"Rothiemurchie's Rant," to which the song in the text was composed, possesses a peculiar interest as being the melody which last floated thro' the conscious mind of Burns. Only nine days before his death he composed a pretty little song to the air.

We annex this admired melody, on a key which may suit voices of ordinary compass.]



DIALOGUE SONG.—PHILLY AND WILLY.

Tune—"The Sow's tail to Geordie."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

He. O Philly, happy be that day,
When roving thro' the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was *stown* away, stolen
And by thy charms, my Philly.

She. O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willie.

Both. For a' the joys that *gowd* can *gie*, gold give
I *dinna* care a single flie; do not
The {lad / lass} I love's the {lad / lass} for me,
And that's my ain dear {Willy / Philly}

He. As songsters of the early year,
Are *ilka* day mair sweet to hear, every
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She. As on the brier the budding rose,
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willie.

Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She. The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery Spring,

Did near to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.
She. The woodbine in the dewy *weet*, wet (*moisture*)
When ev'ning shades in silence meet,
Is *nocht* sae fragrant or sae sweet nought
As is a kiss o' Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

He. Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may *tyne*, and knaves may win; lose
My thoughts are a' bound up on ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.
She. What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I dinna care a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.
Both. For a' the joys, &c.

[In communicating the above to Thomson, on 19th November 1794, the bard thus wrote:—"This morning, . . . in my walk before breakfast, I finished my duet which you were pleased to praise so much. (September 1794.) . . . Tell me honestly how you like it, and point out whatever you think faulty. I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain, I shall have it in my eye." See Thomson Correspondence, page 273, Vol. V.]

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

CONTENTED wi' little, and *cantie* wi' mair, happy
Whene'er I *forgather* wi' Sorrow and Care, meet
I gie them a *skelp* as they're creepin alang, spank
Wi' a cog* o' gude *swats* and an auld Scottish sang. ale
Chorus—Contented wi' little, &c.

I *whyles* claw the elbow o' troublesome thought; at times
But Man is a soger, and Life is a *faught;* fight
My mirth and good humor are coin in my *pouch*, pocket
And my Freedom's my *Lairdship* nae monarch dare touch. possession
Contented wi' little, &c.

A *towmond* o' trouble, should that be my *fa'*, twelvemonth / lot
A night o' gude fellowship mends it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Contented wi' little, &c.

Blind Chance, let her *snapper* and *stoyte* on her way; stagger stumble
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,
My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"
Contented wi' little, &c.

[This blythe song, communicated to Thomson by letter dated 19th November 1794, derives special interest from the fact that in the month of May following, the poet, while intimating to Thomson that some travelling artist had just executed a very successful miniature likeness of him ("what I am at this moment"), added—

* A wooden vessel out of which ale was commonly drunk.—J. H.

"I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette taken from it, to my song, 'Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together." See page 184, *infra.*]

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Air—"Nansie's to the greenwood gane."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling;
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' *unweeting* groan, tearless
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me!
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin.

[This is merely an amended version of the song beginning, "The last time I came o'er the moor," given at page 162, Vol. IV. Chambers observes that "the change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs. Riddell, and the poet's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable to him; one can only wonder that, with his new and painful associations regarding that lady, he could endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the world." See Thomson Correspondence, page 269, Vol. V.]

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE.

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

Chorus—Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie!
Canst thou leave me, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
Thou mayest find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katie.
Canst thou leave me, &c.

[Burns sent the above to Thomson on 19th November 1794, as English verses to appear on the same page with Mrs. Grant of Carron's song, "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch." He says:—"Of *Roy's Wife* I have the original set as written by the lady who composed it." Dr. Currie, in form of a foot-note to the text, printed a composition of Mrs. Walter Riddell, intended for singing to the same air, which reads like a reply to Burns's song. It was found among

the poet's papers after his death, in the hand-writing of the authoress, and Chambers with great probability infers that our poet had sent Mrs. Riddell a copy of the present song, as "a poetical expression of the more gentle feeling he was now beginning to entertain towards her." He conjectures that the injured lady, regarding that act "as a sort of olive-branch held out to her, received it in no unkindly spirit," and interchanged compliments by answering the song in the same strain and sending it to Burns.

Since we had an opportunity of examining the original MS. of the Thomson Correspondence, we have become a convert to Chambers's opinion in this matter. Dr. Currie had an unfortunate tendency, in printing Burns's letters, to substitute his own words for those used by the poet, and thereby often altered the sense along with the phraseology. In September 1793 (upwards of a year before the song in the text was composed), Dr. Currie makes Burns thus write to Thomson:—"I have the original words of a song to the air of *Roy's Wife*, in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it; and it is superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen." This passage, apparently referring to the song by Mrs. Riddell given by Currie, seemed to convict Dr. Chambers of anachronism, in supposing that it was written as a reply to Burns's verses. On consulting the original manuscript, however, we find that the sentence quoted is purely Dr. Currie's own. Burns's words are these:—"Of *Roy's Wife*, I have the original set, as written by the lady who composed it," &c. Here the poet evidently means that he possessed Mrs. Grant's manuscript of the song as originally composed, which he thought superior to any edition of the song the public had yet seen.

Mr. Terry, or whoever else composed the words of the fine duet in the opera of *Rob Roy*, "Tho' you leave me now in sorrow," &c., has borrowed from the closing stanza of the song in the text, thus:—

"Ah ne'er forget, when friends are near,
This heart alone is thine for ever;
Thou mayest find those who love thee dear,
But not a love like mine—oh, never!"]

MY NANIE'S AWA.

Tune—"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er her braes,

While birds warble welcomes in ilka green *shaw;* grove
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the *weet* o' the morn; dew
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie,—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow *mavis* that hails the night-fa', thrush
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

[The post-mark of the letter which communicated this admired song to Thomson is of date December 9th, 1794, and the poet says: 'I have just framed for you the following: how does it please you?" This song embalms the Poet's reminiscences of Clarinda, and is a sort of counterpart to "Wandering Willie."

In January 1788, the following eloquent passage in one of Clarinda's letters to Burns was justly admired by him; he said: "I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future production, and get immortal fame by it." He did not forget the hint in his Elegy on Matthew Henderson; and it is again adopted in the present song:—"Oh, let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In Winter, remember the dark shades of her fate—in Summer, the warmth of her friendship—in Autumn her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all—and let Spring animate you with the hopes that your friend may yet surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness."]

THE TEAR-DROP.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang has Joy been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.

[This pathetic little ballad is in Burns's best manner, and yet it has hitherto escaped the notice it deserves. The stanza in Clarinda's *Ae fond Kiss*, "Had we never lov'd sae kindly," &c., which has been so highly commended as "the alpha and omega of feeling," is nearly rivalled by the second verse of the present text. The third stanza reads almost like a parody of the closing verse of Lady G. Baillie's fine ballad, "Were na my heart light, I wad dee."

> "Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
> We sud hae been gallopin down on yon green;
> Linkin it over the lily-white lea—
> And O were I again young for thee!"

The melody of one strain which is fitted to this song in the *Museum* was recovered by Burns. It is a plaintive little tune; but the words are worthy of the highest effort of musical composition.]

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

My heart is sair—I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae *ilka* danger keep him free, every
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.

[The poet, in a letter to Miss Chalmers of November 1787, writing about the songs he had composed in compliment to Charlotte Hamilton and her, for the second volume of *Johnson*, says, "I am afraid the song of *Somebody* will come too late." This has led to the inference that this song is in honor of her; Mr. Douglas, however, thinks the words in the letter simply refer to the song, "My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form," respecting which Burns wrote to Johnson saying, "I have a very strong private reason for wishing it in the second volume." That song however was omitted through some cause or another, and did not find a place in the *Museum* till after the poet's death.

The editor of Hamilton's "Select Songs of Scotland" thus wrote regarding the present song:—"It shows how perfect was Burns's idea of what was necessary to constitute a lasting and happy union between words and music. We do not know a single song where the union is so happy. The sentiment of the music becomes elevated or pathetic just at the proper places, and seems as if no other medium of expression could ever by any chance be dreamt of than that which our national poet chose for his fine love words."]

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Tune—"For a' that."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Is there for honest Poverty
  That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The Man's the *gowd* for a' that.* gold

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin grey,† an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon *birkie* ca'd "a lord," proud fellow
  Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a *coof* for a' that: blockhead

* In the MS. Thomson has a foolish note, thus:—"This first verse is obscurely worded, and therefore I think the song should begin at the second verse.—*G. T.*" Chambers quotes from Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, which Burns probably never saw, a thought similar to that conveyed in the last two lines of this stanza:—"I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears."—J. H. Currie altered the word "hings," in line second, to *hangs;* and the expression "The Man to Man," in the last couplet of the song, he changed to "That man to man." These seem improvements.

† Coarse woolen grey cloth, formerly much worn by the common people in Scotland. The color is produced by mixing the wool of one black fleece with that of a dozen white ones.—J. H.

For a' that an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that;
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's *aboon* his might, above
Gude faith, he *mauna fa'* that. must not attempt
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.*

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the *gree*, an' a' that. pre-eminence
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
The Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

(For music, see Thomson Correspondence, page 283, Vol. V.)

[This extraordinary effusion was produced on 1st January 1795, a fact we are enabled to determine from the poet's letter to Thomson of 15th January which enclosed it, thus:—"The foregoing has lain by me this fortnight, for want of a spare moment. . . . I do not give you the song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle;* for the piece is not really poetry." The performance, nevertheless, is so characteristic of Burns, that of all the poems and songs he ever wrote, it could be least spared from a collection of his works. Beranger of France, Goethe of Germany, and indeed, people abroad of every nation, quote its generous and powerful couplets whenever they speak of Burns. The French Revolution was now emerging from its bloody baptism. On 28th July preceding, Robespierre, with his chief partisans, perished on the guillotine which they had so freely and wantonly kept in perpetual motion.

* Currie, and other editors, have weakened the effect of this line by printing the word "rank" in the plural. Chambers, in 1852, noted this.

In October the Jacobin Club had been suppressed, and the trials of Horne Tooke, of Hardy, Thelwall, and others, for treason in England, closely followed. The sentiments therefore which are embodied in Burns's song found an echo in many a British heart.]

(The radical LIBERTY FEVER of our Bard, so broadly exhibited about thirty pages back, has now taken a turn of more rational form, and the noble sentiments of this glorious song are in strong contrast, for practical independence, compared with the Utopian aspirations of "The Tree of Liberty," at page 13, *supra*.—G. G.)

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SECOND VERSION.

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1798.)

SWEET *fa's* the eve on Craigieburn, falls
And blythe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' Spring's return
Can yield me *nocht* but sorrow. nought

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And Care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

[This is little else than a smooth abridgement of the song of same title given at page 283, Vol. V., the history of which, and music of the words, is there also supplied. These verses were forwarded to Thomson in the same letter that communicated "A man's a man for a' that." The poet was then engaged in the work of Supervisor of Excise, devolving on him in consequence of the illness of Mr. Findlater, his immediate superior officer, which extra employment seems to have lasted nearly four months.

About that period the poet thus wrote to one of his patrons, regarding his prospects of Excise advancement:—"I am on the supervisor's list, and as we come on by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed of *course*. *Then*, a FRIEND might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed supervisor, in the common routine, I may be nominated on the Collector's list; and this is always a business of purely political patronage. A collectorship varies much, from better than £200 to near £1000 a year. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competency, is the summit of my wishes." Thus it appears that even Burns amused himself at times with "building castles in the air," which, alas! were never to take substantial form.]

VERSICLES OF 1795.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

[The version of these lines given by Cunningham may have been picked up from oral tradition; for it does not correspond with the poet's manuscript, still to be seen at the Mechanics' Institute of Dumfries. The public is indebted to Mr. William M'Dowall, editor of the *Dumfries Standard*, for the discovery of the original. The books in the public Library of which Burns was a member are now the property of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, and the poet had evidently borrowed the 13th vol. of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland. Under the head "Balmaghie" a notice is given of several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and the rude yet expressive lines engraved on their tombstones are quoted at length. The reverend clergyman who compiled the description, in referring to these

rhymed inscriptions somewhat sneeringly observes that their authors "no doubt conceived they were making good poetry."

Burns administered a rebuke to the compiler by pencilling on the opposite margin the lines which form the text. They are not signed or initialed; but the handwriting of the bard is unmistakeable.

Burns had little sympathy with the narrow conscientious scruples of the Covenanters; but he admired the determined stand they made to secure political freedom. The following version of the compliment he paid them is even more forcibly expressive of his sympathy with their struggle for liberty of conscience:—

"The solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
But it sealèd Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."]

COMPLIMENTS TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE.

LINES SENT WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that ev'n for Syme were fit.

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THERE'S Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare,
The man and his wine's so bewitching!

[This is said to have been inscribed by Burns on a crystal goblet in the house of Mr. Syme, when pressed to stay and drink more.]

APOLOGY FOR DECLINING AN INVITATION TO DINE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

[Dr. Currie gives the date of this last Epigram to have been 27th December 1795, when Burns was in ill-health. Mr. Syme had invited him to dine, and held out to him the temptation of the best company and the finest cookery. Mr. John Syme was distributor of stamps in Dumfries, and had his office on the ground floor of the tenement in which Burns took up his residence on first coming to Dumfries. Being a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, the poet became very intimate with him, and frequently submitted his productions to the criticism of his friend. Chambers remarks that "Syme, like many other men of lively temperament, could not boast of historical accuracy in his narration of events. He most undoubtedly was carried away by his imagination in his statement regarding the composition of Bruce's Address to his troops. So also he appears to have been misled in a less agreeable, though equally picturesque story, about Burns having, in a moment of passion, drawn a sword-cane against him in his own house."

In 1829, Syme published some observations regarding Burns's personal appearance, and a portion of his picture we may here give:—"His eyes and lips—the first remarkable for fire, and the second for flexibility—formed at all times an index of his mind, and, as sunshine or shade predominated, you might have told, *à priori*, whether the company was to be favored with a scintillation of wit, or a sentiment of benevolence, or a burst of fiery indignation. In his animated moments, and particularly when his anger was roused by instances of tergiversation, meanness or tyranny, they were actually like coals of living fire."]

EPITAPH FOR MR. GABRIEL RICHARDSON.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest, if, as he brew'd, he drink,
In upright, honest morals.

[Burns must of necessity have had frequent business transactions with this gentleman, who was the principal brewer in Dumfries at the period. He was provost of the burgh in 1802–1803. It appears that the eldest son of the poet and the eldest son of the brewer entered on the same day as pupils with Mr. Gray, at the Grammar School. The provost's son became a great traveller and naturalist, and ultimately received the honor of knighthood. Sir John Richardson was born at Nith Place, Dumfries, in 1787, and survived to 1865. The above epigram was inscribed by the poet on a crystal goblet, which is still in possession of Lady Richardson.

We do not regard it as one of our poet's most successful efforts in that line. The point turns on the homely proverb, "Just as ye brew, so shall ye drink."]

EPIGRAM ON MR. JAMES GRACIE.

(KILMARNOCK ED., 1871.)

GRACIE, thou art a man of worth,
O be thou Dean for ever!
May he be d——d to hell henceforth,
Who *fauts* thy weight or measure! challenges

[The subject of this compliment was a respected banker in Dumfries and Dean of Guild for the burgh. Among the last occasions on which Burns used his pen was that of inscribing a note of thanks addressed to him, for his kind offer to send a carriage to bring the dying bard from Brow to Dumfries.]

INSCRIPTION AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT RIDDELL.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

To RIDDELL, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Wand'rer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

[We are told that the first time Burns rode up Nithside after the death of his friend of Friars' Carse, he dismounted and went into the hermitage, and engraved these lines on one of its window-panes.]

BONIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

CAULD is the e'enin blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
An' *dawin* it is dreary, dawning
When *birks* are bare at *Yule*. birches Christmas

Cauld blaws the e'enin blast,
When bitter bites the frost,
And, in the *mirk* and dreary drift, dark
The hills and glens are lost:

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill. got

[The title of this snatch of song is very ancient, as we may infer from its being quoted in "Twelfth Night," *Act* ii. *Scene* 3. Tom D'Urfey in his "Pills," gives a rude version of the old song, in

which we can scarcely find one verse that is decent enough to quote. The following may furnish some idea of it:—

"Some do call her Peggy, and some do call her Jane,
And some do call her 'Cross-ma-loof,' but they are a' mistaen;
For Peggy is a sonsie lass that thrives by her mill;
And she is fullest occupied, when men are standing still.
With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, merry goes the mill."]

(Waddell tells us it is one of those songs which Burns only slightly retouched.)

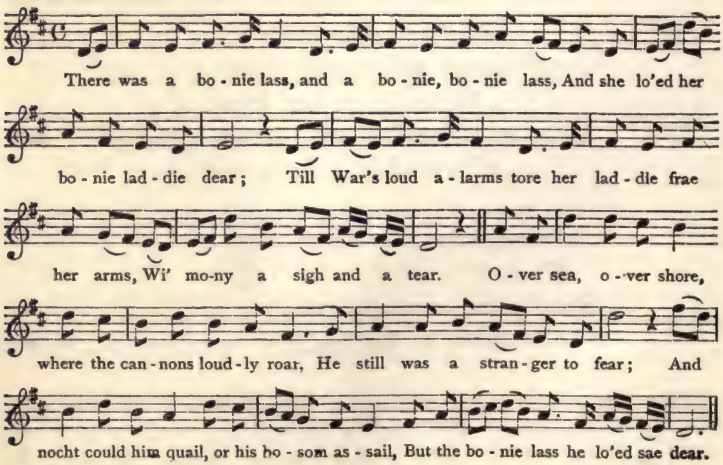
OVER SEA, OVER SHORE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she *loed* her bonie laddie dear; loved
'Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh, and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And *nocht* could him quail, or his bosom assail, nought
But the bonie lass he loed sae dear.

[There is a nice touch of sentiment about this little song, especially when united to its music, which Stenhouse informs us is a favorite slow march, and accordingly we annex it.]



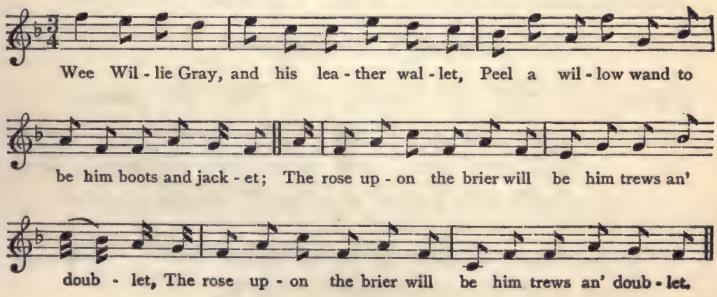
WEE WILLIE GRAY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the brier will be him *trews* an' doublet, trowsers
The rose upon the brier will be him trews an' doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him *sark* and cravat; shirt
Feathers of a *flee* wad feather up his bonnet, fly
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

[This little Nursery chant was furnished by our poet to fit an old air called "Wee Totum Fogg," which we annex.]



O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus—O ay my wife she *dang me*, knocked me about
An' aft my wife she *bang'd* me, beat
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon *o'er-gang* ye. master

ON peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.
O ay my wife, &c.

Some *sairie* comfort at the last, sorry
When a' *thir* days are done, man, these
My "pains o' hell" on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss *aboon*, man. above
O ay my wife, &c.

[This is one of the very few bitter songs Burns has written against womankind.

The tune to which this song is set in the *Museum*, is old, but not striking enough to warrant reprinting here.]

GUDE ALE KEEPS THE HEART ABOON.*

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus—O gude ale comes and gude ale goes;
Gude ale *gars* me sell my hose, makes
Sell my hose, and pawn my *shoon*— shoes
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

I HAD *sax owsen* in a pleugh, six oxen
And they drew a' weel eneugh:
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon!
O gude ale comes, &c.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me *moop wi'* the servant hizzie, consort with
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon!
O gude ale comes, &c.

* Good ale keeps the heart from sinking.—J. H.

[The bulk of this song is by Burns, although a line here and there belongs to an older strain of even less delicacy. The closing verse has reference to the old ecclesiastical mode of punishing a certain class of offences by placing the culprit on a "cutty stool" before the congregation in church. The air to which it is sung is very effective, and goes by the jolly title, "The bottom o' the punch-bowl."]

O STEER HER UP AN' HAUD HER GAUN.*

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

O STEER her up, an' haud her gaun,
  Her mither's at the mill, jo;
An' *gin* she *winna* tak a man, if will not
  E'en let her tak her will, jo.
First *shore* her wi' a gentle kiss, try
  And ca' anither gill, jo;
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
  E'en let her *flyte* her fill, jo. scold

O steer her up, an' be na *blate*, backward
  An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then leave the lassie till her fate,
  And time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for *ae rebuke*, one rebuff
  But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do't,
  Ye'll find anither will, jo.

[Excepting the first four lines, which belong to an ancient song of same title and subject, the song is by Burns. The tune is lively; but of considerable range. In Tom D'Urfey's collection, we find something very like the above, thus:—

"Take not a woman's anger ill,
For this should be your comfort still,
That if she won't, another will.

* Stir her up and keep her going.

Tho' she that's foolish may deny,
You'll find a wiser by and by;
And should the next you meet seem shy,
Just persevere, and she'll comply."]

THE LASS O' ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"Jack o' Latin."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

GAT ye me, O gat ye me, got
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock an reel, and spinning wheel, distaff and small wheel
A *mickle* quarter bason: large
Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A heich house and a laich ane,
A' forbye my bonie sel,
The toss o' Ecclefechan.*

O *haud* your tongue now, Lucky Lang, hold
O haud your tongue and *jauner;* idle talk
I *held the gate* till you I met, kept the right way
Syne I began to wander: then
I *tint* my whistle and my sang, lost
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green *graff*, now Lucky Lang, grave
Wad *airt* me to my treasure. direct

[The supervising duties which devolved on Burns in consequence of Findlater's illness, brought him in February 1795 to the village of Ecclefechan, in Annandale, where he was storm-stayed by a heavy fall of snow. In a letter which he penned to Thomson from the Inn, he described it as an "unfortunate, wicked little village," in which he was forced either to get drunk to forget his miseries, or to hang himself to get rid of them; and so he added, "like a prudent man, of two evils I have chosen the least, and am very drunk at your service." Dr. Currie, in a foot-note said: "The poet

* Besides my grandsire has a high house and a low one, all in addition to my bonie self, the toast (belle) of Ecclefechan.—J. H.

must have been tipsy indeed to abuse sweet Ecclefechan at this rate." Currie was naturally partial to a locality so near his own birth-place. The poet's intimate associate, William Nicol of the Edinburgh High School, was born in Ecclefechan; and it is a memorable fact that Thomas Carlyle was born in the same village on the 4th of December 1795, the same year that Burns happened to be "snowed-up" there.

It is a curious circumstance that the sin of intemperance should have been associated with that village in the poet's mind. In one of his songs in the Merry Muses (too gross for publication) he thus refers to it:—

> "Then up we raise, and took the road,
> And in by Ecclefechan,
> Where the brandy-stoup we *gar'd* it clink, made
> And strang-beer ream the *quech* in."] drinking-vessel

O LET ME IN THIS *AE* NIGHT. one

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,
Or are ye *waukin*, I wad wit? awake
For Love has bound me hand an' *fit*, foot
And I would fain be in, jo.

Chorus—O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo![1]

O hearst thou not the[2] wind an' *weet?* rain
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;

The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my care and *pine*, jo. pain
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the *gate* ye cam again, go way
I winna let ye in, jo.

Chorus—I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The *snellest* blast, at *mirkest* hours, sharpest darkest
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is *nocht* to what poor she endures, nought
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read
The *weird* may be her ain, jo. fate
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel Fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting Woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo!
I tell you now, &c.

[In August 1793, Burns had sent to Thomson a dressed-up version of the old song, "O let me in this ae night," usually found in the collections of last century; but it did not give satisfaction. The

present version was sent from Ecclefechan on February 9th, 1795. The following variations show two different readings in Currie's edition, which appear to be Thomson's own, for our text corresponds with the poet's MS.

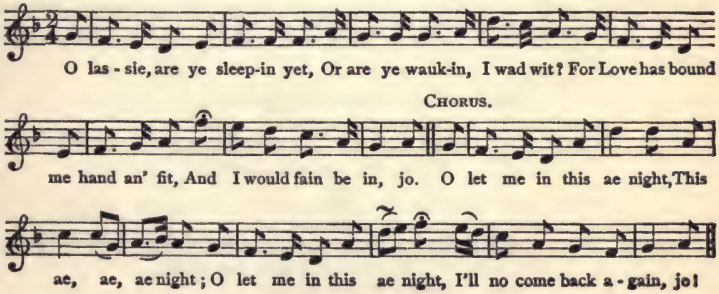
[1] For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

[2] Thou hear'st the winter.

In the MS. the poet himself suggests the following as an improvement on the closing verse; but neither Thomson nor Currie adopted it:—

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel Fowler's prey—
Let that to witless woman say,
"The gratefu' heart of Man," jo!

The melody of this song is one of the finest of Scotland's national airs, and as Johnson's set is superior to Thomson's, or any other that we have seen, we here subjoin it. Burns, in one of his letters, cautions Thomson to set the chorus to the *high* part of the tune; but with his usual perversity he did the opposite.



I'LL AY *CA'* IN BY YON TOWN.[1]

Air—"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

Chorus—I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden-green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

There's nane shall ken, there's nane can guess
What brings me back the *gate* again, road
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
And *stow'nlins* we sall meet again. stealthily
I'll ay ca' in, &c.

She'll wander by the *aiken* tree, oaken
When trystin time* draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O *haith!* she's doubly dear again. faith
I'll ay ca' in, &c.

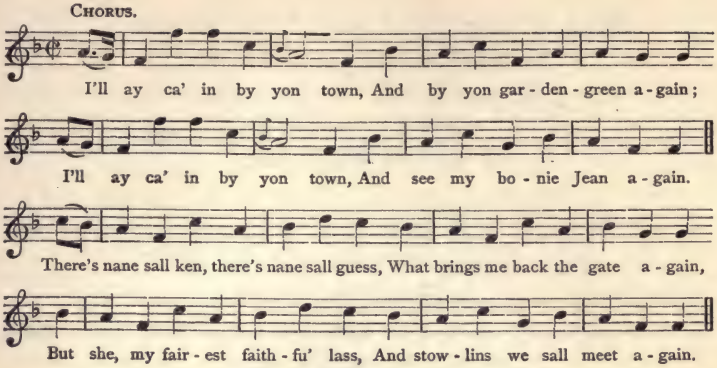
[This beautiful little lyric, supplied off-hand to Johnson, will perhaps be more admired than the labored version which follows. It may have been inspired either by his own wife, or by Jean Lorimer; most likely the latter, for she was the author's favorite model at this period. He thus wrote from Ecclefechan on 7th Feb. 1795, recommending Thomson to adopt the air:—If you think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye, to whom I would consecrate it. Try it with this doggrel, till I give you a better:—

Chorus—O wat ye wha's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin sun upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shinin on.

O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft *her lane;* alone
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower,
O when shall I behold again!

The reader may require to be informed, in reference to this and the following song, that the expression "yon town," so frequently repeated, does not necessarily apply to a town, or small city: a farm-steading is commonly so denominated in Scotland. The melody, in slowish time, flows finely with the words. The following set of the melody is from Johnson's *Museum.*]

* Appointed time of meeting.



O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

Chorus—O *wat* ye wha's in yon town, wot
Ye see the e'enin sun upon,
The dearest maid's[1] in yon town,
That e'ening sun is shinin on.

Now haply down yon gay green *shaw*, wood
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie[2] dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun *blinks blythe* in yon town, glances cheerfully
Among the broomy *braes* sae green;[3] knolls
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.[4]
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my Fair,[5] not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But give me Jeanie[6] in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging Winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad *tent* and shelter there. guard
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin Sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O spare me Jeanie[7] dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

[It was no unusual thing with Burns to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another. What was composed under the influence of Jean Lorimer's charms, could easily be made applicable to any other personage he might desire to compliment. Accordingly, by changing the name "Jeanie," to *Lucy*, he made these verses serve as a tributary offering to the wife of Richard A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchencruive, then residing in Dumfries. That gentleman had been about two years married to a celebrated beauty, Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq., of Hilton, and it

occurred to our poet that the family would be pleased with this dedication. In a letter to Mr. John Syme, enclosing a copy of the song, he explains thus:—"I have endeavored to do justice to what would be Mr. Oswald's feelings, on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with the performance, I, in my first fervor, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald, but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors."

A year or two after this period, Mrs. Oswald fell into declining health, and in January 1798, died at Lisbon at an age little exceeding thirty.

The variations rendered necessary for the altered heroineship of the song are these:

[1] dame's. [2] Lucy. [3] And on yon bonie braes of Ayr.
[4] bliss is Lucy dear. [5] Love. [6] Lucy. [7] Lucy.]

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

"SIR,—I enclose you some copies of a couple of political ballads, one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! (of Kirkcudbright.) In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all about the country."—*Letter to Mr. Heron, of Kerroughtree.*

BALLAD FIRST.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted Knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle* can shaw that,
Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk *fa'* that. become
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles *jouk*, cringe
And is't against the law, that?
For why, a Lord may be a *gowk*, fool
Wi' ribband, star and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought and sold,
Like *naigs*, and *nowte*, and a' that. horses cattle

* The seat of the Earl of Selkirk, on the river Dee, Kirkcudbrightshire.—J. H.

Then let us drink—The Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

[The death of General Stewart, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in January 1795, created a vacancy in the representation, and in the course of February and March a contest for the election caused much local excitement, in which Burns mixed with his customary zeal. The Tory candidate was Mr. Thomas Gordon, of Balmaghie, himself a young man of moderate property and influence, but well-backed by his uncle, Mr. Murray of Broughton, one of the wealthiest proprietors in the south of Scotland, and helped also by the interest of the Earl of Galloway. The Whig candidate was Mr. Heron of Heron and Kerroughtree, to whom Burns had paid a visit in June 1794. Our poet all the more keenly sided with Mr. Heron, when he saw ranged on the opposite side, some of his own cherished aversions, such as the Earl of Galloway and John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs.]

BALLAD SECOND—ELECTION DAY.

Tune—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's *light horse* are to muster,
And O how the heroes will swear!
And there will be *Murray*, Commander,*
And Gordon,† the battle to win;

* Mr. Murray of Broughton. This gentleman had left his wife and eloped with a lady of rank. In the last stanza of the piece Burns speaks of him as giving the remainder of his life to the Lord, after "foundering himself among harlots."—J. H.

† Thos. Gordon of Balmaghie, the Tory candidate, a nephew of Murray.

Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

And there will be *black-nebbit Johnie*,* black-beaked
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he get na Hell for his *haddin*, reward
The Deil gets nae justice ava:
And there will be Kempleton's *birkie*,† smart fellow
A boy no sae black at the *bane;* bone
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff;‡
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,§
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation,
The Devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,‖
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the —— o' a Peer:
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's,¶

* John Bushby, "honest man." We have already noted that he came to Dumfries from Cumberland, a penniless lad, and by tact rose to be the leading lawyer and banker in the burgh. In particular he was agent for many estates, and of these it was said, in Dumfries, that the proprietors became ever poorer as the "agent" grew richer.—J. H.

† William Bushby of Kempleton, a brother of John, who lost a fortune by Douglas Heron & Co.'s Bank, and retrieved it by going to the East Indies, and trading there.

‡ Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John, and newly appointed sheriff of Wigtonshire. He figures in the epistle of Esopus to Maria, page 205, Vol. IV.

§ David Maxwell of Cardoness, regarding whom, see page 26, Vol. VI.

‖ The Messrs. Douglas, brothers, of Carlinwark and Orchardton. They had just obtained a royal warrant to alter the name of Carlinwark to "Castle Douglas."

¶ The Earl of Selkirk's family, with whom the poet was in good terms; but in this instance they sided with the Tory interest.

A house o' great merit and note;
The *deil ane* but honors them highly— devil a one
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,*
Whose honor is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name in the Firm,
And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true;†
And there will be Buittle's Apostle,‡
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be Logan M'Dowall,§
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sogering, gunpowder Blair.‖
But we winna mention Redcastle,¶
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for *siller*, money
An 'twere na the cost o' the *rape*. rope

But where is the Doggerbank hero,**
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
Poor Keith's gane to h–ll to be fuel,
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The *birkie* is gettin' his *Questions* fellow Catechism
To say in *Saint Stephen's the morn.* Parliament to-morrow

---

* Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, with whom Burns was also in good terms.

† Rev. Mr. Muirhead, of Urr, a proud man, and a high Tory.

‡ Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle, another high Tory. By saying that the priest of Buittle is "mair o' the black than the blue," Burns means that his alliance is rather "otherwhere" than with true-blue presbyterianism.—J. H.

§ Colonel M'Dowall of Logan: for *Sculduddery*, see Glossary.

‖ Mr. Blair of Dunskey. ¶ Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle.

** These four lines are from a fragment of the poet's MS. of this ballad, in the possession of Mr. Paterson, publisher, Edinburgh. A battle between the English and the Dutch was fought at the Doggerbank on August 5th, 1781.

But mark ye! there's trusty Kerroughtree,*
Whose honor was ever his law;
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a';
And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,†
Wha's property's paper—not land.

And there, frae the *Niddisdale* borders, Nithsdale
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Jockie,‡ staunch Geordie,§ an' Wellwood,‖
That *griens* for the fishes and loaves; groans (*longs*)
And there will be Heron, the Major,¶
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
HIM, only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,**
And also Barskimming's gude Knight,††
And there will be roarin Birtwhistle,‡‡
Yet luckily roars i' the right.
And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie,§§
(Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
And there will be gay Cassencarry,
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.‖‖

And there'll be wealthy young Richard,¶¶
Dame Fortune should *hing* by the neck, hang

---

* Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.
† This refers to the fictitious electors, so common before the Reform Act of 1832, popularly called "paper," or "faggot voters."
‡ John Maxwell, Esq. of Terraughty.
§ George Maxwell of Carruchan. ‖ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.
¶ Major Heron, brother of the Whig candidate.
** Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.
†† Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards Lord Glenlee.
‡‡ Mr. Alex. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.
§§ John Syme, Esq., Distributor of Stamps for Dumfries.
‖‖ Colonel Goldie, of Goldielea. ¶¶ Richard Oswald, Esq. of Auchincruive.

For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,*
(Tho' Nabobs, yet men not the worst,)
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,†
And Quintin‡—a lad o' the first.

Then hey! the chaste Interest o' Broughton,
And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But *gied* the auld *naig* to the Lord. gave horse

[The various copies of this ballad differ widely in arrangement of the verses. In the text, the first seven stanzas exhibit a laughable catalogue of the Tory party in the Election; while, with exception of the twelfth or closing verse, which gives the practical application, the remaining stanzas are devoted to the praises of Mr. Heron and his supporters.

After printing this ballad in his last edition, Chambers adds:—"Though Burns, we may well believe, had no view to his own interest in writing these diatribes, it appears there did result from them some little glimpse of a hope of promotion. Mr. Heron, hearing of them, and having perused one, wrote to Mr. Syme, with some references to the poet, as if it were not impossible that he might be able to advance his interests."

BALLAD THIRD.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

Tune—"Babes in the Wood."

'TWAS in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,

* Messrs. Hannay. † Mr. Copeland of Collieston.
‡ Mr. Quintin M'Adam, of Cragingillan.

That year I was the *wae'est* man woefulest
Of ony man alive.

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But oh! I was a waefu' man,
Ere *to-fa'* o' the night. fall

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Earl
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
The Murray's noble name.[1]

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
The faithfu' *tyke* will trust. dog

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.[2]

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart* and the Murray there,
Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey *yaud*, mare
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
He *staw* upon *Nidside*.† stole Nithside

---

* Stewart is the family name of the Earl of Galloway.—J. H.

† An allusion to the lady with whom Murray eloped—a member of the house of Johnston, whose well-known crest is a winged spur

An there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies* was to London gane,
And *sae* the *kye* might stray. so cows

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

And there was grave squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A *howlet* sits at noon. owl

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome *billie*, Will, brother
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name,
Had felt our weight before.

* Lord Garlies, son of the Earl of Galloway, was member for the Stewartry.—J. H.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin' *kail-yards.* cottage-gardens

And then Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last cam creepin Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind—
To keep that knave frae *scaith.* danger
* * * * *

[Mr. Lockhart remarks that "after the *Excise inquiry*, Burns took care, no doubt, to avoid similar scrapes; but he had no reluctance to meddle largely and zealously in the squabbles of county politics and contested elections; and thus by merely espousing the cause of the Whig candidates, he kept up very effectually the spleen which the Tories had originally conceived against him on tolerably legitimate grounds."

VAR.—[1] Fast knit in chaste and holy bands,
Wi' Broughton's noble name.

[2] Instead of this and the preceding four lines, some copies read thus:—

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.]

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE,

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

[Dr. Currie dates these lines, "Summer of 1795;" but we suspect he ought to have written "1794;" for on 21st June of that year the poet thus wrote to Mr. David M'Culloch of Ardwell:—"My dear sir, my long-projected journey through your country is at last fixed; and on Wednesday next, if you have nothing of importance to do, take a saunter down to Gateshouse about two or three o'clock, and I shall be happy to take a draught of M'Kune's best with you." (*See* page 137, *supra*.)

Chambers notices that the letter is "valuable as showing that at least a Whig country gentleman deemed Burns presentable at this time before good society." We conceive that as the poet never visited Kerroughtree after the summer of 1794, the inscription in the text is very likely to have been a composition of that year.]

THE CARDIN O'T, THE SPINNIN O'T.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,* — COFT = bought
To mak a *wab* to Johnie *o't;* — wab = web; o't = of it
For Johnie is my only *jo*, — jo = sweetheart
I loe him best of *onie* yet. — onie = any

Chorus—The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When *ilka* ell cost me a groat, — ilka = every
The tailor *staw* the lynin o't. — staw = stole

For tho' his locks be lyart grey,†
And tho' his brow be *beld* aboon; — beld = bald

* I bought a stone (17½ lbs.) of wool from the "hass" or throat of the sheep. "Haslock wool" is peculiarly fine and soft.—J. H.

† Grey mixed with black.

Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the *parishen.* parish
The cardin o't, &c.

[The original of this tender little snatch of song is in the British Museum.

The air "Salt fish and dumplings," to which the words are set in the *Museum*, is not original in character, and a perusal of the verses at once suggests that they were composed for the beautiful air "Johnie's grey breeks."]

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

Tune—"Bab at the bowster."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

Chorus—WE'LL hide the Cooper behint the door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We'll hide the Cooper behint the door,
And cover him under a *mawn*, O. big-basket

The Cooper o' Cuddy came here awa,
He *ca'd* the *girrs* out o'er us a' : drove hoops
An' our gudewife has gotten a *ca'*, push
That's anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil *hae* her! an' deil hae him! have
But the body he was sae *doited* and blin, stupid
He wist na where he was gaun, O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn ;

On *ilka* brow she's planted a horn, either
And swears that there they sall stan', O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

[Nothing more need be said regarding this song, than that it is undoubtedly by Burns, and his MS. of it is in the British Museum. Another coarse version occurs in "The Merry Muses," where the closing line of the chorus verse reads thus: "For fear o' the auld gudeman, O." The tune is well known in Scotland as one used at the breaking up of balls of the ruder sort, when every couple whirls into the closing dance in wild melee. Burns refers to this practice in his letter to James Smith, June 30th, 1787. "Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements: the ladies sang Scotch songs like angels, at intervals; then we flew at 'Bab at the Bowster,' &c., like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a harvest day."]

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The *mirksome* night did me enfauld, darksome
I knew na whare to lodge till day;
By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An' bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank—'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

Chorus—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The *braw* lass made the bed to me, fine
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head:
A *cod* she laid below my head, pillow
And servèd me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.
The bonie lass, &c.

"Haud aff your hands, young man!" she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie."
Her hair was like the links o' *gowd*, gold
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.
The bonie lass, &c.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say:
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thocht na lang till day.
The bonie lass, &c.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;

But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd,
And said, 'Alas, ye've ruin'd me.'
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her *syne*, afterwards
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, my lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me.
The bonie lass, &c.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
An made them a' in *sarks* to me; shirts
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.
Chorus—The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

[The chorus and concluding four lines of the above ballad are pointed out by Burns in his note thereon, as forming part of the ancient song. He seems to refer to a common-place production, preserved by Tom D'Urfey, called "The Cumberland Lass," in which we thus read:—

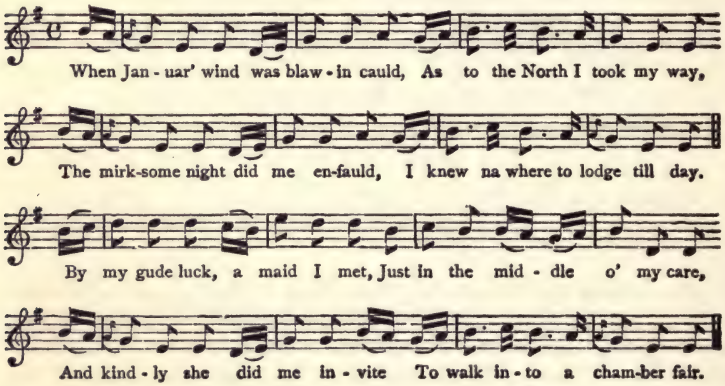
"She took her mother's winding sheet,
And cut it into sarks for me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me."

Burns tells us that the original ballad "was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the North about Aberdeen, in the time of the Usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Port-Letham, who was" "the lass that made the bed" to him.

The luxurious ballad that forms the text is much too warmly colored to have found a place in Robert Chambers's edition of the works of Burns; but he inserted—from a source he did not acknowledge—a very innocent abridgement of it, as pure as smiling infancy. Cunningham had evidently been acquainted with that purified version, although he did not adopt it. It consists of seven stanzas of four lines each, the heroine being a humble maiden, who merely makes the bed and modestly retires; and next morning the wayfarer, who narrates the adventure, proposes marriage to her,

for no apparent reason but that he was smitten with her blushes, and melted by observing a pearly tear twinkle in her eye. The author of that "amended version" was Mr. William Stenhouse, who supplied illustrative notes to Johnson's *Musical Museum*, about the year 1820.

The melody attached to the ballad in the *Museum* is very indifferent; but Burns's words can be sung with fine effect to the following air. It will be observed that the chorus, which is just the second part of the tune repeated, does not come in till after the close of the second stanza.]



HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BADE ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

HAD I the *wyte*, had I the wyte, blame
Had I the wyte? She bade me,
She watch'd me by the *hie-gate* side, high-way
And up the *loan* she *shaw'd* me. lane showed
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward *loon* she ca'd me: fellow
Had Kirk an' State been in the *gate*, way
I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me *ben*, in
And bade me mak nae clatter;

'For our ramgunshoch,* *glum* gudeman — sour
Is o'er ayont the water.'
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and *dawte* her, — fondle
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say, I was the *fautor.* — then — in fault

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her;
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her!
He *claw'd* her wi' the *ripplin-kame,* — scratched — flax-dresser's comb
And *blae* and bluidy bruis'd her; — blue
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her!

I *dighted* aye her e'en sae blue, — wiped
An' *bann'd* the cruel *randy,* — cursed — bully
And *weel I wat,* her willin *mou* — well I wot — mouth
Was sweet as sugar-candie.
At *gloamin-shot,* it was I wot, — twilight
I lighted—on the Monday;
But I cam thro' the *Tyseday's* dew, — Tuesday's
To wanton Willie's brandy.

[Bordering on indelicacy as this performance does, it is purity itself beside the model that suggested it. Its melody is called "Come kiss wi' me, Come clap wi' me," and is also styled "The Bob o' Fettercairn," when used as a dancing-tune. The ancient air consists of one strain only; but in the *Museum* a second part is added which is mere fiddle-stick gymnastics.]

* Ramgunshoch means ill-natured and violent.—J. H.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the *louns* beware, Sir; rascals
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir:
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
And Criffel† sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an *unco loun*, foreign rascal
And wi' a *rung* decide it! bludgeon
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted! must
No! never but by British hands
Shall British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a *clout*‡ may fail in't, patch
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it?

---

* Corsincon, a high hill at the source of the river Nith.

† Criffel, a mountain at the mouth of the same river, where it flows into the Solway.

‡ *i.e.*, It may require repair, as a tinkler "clouts a broken cauldron."

By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People!
But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People!

[In the early part of 1795, two companies of volunteers were raised by Dumfries, as its quota for defending the fatherland, while the bulk of the regular army was engaged abroad. By War-Office intimation, dated 24th March, A. S. De Peyster, Esq., was appointed "Major Commandant" of the Dumfries Volunteers, and various gentlemen of the district were nominated as Captains and Lieutenants. Many of the liberal residents who had incurred the suspicion of the government were fain to enrol themselves in these corps, in order to show they were well affected towards their country. Syme, Maxwell, and others of the poet's friends, became volunteers. Burns followed suit, and the above noble effusion was soon thereafter composed. The ballad appeared in the *Dumfries Journal* of 5th May, as well as in the May number of the *Scots Magazine;* and printed copies of it, in form of a sheet-song, set to music by Mr. Stephen Clarke, were soon distributed to members of the corps to which the poet belonged. In thanking Johnson for a packet of the music sent to him, Burns thus wrote:—"Our friend Clarke has indeed done his part well: 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with anything that has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur, will be allowed me."

A holograph MS. of this volunteer ballad, on excise paper, in good condition, is possessed by John Dick, Esq., Stirling.

In George Thomson's collection the ballad is set to the tune: "Get up and bar the door."

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Loch Erroch Side."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1798.)

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit me for the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
  Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
  Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
  Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
  Or my poor heart is broken.

[This truly fine lyric appears to have been forwarded to Thomson in May, 1795, a month during which he seems to have been more than usually prolific in song. Mr. Paterson, Publisher, Edinburgh, possesses a pencil manuscript in the poet's hand, containing his first thoughts while conceiving and executing this pathetic effusion. It reads as follows:—

SONG.—COMPOSED ON HEARING A BIRD SING WHILE MUSING ON CHLORIS.

Sing on, sweet songster o' the brier,
Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near;
O soothe a hapless Lover's ear,
  And dear as life I'll prize thee.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may learn thy melting art,
For surely that would touch the heart,
  O' her that still denies me.

Oh was thy mistress, too, unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
For nocht but Love and Sorrow join'd
Sic notes of woe could wauken.

The closing four lines correspond with the text. The poet's first idea was to set the words to the tune "Whar'll bonie Ann lie;" but he changed his opinion, and directed it to be united to a much finer melody, "Loch Erroch Side," otherwise known as "The Lass o' Gowrie," to which it is invariably sung.]

SONG.—ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Ay wauken, O."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus.—LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling Fair,
Is on the couch of anguish!
Long, long, &c.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Powers Divine!
Oh, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long, &c.

[This effusion was sent to Thomson in May 1795. Onward to the close of August of that year (but no farther), Jean Lorimer (or "Chloris") continued to be goddess of the poet's lyrical adoration. In the early part of August, Mr. Robert Cleghorn, Farmer, Saughton Mills, near Edinburgh, accompanied by two other Midlothian farmers, named respectively, John Allan and Robert Wight, paid Burns a visit at Dumfries, and were introduced to Chloris, as the following extract from a letter of Burns, addressed to the father of that young woman, will show:—"*Dumfries, Tuesday morning.*—My dear Sir, I called for you yesternight, both at your own house and at your favorite lady's—Mrs. Hislop of the Globe, but could not find you. I want you to dine with me to-day. I have two honest Midlothian Farmers with me, who have travelled three-score miles to renew old friendship with the poet, and I promise you a pleasant party, a plateful of Hotch-Potch, and a bottle of good, sound port. Mrs. Burns desired me yesternight to beg the favor of Jeany to come and partake with her, and she was so obliging as to promise that she would. If you can come, I shall take it very kind.—Yours, ROBERT BURNS. (Dinner at three.) To Mr. William Lorimer, senior, Farmer."

The above proves the intimacy that existed between the poet's family and that of the Lorimers, and indicates, moreover, that the tenderness evinced by Burns for Chloris was of no clandestine kind.]

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Altered from an old English song.

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

How cruel are the parents
  Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
  Poor Woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile, the hapless Daughter
  Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant Father's hate—
  Become a wretched Wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
  The trembling dove thus flies,

To shun impelling ruin,
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till, of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless Falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

[This is evidently a retouch of an old English original. The post-mark shows that it and the song following were forwarded to Thomson on 9th May 1795.]

YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

Air—"Deil tak the wars."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
Mark yonder, &c. (*four lines repeated.*)

What are the showy treasures,
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze;
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day!
But did you see, &c.

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n avarice would deny,
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

["Well! this is not amiss," said the poet in sending the foregoing. "You see how I answer your orders. Your tailor could not be more punctual. I am just now in a high fit of poetising, provided that the strait-jacket of criticism don't cure me."]

'TWAS NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

'TWAS na her bonie blue *e'e* was my ruin, eye
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin';
'Twas the dear smile when nae body did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, *stown* glance o' kindness, stolen
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair *maun* abide me, must
But tho' fell Fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever:
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,

Sooner the sun in his motion would falter:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

[Burns seems to have intended the above as a kind of counterpart to his other sweet song—
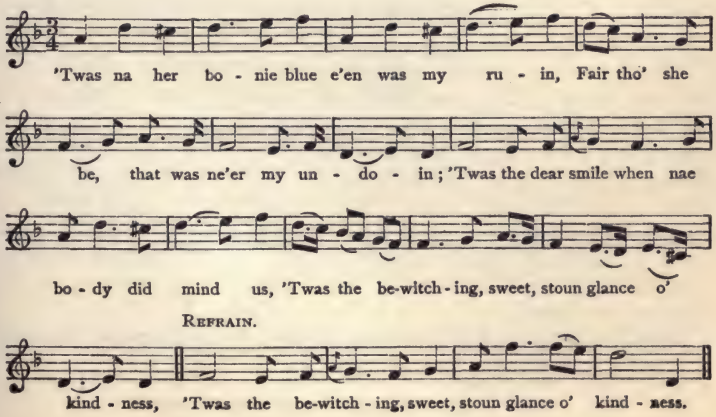
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Two laughin' e'en o' bonie blue,"

but it cannot be said the poet has been more than ordinarily successful here. The peculiar rhythm of the verse may have somewhat hampered the flow of his musings; and indeed he seems to have not entirely mastered the melody. He had long promised verses to this air; "*Laddie, lie near me*," he once wrote to Thomson, "must lie by me for some time, I do not know the air, and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I can never compose for it."

The ancient words of the melody were recovered and published by Ritson in his "North Country Chorister:" Durham, 1802. They thus commence, but the reader would scarcely thank us for going beyond the introduction:—

"Down in yon valley, soft shaded by mountains,
Heard I a lad an' lass making acquaintance,
Making acquaintance and singing so clearly,
Lang hae I lain my lane—laddie lie near me."

The melody is very beautiful and not much known; therefore we annex it.]



THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Tune—"Humors of Glen."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green *breckan*, ferns
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and *gowan* lurk, lowly, unseen: daisy
For there, lightly tripping, among the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave.
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

[This patriotic effusion, communicated to Thomson in May 1795, is more often praised than sung. It cannot be that its melody has been ill-selected, as the air is admittedly one of the finest of the sentimental kind that Irish musical genius has produced. Currie remarks that "more particularly for Scotchmen estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, Burns seems to have written this song—a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."

Byron must have had this song in mind when he wrote his song in praise of Caledonia, commencing:—

"Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses."]



THE BANKS O' DOON—"Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon."

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

Air—"Let me in this ae night."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

FORLORN, my Love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, Love.

Chorus—O wert thou, Love, but near me!
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would'st cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet;
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love!
O wert thou, &c.

[This pathetic song, put into the lips of Chloris, was, like the six preceding ones, sent to Thomson in May 1795. In transmitting it the poet asked, "How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour, so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus; but

what say you to his bottom?" It would appear that Thomson urged objections of some kind to verse third; for in his letter of August 3rd, 1795, Burns wrote, "Your objections are just as to that verse of my song. I hope the following alteration will please you:—

> Cold, alter'd friends, with cruel art,
> Poisoning fell Misfortune's dart;
> Let me not break thy faithful heart,
> And say that fate is mine, Love."]

FRAGMENT.—WHY, WHY TELL THE LOVER.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

WHY, why tell the lover
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
"Chloris, Chloris" all the theme,
Why, why would'st thou, cruel—
Wake thy lover from his dream.

[This double stanza, transmitted, on 3rd July, 1795, is accompanied with the following remark:—"Such is the d——d peculiarity of rhythm of this air, that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it."

Thomson has inscribed this note on the margin:—"Instead of this poor song, I will take the one 'Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon' for the air here mentioned.—G. T." In his reply to Burns, he said, "The fragment for the *Caledonian Hunt* is quite suited to the original measure of the air, and, as it plagues you so, the fragment must content it. I would rather, as I said before, have had Bacchanalian words, had it so pleased the poet; but, nevertheless, for what we have received, Lord make us truly thankful!"

This is another instance of Thomson's incapacity to read the proper sentiment of a melody; for the tune in question is universally felt to be pathetic in character.]

THE BRAW WOOER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

LAST May, a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did *deave* me; deafen
I said, there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce *gae wi'm*, to believe me, believe me; go with him
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black *e'en*, eyes
And vow'd for my love he was deein',
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for leein', for leein';
The Lord forgie me for leein'!

A *weel-stocket mailen*, himsel for the laird, well-stocked farm
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never *loot* on that I kenn'd it, or car'd; let
But thought I might hae *waur* offers, waur offers; worse
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gate-slack to my black cousin, Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the *niest* week, as I fretted wi' care, next
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a *warlock*, a warlock, male witch
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But *owre* my left shouther I gae him a *blink*, over glance
Lest neibours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I *spier'd* for my cousin fu' *couthy* and sweet, asked kindly
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new *shoon* fit her auld *schachl't* shoes
feet, mis-shapen
But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He beggèd, for gudsake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

[This is a "pearl of great price" among the songs of Burns, and has been a popular favorite ever since it made its appearance. The melody selected for it is in every way calculated to give effect to the humor and *naïveté* of the words. Thomson objected to the localities "Gate-slack" and "Dalgarnock," and the poet explained that Gate-slack is a romantic pass among the Lowther Hills on the confines of Dumfriesshire, and that Dalgarnock is an equally romantic spot near the Nith, where still are to be seen a ruined church and burial-ground. He at length yielded to an alteration of the former, thus:—

"He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess."

Dr. Currie very properly observed on this point that "It is always a pity to throw out anything that gives locality to our poet's verses."

The following line in the last verse but one, has been changed by popular usage, since Burns's days, in order to give it additional point, thus:—

"And how 'my auld shoon' fitted her schachl't feet."

This makes it correspond with a common proverbial expression: when a lover deserts one mistress for another, the latter is twitted with wearing the *old shoes* of her predecessor.]

(Dalgarnock is an ancient parish, now merged in those of Closeburn and Morton. The ruins of the old church are within a mile of the village of Thornhill. In Burns's day, and later, the communion continued to be celebrated once a year in the churchyard, which was, on such occasions, a famous trysting-place for the youth of both sexes.—J. H.)

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my house."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

Chorus.—THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very *saul*, soul
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

A thief sae *pawkie* is my Jean, sly
To steal a *blink*, by a' unseen; glance
But *gleg* as light are lovers' een, sharp
When kind love is in the e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;

But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
This is no my ain, &c.

[This fine song was transmitted to Thomson, along with the two that immediately follow, on 3rd August, 1795; after which date, there was silence in the heaven of song for half a year. With exception of a note addressed to the father of "Chloris" early in August, and a short letter to Cleghorn, on the 21st of that month, there does not exist a scrap of the poet's writing in prose or verse that we can pronounce to have been penned by him, between 3rd August, and the close of December, 1795. And what is more to be regretted, the poet's history during that period is a complete blank; for Dr. Walker's narrative of his interview with Burns (erroneously set down by him as occurring in November 1795), undoubtedly appertains to 1794. Currie informs us that the poet was confined to the house with an accidental complaint from October 1795 to January 1796, which may be quite true, for about the close of 1795, Burns thus addressed Collector Mitchell in rhyme:—

"Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,*
And by fell Death was nearly nicket."

The song in the text is in the poet's best manner, and can never cease to be popular. His first draft of it, shows a singular variation thus:—

"*Chorus*—This is no my ain Body,
Fair tho' the Body be," &c.

But the song was rapidly composed, as we may assume from these words introducing it:—"The tune puzzles me a good deal, in fact I think, to change the old rhythm of the first or chorus part will have a good effect. I would have it something of the gallop of the following." For music, see "Thomson Correspondence," page 299, Vol. V.]

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;

* Explained at poem, page 116, *post*.

And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and *wimpling burn*, winding stream
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

[This is apparently the last song of Burns which was inspired by the charms of Jean Lorimer, and he never excelled it in purity of sentiment and lyric beauty. The bard seems to have intended these as Scottish verses to the air, "I wish my love was in a mire."]

SCOTTISH SONG INSCRIBED TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While *ilka* thing in nature join every
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe!

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art—
My life was *ance* that careless stream, once
That wanton trout was I;
But Love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

That little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd *lav'rock* warbling springs, sky-lark
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching Love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is 'hope nae mair'
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whase bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

[These five double stanzas, together with the preceding song and some verses inscribed to Chloris, form the contents of one sheet

transcribed by the poet for his "very much valued friend Mr. Cunningham" on 3rd August 1795, and signed "COILA." It is addressed at the end thus:—"To Mr. Cunningham—*Une bagatelle de l'amitie.*"

On 20th January thereafter, the poet, as if just wakened out of a trance, thus addressed Mrs. Riddell—"The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intended to interweave in some disastrous tale of a Shepherd 'Despairing beside a clear stream.' *L'amour, toujours l'amour.*" He then transcribes the three central verses of the above song, without variation. The communication thus addressed to Mrs. Riddell now belongs to Thomas C. S. Corry, M.D., of Belfast, who purchased the MS. from that lady's representatives. In 1867 he caused it to be printed in *facsimile*, and published, with a Dedication to Mrs. Everett of Ayr, the daughter of Robert Burns, junior, son of the Bard.

O THAT'S THE LASSIE O' MY HEART.

Tune—"Morag."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

O *WAT* ye wha that lo'es me, wot
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

Chorus.—O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O she's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
(And thy attention's plighted,)
That *ilka* body talking, every
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all-delighted;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this Fair One,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other Fair One
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

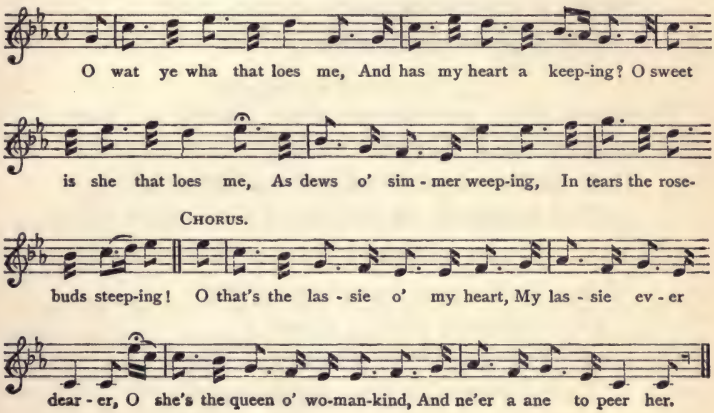
[Thomson, in October 1794, had asked Burns about the authorship of several songs in the second volume of *The Museum*, and on the 19th of that month, he thus replied:—"The *Young Highland Rover* (Morag) is also mine; but it is not worthy of the fine air." The poet appears to have kept in his view the desirability of making an effort to compose a superior song to this melody; and accordingly there is evidence that about the beginning of August 1795, he had given birth to the above admirable effusion. About that time, as we have stated at page 90, *supra*, his Edinburgh friend, Mr. Robert Cleghorn, accompanied by two Midlothian farmers, paid a visit to the poet in Dumfries, when this song, with other recent productions, was submitted to them. Burns entertained these visitors to a set dinner in his house, on which occasion, besides Dr. Maxwell, Dr. Mundell, and other gentlemen, Jean Lorimer, and her father, were present.

Mr. Cleghorn, on his return to Edinburgh, sent Burns a handsome copy of the Poems of Gawin Douglas, and at the same time requested to be favored with a copy of the song in the text. A sudden and severe illness, of which the poet became the victim immediately after the loss of his only daughter in autumn, prevented him from answering Cleghorn till January 1796, when he transcribed the song and wrote to his friend explaining his hapless condition.

The poet's holograph of the letter to Cleghorn with this song annexed, is now possessed by Mr. David Laing of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. The song nowhere appears in the Thomson

Correspondence; but as he published it before Currie, he must have been indebted to Cleghorn for the words.

Currie used the liberty of altering the opening line of the song to "O wha is she that loes me?" *Morag* (Gaelic for *Marion*) is perhaps the finest example of the music of the Highlands—not even excepting "Roy's Wife" and "Rothiemurchus"—and we therefore annex it; for the words lose half of their effect when separated from the melody.]



INSCRIPTION,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF MY POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE LADY WHOM, IN SO MANY FICTITIOUS REVERIES OF PASSION, BUT WITH THE MOST ARDENT SENTIMENTS OF REAL FRIENDSHIP, I HAVE SO OFTEN SUNG UNDER THE NAME OF—"CHLORIS."

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
  Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
  To join the Friendly Few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
  Chill came the tempest's low'r;
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
  Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
  Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
  The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
  Of conscious Honor's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
  Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of Sense and Taste,
  With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
  These joys could he improve.

R. B.

[These verses to Chloris form the concluding portion of the sheet before referred to, which the poet addressed to his friend Mr. Cunningham on 3rd August 1795.

Poor "Chloris" henceforth disappears from the scene. Within twelve short months after this period, the heart of her minstrel ceased to beat and his lyre was for ever unstrung. Her father sank into poverty, and she became a cheerless wanderer. The last seven years of her life were passed in Edinburgh. A few friends turned up for her in that city; and there still exists an affecting note in her handwriting, returning thanks for some little kindnesses bestowed. The words are these:—"Burns's *Chloris* is infinitely oblidged to Mrs. ——— for her kind attention in sending the newspapers, and feels pleased and flattered by having so much said

and done in her behalf. Ruth was kindly and generously treated by Boaz; perhaps Burns's *Chloris* may enjoy a similar fate in the fields of men of talent and worth.—*March 2nd*, 1825."

She died in September 1831, at the age of fifty-six, in a humble lodging in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow (a locality which does not now exist), and her remains were interred in Newington burying-ground.]

FRAGMENT.—LEEZIE LINDSAY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

[Leaving the Bard for several months in the oblivious position in which his first Biographer and Editor placed him, we shall now endeavor to fill up the intervening blank with gleanings from the fifth and sixth volumes of Johnson's *Musical Museum*, for which work Burns continued to send little snatches of song till near the close of his life. Unfortunately the correspondence between the poet and Mr. Johnson has not been preserved in the connected form in which we have the Thomson Correspondence, and therefore the dates of our author's contributions to the *Museum* cannot be fixed with positive certainty. Such of these as have not already found a place in this and preceding volumes, we now present in their probable order of composition.

Of the fragment in the text with its corresponding music, Stenhouse says:—"This beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted was written by him, and he intended to have added some more verses, as appears from Johnson's memorandum written on the original MS., 'Mr. Burns is to send words.'"

The singing of the late John Wilson, Scottish Vocalist, made this song very popular. The following are the additional words he adopted for extending it; we cannot say who manufactured them:—

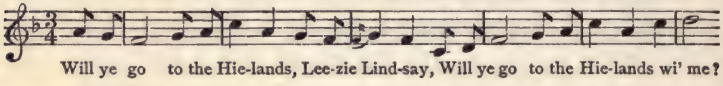
"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
I dinna see how that may be;
For I ken na the gate ye are *gangin*, going
Nor ken I the lad I'm *gaun* wi'. going

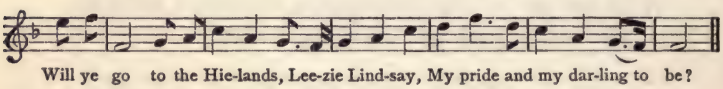
O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae that ye dinna ken me;
My name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has *kilted* her coats o' green satin, tucked up
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His pride and his darling to be."

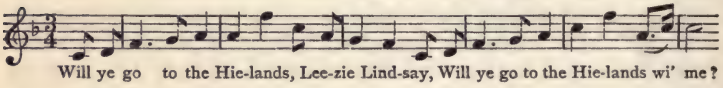
The set of the melody in *Johnson*, we consider to be perfect; and yet another version of the air has crept into modern collections. We annex them both, that the reader may see how impossible it is for critical people to "let well alone."]

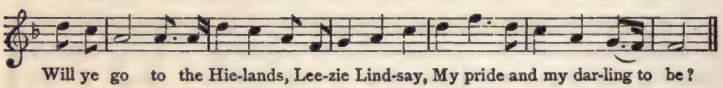
As in Johnson's Musical Museum.





As in Wood's Songs of Scotland, 1848.





FRAGMENT.—THE WREN'S NEST.

(Johnson's Museum, 1796.)

The Robin to the Wren's nest
Cam *keekin* in, cam keekin in; peeping
O *weel's me* on your auld *pow*, blessings on head
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?
Thou's ne'er get leave to lie without,
And I within, and I within,
Sae lang's I hae an auld *clout* rag
To *rowe* ye in, to rowe ye in. wrap

[This is a little ditty with which Mrs. Burns used to divert her children by singing it over to them. The poet got the melody noted down for the *Museum*, where it is given (No. 406), with these words, which appear to be the introductory portion of a similar fragment published by David Herd, and re-produced in the *Museum* (No. 483) as follows:—

Air—"The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre."

The Wren she lies in Care's bed, in Care's bed, in Care's bed,
The Wren she lies in Care's bed, in meikle dule and pyne, jo.
When in cam' Robin Redbreast, when in cam' Robin Redbreast,
When in cam' Robin Redbreast wi' sugar-saps and wine, jo.

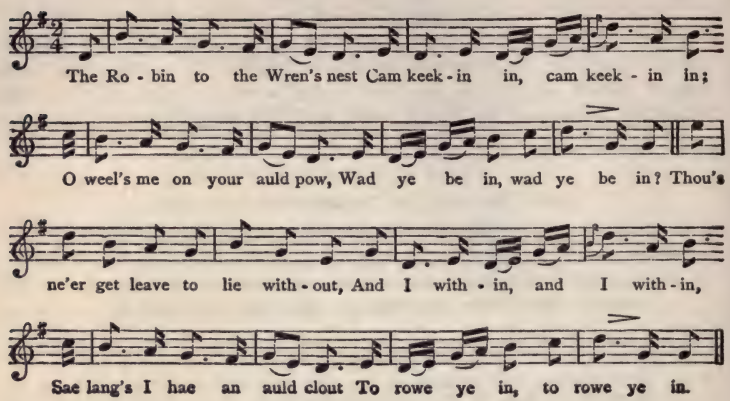
Now maiden, will ye taste o' this, taste o' this, taste o' this?
Now maiden, will ye taste o' this, it's sugar-saps and wine, jo.
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin, Robin, Robin,
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin, tho' it were ne'er sae fine, jo.

Then whare's the ring that I gied ye, that I gied ye, that I gied ye,
Say whare's the ring that I gied ye, ye little *cutty* queen, jo! saucy
I gied it till a soger, a soger, a soger,
I gied it till a soger, was ance a love o' mine, jo.

He promis'd to be back in Spring, to wed his little Jenny Wren,
But Spring and Simmer baith are gane, and here am I my lane, jo.
The Winter winds 'ill chill me thro', they'll chill me thro', chill me thro',
Ye'll think upon your broken vow, when I am dead and gane, jo.

Our main inducement for inserting this nursery ballad here, arises out of a little incident recorded by Chambers on the authority of Mrs. Thomson (the Jessie Lewars who attended Burns so kindly during his fatal illness). "One morning the poet offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, to gratify her in that wish to the best of his ability. She accordingly played the air called 'The Wren's Nest,' and as soon as his ear got familiar with the tune, he sat down, and in a few minutes produced the admired song, 'O wert thou in the cauld blast.'"

The air played by Jessie Lewars was not "The Wren's Nest" (No. 406), but "The Wren," No. 483 of Johnson. The fifth volume of the *Museum*, where they both appear, was not then published, but the proof sheets may have been in the poet's possession. On the score of the melody, No. 406, Clarke has made the following note:—"This tune is only a bad set of *Johny's Gray Breeks*." We shall give, in its proper place, the air, No. 483, and meanwhile the reader will please to accept the following original melody for "The Wren's Nest."] (*See* page 129, *infra*.)



NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

(A DUET.)

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

SHE.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell!
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus—The *wean* wants a cradle, infant
And the cradle wants a *cod:* pillow
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a *nod.* invitation

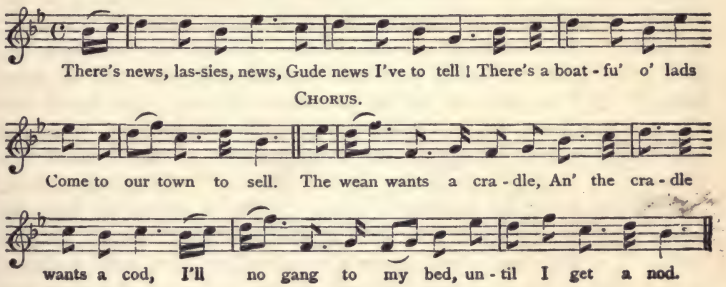
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a *man.* mate
The wean, &c.

HE.

I hae as gude a *craft rig* croft ridge
As made o' yird and stane;*
And *waly fa'* the *ley-crap*, woe betide lea-crop
For I *maun* till't again. must
The wean, &c.

[This curious ditty is barely intelligible, even to a Scotsman, unless he has been bred at the plough-tail. We suspect that the words were written merely to preserve the pretty little melody which our bard recovered, and we now annex it in the hope that some apt versifier may clothe it with more suitable words.]

(The obscurity is somewhat removed by recognizing that it is a girl who speaks in the first two stanzas, and a young man in the concluding stanza.—J. H.)



CROWDIE EVER MAIR.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
Now I've gotten wife an' *weans*, children
An' they cry "Crowdie"† evermair.

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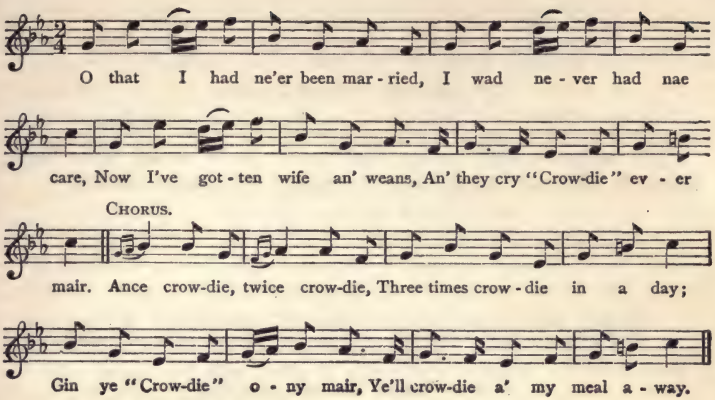
*I have as good a ridge of croft-land as is constituted by earth and stone.—J. H.

†Crowdie is properly oatmeal brose made with cold water, instead of with boiling; but the expression is used for any dish made of oatmeal, which, in one form or another, constituted, in former times, the staple article of diet for the common people of Scotland.—J. H.

Chorus—Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye "crowdie" *ony mair*, any more
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' Want and Hunger *fley* me, frighten
Glowrin by the *hallan en'*; staring end of the house
Sair I *fecht* them at the door, sore fight
But ay I'm *eerie* they come ben. apprehensive
Ance crowdie, &c.

[This pathetic effusion loses half its effect when separated from its music, which we give below. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 15th December 1793, the poet, anticipating what might be his condition when laid on a death-bed, quotes the opening stanza and the chorus of this song, as part of an "old Scots ballad." "I see," he said, "a train of helpless little folks—me and my exertions all their stay; (and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang!) If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigor of manhood, as I am (such things happen every day), Gracious God! what would become of my little flock? . . . But I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!" On his death-bed, these fears were all realized—"Alas, Clarke, I begin to fear the worst! As to my individual self, I am tranquil (I would despise myself if I were not); but Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of dear little ones—helpless orphans—there I am weak as a woman's tear! Enough of this! 'Tis half my disease!" If we are to understand that the opening verse and chorus of the foregoing lyric are older than the days of Burns, there can be no question that the closing stanza is entirely his own. The language and imagery in these four lines are so grand and expressive, that they at once indicate the master hand of our Bard.]



MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

(Johnson's Museum, 1803.)

Chorus—Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A *barefit* maid I chanc'd to meet; barefoot
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken *shoon;* shoes
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt *aboon.* above
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,

And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally's meek, &c.

[The above stanzas carry their own music along with them, therefore we shall not trouble the reader with any melody.]

JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

Air—"Bonie lass tak a man."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

JOCKEY'S taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my Love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my Love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still the same.

[The poet is now languishing on a bed of sore sickness and distress. Hopelessly barred from participating in the delights of which he so lately sung:—
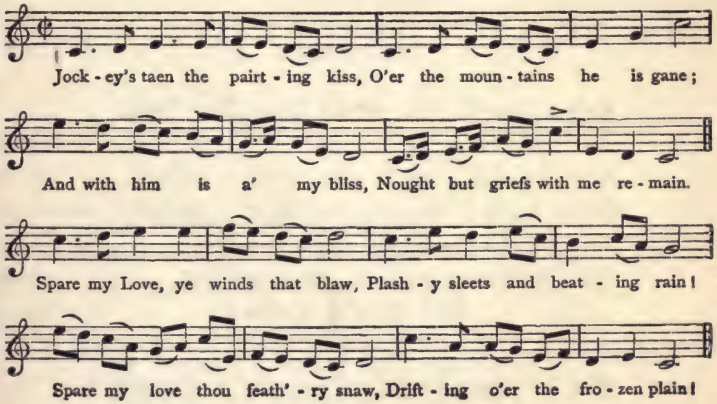
"The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine,"

he is compelled to regard himself as having taken the parting kiss, and "gone over the mountains" away from the sight and the society of her whose smile gave alacrity and vigor to his musings. However, he has not parted with his "singing robes," and here he indites and puts into the lips of the absent fair one a song—not a glad one—but breathing of nature in every line:-

"Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.

He has told us that this beautiful "blessing" was his own mother's favorite "Good Night" at parting—"A sound sleep an' a blythe waukening;" so it was the very last expression her son was likely to forget.

The beauty of this lyric is greatly enhanced by its expressive air, which we here annex.]



VERSES TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the *meikle* deil — big
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, *skelpin* jig and reel, — dancing
In my poor *pouches!* — pockets

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That *One-pound-one*, I sairly want it;
If wi' the *hizzie* down ye sent it, girl
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood *dunted*, throbbed
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moanin
To see the New come laden, groanin,
Wi' double plenty o'er the *loanin*, path-way
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin
The *hale* design. whole

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been *licket*, whipped
And by fell Death was nearly *nicket;* cut off
Grim loon! he got me by the *fecket*, under shirt
And sair me *sheuk;* shook
But by gude luck I *lap* a wicket, leapt
And turn'd a *neuk*. corner

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My *hale and weel*, I'll tak a care o't, health and well-being
A *tentier* way; more guarded
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay!

[Collector Mitchell, from whom the poet in the foregoing lines modestly borrows a guinea, was an intelligent person, and Burns was wont to submit his compositions to the test of his critical acumen. Chambers informs us that he was well-educated, with a design to follow the profession of a minister. These verses, from allusions contained in them, must have been penned at the close of 1795. How long the poet's illness had continued or what were

the characteristics of his trouble can only now be guessed at; for no particulars regarding these have been handed down for the information of posterity. His health was evidently now getting into a convalescent state; and from the close of January till the month of April 1796 he seems to have moved about with some hope of permanent physical improvement.]

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

(CROMEK, 1808.)

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Then 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment the tenth remember'd:
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Tho' the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy;
For talents, to deserve a place,
Are qualifications saucy.

So their worships of the Faculty,
  Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
  To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah, purg'd was the sight
  Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
  Bob's purblind mental vision—
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
  Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear that he has the angel met
  That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
  Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
  My congratulations hearty.
With your honors, as with a certain king,
  In your servants this is striking,
The more incapacity they bring,
  The more they're to your liking.

[The history of this production seems to be that, towards the close of 1795, in consequence of bad harvests and other causes, there was manifested much popular discontent, which gave uneasiness to the ministry. In the Adelphi Theatre of Edinburgh, a public meeting was convened to discuss politics and adopt means to alleviate the general distress, at which the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, presided. Great offence was thereby given to the Conservative majority in the Parliament House, who resolved to set up an opposition candidate for the office of "Dean" at the ensuing election. The contest was decided on 12th January 1796, when Robert Dundas of Arniston, by a large majority, supplanted the Whig favorite.

Burns, besides having a real respect for Erskine, remembered an old grudge against Dundas (see page 138, Vol. II.), and vented his feelings in the above verses, which display the wit and vigor of his best days.

The original MS.—a copy once possessed by Allan Cunningham—is now in the British Museum. Cromek's copy wants the closing stanza, which was first published in 1842 by Peter Cunningham.]

EPISTLE TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

My honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to *speel* climb
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a *canty* warld were it, happy
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favor worth and merit
As they deserve;
And ay *rowth* o' roast-beef and claret, abundance
Syne, wha wad starve? then

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
O! flickering, feeble, and *unsicker* uncertain
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like *baudrons* by a *ratton* the cat rat
Our sinfu' saul to get a *claut* on, clutch
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast *saut* on, salt
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines, and bonie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare — then
O' hell's damned *waft*. — weft

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow *yeuks* wi' joy — itches
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy *sicker* treasure. — certain

Soon, *heels o'er gowdie*, in he *gangs*, — heels over head goes
And, like a sheep-head on a *tangs*, — tongs
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs,
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassle.

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I *quat* my pen, — quit
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

[Colonel Arentz Schulyer de Peyster, Major Commandant of the Dumfriesshire corps of Volunteers, although seventy years of age at this date, survived Burns upwards of a quarter century. He died and was buried in Dumfries in November 1822, his age being ninety-six. He was of French extraction, if not a native of France, but served as a British Officer in Upper Canada during the American war. On retiring from service, he settled down in Dumfries, the native place of his wife, who was a daughter of Provost Blair; the wife of Burns's friend, John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, was another of Provost Blair's daughters.]

A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Ballinamona Ora."

(GEO. THOMSON'S COLL., 1799.)

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,
The slender bit Beauty you grasp in your arms,
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Chorus—Then hey, for a lass wi' a *tocher*, dowry
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then nice yellow guineas for me.

Your Beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green
knowes, knolls
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white Each
yowes. ewes
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

And e'en when this Beauty your bosom hath blest,
The brightest o' Beauty may cloy when possess'd;
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,*
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, for a lass, &c.

[After a pause of six months, the Thomson Correspondence was resumed for a brief period in February 1796. Mr. Thomson wrote on the 5th of that month intimating his intention to publish an octavo edition of his collection, and requesting Burns to furnish words for a few Irish airs mentioned. The song in the text was the first result, and in the letter that inclosed it the poet announced

* Sovereigns bearing the impress of King George's head.—J. H.

his purpose to withdraw the name "Chloris" from some of his songs. "I meant it," he says, "as the fictitious name of a certain lady, but, on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scots pastoral ballad. What you once mentioned to me of 'flaxen locks' is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of female beauty."

The following inferior stanza is seen in the MS. of this song, as verse second, but fortunately deleted :—

"I grant ye, your Dearies are bonie and braw,
She's *genty* and *strappin*, and stately witha'; genteel tall
But see yon strappin oaks at the head o' the *shaw*, wood
Wi' the whack of an ax, how stately they'll fa'.
Then hey, for a lass, &c."]

HERON ELECTION BAL AD, NO. IV.

THE TROGGER.

Tune—"Buy Broom Besoms."

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

WHA will buy my troggin,* fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?

Chorus—Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,†
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were *stown*— stolen
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton‡ in a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation *tint* by Balmaghie.§ lost
Buy braw troggin, &c.

---

* See note at end.
† The Earl of Galloway.
‡ Mr. Murray of Broughton.
§ Gordon of Balmaghie.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head,*
Fine for a soger, a' the *wale* o' lead. choice
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little *wadset*, Buittle's† scrap o' truth, pledge
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald,‡ so was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial hearings frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour crab-apple, rotten at the core.§
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard *gled*, falcon
Pouncing poor Redcastle,‖ sprawlin like a *taed*. toad
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas¶ stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston** can boast;
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock†† to get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

---

* Maxwell of Cardoness. † Rev. Geo. Maxwell of Buittle.
‡ John Bushby of Tinwald.
§ Rev. James Muirhead of Urr, who talked of himself as "The Muirhead," and displayed family heraldry.
‖ Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.
¶ Douglas of Carlinwark, who changed the name of that town to *Castle Douglas*.
** Copland of Collieston. †† John Bushby.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's* turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

[The reader may feel that he has already seen quite enough of those Ballads on such long defunct matter, possessing at the best merely local interest; and we dare say Burns also thought he had heard the end of the business when he sent forth his third Heron ballad, given at page 69, *supra*. Mr. Heron gained the Election, but he had scarcely entered on parliamentary duties when a dissolution occurred. This happened in May 1796, and a new contest for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright was the consequence. Mr. Heron was opposed on this occasion by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway; and Burns, confined as he was to a sick-bed, could not remain unconcerned. He accordingly produced the ballad in the text. "Troggers" are a set of vagrant traffickers who travel with a donkey and cart laden with all kinds of wares which they may gather in their journies, and which they hawk for money or barter. The "trogger" in the ballad has the reputations of the Galloway party for his stock in trade. Burns did not live to know the result of the second election. Heron again triumphed, but, alas for the instability of mundane matters! the result was challenged, and the election having been subjected to the judgment of a committee, Mr. Heron was unseated. This adverse conclusion seems to have broken his heart; for he died on his way down to Scotland.]

COMPLIMENTARY VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS.

THE TOAST.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessie be her name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

* The Devil, from his horned head.

[From about the middle of April, Burns was rarely able to leave his room; and during a considerable portion of each day he had to keep his bed. One day he took up a crystal goblet, and inscribed "The Toast" upon it with his diamond, and presented it to his kind attendant, Miss Lewars.]

THE MENAGERIE.

TALK not to me of savages,
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessie, thou hast done:
But Jessie's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

[Mr. Brown, the surgeon, on one of his visits to the poet, brought an advertising sheet describing the contents of a menagerie of wild beasts then being exhibited in Dumfries. Burns seeing Miss Lewars occupied in perusing the bill, asked for a sight of it, and he immediately wrote the above lines on the back of it, with a red pencil.]

JESSIE'S ILLNESS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Can turn Death's dart aside!
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessie had not died.

ON HER RECOVERY.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessie did not die.

[Jessie Lewars, a sister of John Lewars, the poet's fellow-exciseman, was an amiable young woman, who acted the part of a ministering angel in the household of Burns during this period of distress. Chambers observes that "it is curious to find him, even in his

present melancholy circumstances, imagining himself as the lover of his wife's kind-hearted young friend; as if the position of the mistress were the most exalted in which his fancy could place any woman he admired, or towards whom he desired to express gratitude."]

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

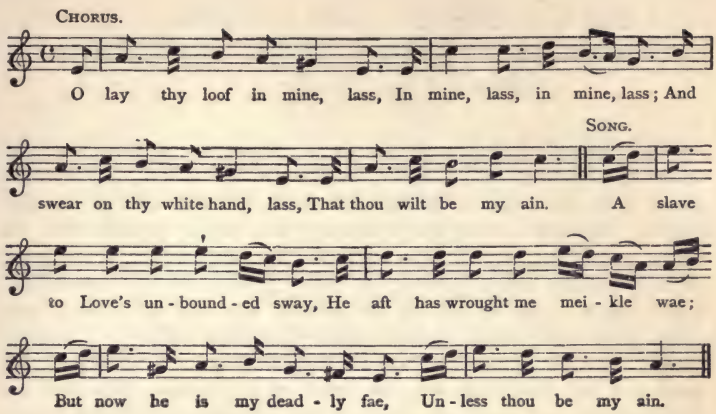
(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

Chorus—O lay thy *loof* in mine, lass, palm
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me *meikle wae;* much woe
But now he is my deadly *fae,* foe
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a *blink* I hae lo'ed best; short time
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

[The above little song is so very similar in character to the two popular lyrics addressed to Jessie Lewars which immediately follow, that we are disposed to regard it as another of those effusions elicited by the poet's regard for her at this period. The tune, which is understood to be very old, is called "The Cordwainer's March."]



A HEALTH TO ANE I LOE DEAR.

(Geo. Thomson's Coll., 1799.)

Chorus—Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.

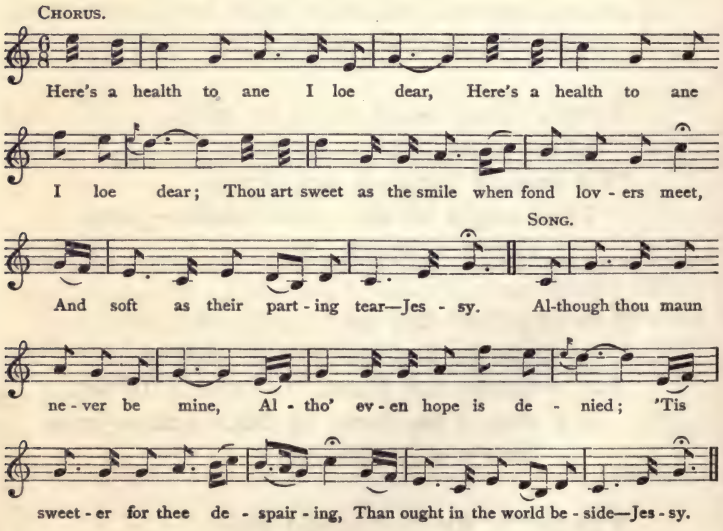
Altho' thou *maun* never be mine, must
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than ought in the world beside—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;

But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree, Jessy?
Here's a health, &c.

[This beautiful lyric, which Currie believed to be "the last finished offspring" of Burns's Muse, was forwarded to Thomson about 17th May 1796. The last four lines (not included in the MS. sent to Thomson) were found among the Bard's papers after his death. Seldom has Burns excelled this love-song in elegance of expression, poetic sentiment, and perfect lyrical execution. Jessie Lewars, the subject of the verses, was married about three years after this period, to Mr. James Thomson, writer in Dumfries —3d June 1799 being the date of the marriage. A family of five sons and two daughters was the result of the union. She survived her husband, and spent the years of her widowhood at Maxwelltown near Dumfries. It will be remembered that, at the great Burns-Festival held near the Ayr Monument on 6th August 1844, Jessie Lewars and her husband sat next to the relatives of the Poet, on the right hand of the chairman. In her death she was not far separated from them, for her tomb-stone is fixed in the wall, close to the Mausoleum of the Bard. We there read that her husband died on 5th May 1849, aged 75, and that she died on 26th May 1855, aged 77.]



O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

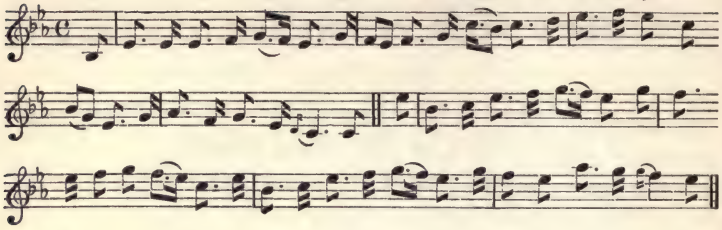
O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry *airt*, point
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy *bield* should be my bosom, shelter
To share it a', to share it a.'

O were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

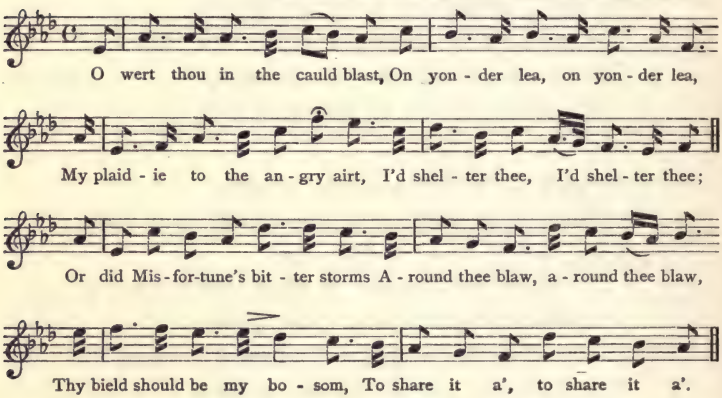
[At page 109, *supra*, we promised to give, in connexion with this interesting effusion, the very notes which hymned in the ear of Burns from the harpsichord of Jessie Lewars while he composed it. In the *Museum*, that melody (No. 483) consists of two strains, the second of which is nearly a repetition of the first, an octave higher. That unfits it for vocal execution, and therefore, while we annex the full air, verbatim from Johnson, without the words, we give at the same time a new construction of the melody, adapted to Burns's words, embracing all the characteristics of the old air.

Mendelssohn composed a melody for the words in the text, which he arranged as a Duet. It is described by Chambers as "an air of great pathos, 'such as the meeting soul may pierce,' in which the great German composer seems to have divined the peculiar feeling, beyond all common love, which Burns breathed into the song." Notwithstanding, we regard the following as better adapted to the simple effusion.] (For Mendelssohn's music, see p. 194, *infra*.)

AIR—"The Wren, or Lennox's Love to Blantyre."



ORIGINAL MELODY SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE AIR.



INSCRIPTION TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

ON A COPY OF THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM, IN FOUR VOLUMES, PRESENTED TO HER BY BURNS.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer,
That Fate may, in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, Man's felon snare;

All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

DUMFRIES, *June 26th*, 1796.

[The first volume of this presentation copy of the *Museum* (so far as published in the lifetime of Burns) was exhibited, bearing the above inscription on its fly-leaf, at Dumfries, on the occasion of the Burns Centenary in 1859. In the bard's published correspondence is a letter from him to Johnson, the original of which bears to have been delivered by post on 17th June 1796. It concludes thus:—"My wife has a very particular friend, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the *Scots Musical Museum*. If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first *Fly*, as I am anxious to have it soon."

Cromek, who first published the letter in 1808, says in a footnote: "In this humble and delicate manner did poor Burns ask for a copy of a Work to which he had gratuitously contributed not less than 184 original, altered, and collected songs!" Allan Cunningham, who personally knew nothing of the transaction, thus rashly ventured to remark in his latest edition:—"Will it be believed that this humble request was not complied with!" This calumny was repeated in that biographer's note to a later letter of the bard, thus:—"Few of the last requests of the poet were effectual: Clarke, it is believed, did not send the second pound-note he wrote for: Johnson did not send the copy of the *Museum* which he requested, and the Commissioners of Excise refused the continuance of his full salary."

We gladly aid in wiping away the injustice thus done to Johnson, who, although poor, was known to be a generous man, and greatly esteemed by Burns. In the Edinburgh Subscription list, which was opened after the poet's death for the benefit of his family, we find the name of "James Johnson, engraver," set down for Four pounds; while George Thomson subscribes no more than Two guineas.]

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchie."

(CURRIE, 1800.)

Chorus—Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not Love exclaim: 'Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so.'
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

[This last strain of the great master of lyric eloquence is dated from "Brow, on the Solway Frith, 12th July 1796," and he died on 21st of same month. There were two fair maids on Devon banks, whose charms he had celebrated in 1787, namely Charlotte Hamilton and Peggy Chalmers. We cannot bring ourselves to conceive that he ever had much love for Charlotte, although he praised her beauty highly; whereas, it is manifest from some observations which dropped from Clarinda, that he did dream of a common-sense, practical passion for Peggy Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay. That lady herself, when living in widowhood, at Edinburgh, informed Thomas Campbell, the poet, that Burns had made her a serious proposal of marriage. He must at one period have been impressed with the notion that he had declined in her favor through the slander of tale-bearers, and this ruling thought is strongly expressed in the above song:—

"Could'st thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not love exclaim: 'Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so.'"

Burns left Dumfries for Brow on 4th July, and returned home on the 18th. On the 21st, early in the day, all was over.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO PROSE OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE period covered herein is from the Spring of 1794 till his death in July 1796. His residence during this period was Dumfries. All this time he was in failing health, but shows no evidence of failing intellectual power; indeed, on his death-bed, he wrote songs worthy of immortality.—G. G.

As recorded at the end of the Poetry portion of Vol. IV., page 210, on the 21st of April, 1794, Burns's warm-hearted friend, the Laird of Glenriddell and Friars Carse, breathed his last. As already observed, no opportunity of effecting a reconcilement between them had presented itself, yet the poet, generously forgetting everything but the kindness and worth of the deceased, composed a prompt poetical tribute to his memory, which appeared in the *Dumfries Times*, of the same date with the public announcement of his death. (*See* the Sonnet on that occasion, as above reference.)

Burns, feeling some uneasiness about the ultimate fate of a manuscript volume of his poems which had been deposited by him in the library of his deceased friend, addressed the following letter concerning it, to a sister of Mrs. Riddell at Friars Carse.* The companion volume of his Letters, intended for the same library (now the prose portion of the Glenriddell MSS. in the Library of the Liverpool Athenæum), had evidently remained undelivered when the intimacy betwixt the two friends was suddenly interrupted.

* Mr. Walter Riddell seems to have been a fast-living squire. He had just parted with his wife's property of Woodley Park, and at his brother's death inherited Friars Carse, which was sold by him or his creditors in the following June.

(?) TO MISS ————.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DUMFRIES, *May* 1794.

MADAM,—Nothing short of a kind of absolute necessity could have made me trouble you with this letter. Except my ardent and just esteem for your sense, taste, and worth, every sentiment arising in my breast, as I put pen to paper to you, is painful. The scenes I have past with the friend of my soul, and his amiable connections! The wrench at my heart to think that he is gone, for ever gone from me, never more to meet in the wanderings of a weary world! and the cutting reflection of all, that I had most unfortunately, though most undeservedly, lost the confidence of that soul of worth, ere it took its flight!

These, Madam, are sensations of no ordinary anguish.—However, you also may be offended with some *imputed* improprieties of mine; sensibility you know I possess, and sincerity none will deny me.

To oppose those prejudices which have been raised against me is not the business of this letter. Indeed it is a warfare I know not how to wage. The powers of positive Vice I can in some degree calculate, and against direct Malevolence I can be on my guard; but who can estimate the fatuity of giddy Caprice, or ward off the unthinking mischief of precipitate Folly?

I have a favor to request of you, Madam; and of your sister Mrs. Robt. Riddell, through your means. You know that at the wish of my late friend, I made a collection of all my trifles in verse which I had ever written. They are many of them local, some of them puerile and silly, and all of them unfit for the public eye. *As I have some little fame at stake, a

* Burns always believed that his works would *live*.—G. G.

I have been making a collection of all the
blotted scrolls of any letters I have written &
which I had scrolled, which I intended to have
given to poor Glenriddell — Alas! he is gone.
&

~~with~~ him a worthy Friend, both of yours &
mine. — Many of my letters to you, you
were pleased to think well of, but writing to
you was always the ready business of my
heart & I scarcely ever recalled a line. P.

fame that I trust may live, when the hate of those who "watch for my halting," and the contumelious sneer of those whom accident has made my superiors, will, with themselves, be gone to the regions of oblivion; I am uneasy now for the fate of those manuscripts.—Will Mrs. Riddell have the goodness to destroy them, or return them to me? As a pledge of friendship they were bestowed; and that circumstance indeed was all their merit. Most unhappily for me, that merit they no longer possess, and I hope that Mrs. Riddell's goodness, which I well know, and ever will revere, will not refuse this favor to a man whom she once held in some degree of estimation.*

With the sincerest esteem I have the honor to be, Madam, &c. R. B.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.†

(*Here first published.*)

[*May* 1794.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Allow me to introduce Mr. Findlater to you, our Supervisor of Excise; and a gentleman of great information and the first worth. I lie and have long been under great obligations to him, and by way of recompense (and what I assure you I think no small one) I wish to make him acquainted with a man of worth equal to his own, and of respectability, I am happy to hear, great and daily increasing. He is just going; so I have not a moment to tell you of my poetic business. Of that soon.

I have been making a collection of all the blotted

* The reader has seen from the article on the Glenriddell MSS., Vol. V., page 413, that the volume was returned to him as desired.

† The original of this letter (of which we publish a fac-simile) is in the collection of Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Spruce street, Philadelphia, to whose kindness we are indebted for its publication.—G. G.

scrolls of any letters I have written, and which I had scrolled, which I intended to have given to poor Glenriddell. Alas! he is gone, and in him a worthy Friend, both of yours and mine.—Many of my letters to you, you were pleased to think well of, but writing to you was always the ready business of my heart, and I scarcely ever scrolled* a line.—Perhaps a perusal of my manuscript would please you. You shall have it.

Findlater can wait no longer. Let me recommend him to your civilities.

Adieu! ROBT. BURNS.

[This letter to Peter Hill, read in connection with the preceding to Miss ———, proves, that of the Glenriddell MSS., now in the Athenæum Library, Liverpool, only the Poems had been delivered to Mr. Riddell before his demise. Whether the MSS. of Letters, referred to in Hill's letter, were ever forwarded to Hill, we cannot even venture to guess. There are evidently several letters to Hill which have not yet been published. We think that there is more likelihood of interesting Burns letters addressed to Hill turning up in the future, than to any one else; indeed, we feel that the whole correspondence nowhere indicates incompleteness, except in regard to his correspondence with Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Dunlop, and probably two or three to Clarinda.—G. G.]

(?) TO DAVID M'CULLOCH, ESQ., ARDWELL, GATEHOUSE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)†

MY DEAR SIR,—My long-projected journey through your country is at last fixed; and on Wednesday

* Meaning he never recopied a line, but sent Hill's letters as written—first draft.

† This letter is collated from the poet's holograph in the British Museum. The reader will understand that it is addressed to the young gentleman who related the affecting anecdote of Burns, on the occasion of a County Ball in Dumfries, so effectively told by Lockhart. That incident is set down by Chambers as having occurred in connexion with the King's birthday festivities in the early part of this very month, June 1794.

next, if you have nothing of more importance than take a saunter down to Gatehouse, about two or three o'clock, I shall be happy to take a draught of M'Kune's best with you. Collector Syme will be at Glen's about that time, and will meet us about dish-of-tea-hour. Syme goes also to Kerrochtree; and let me remind you of your kind promise to accompany me there. I will need all the friends I can muster, for I am indeed ill at ease whenever I approach your Honorables and Right Honorables. Yours sincerely, ROBT. BURNS.

DUMFRIES, 21*st June* 1794.

(89) TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

CASTLE DOUGLAS, 25*th June* 1794.

HERE in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, am I set by myself, to amuse my brooding fancy as I may. —Solitary confinement, you know, is Howard's favorite idea of reclaiming sinners; so let me consider by what fatality it happens, that I have so long been exceeding sinful as to neglect the correspondence of the most valued friend I have on earth. To tell you that I have been in poor health, will not be excuse enough, though it is true. I am afraid I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but I trust they are mistaken.

I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I paced along the road. The subject is LIBERTY: You know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birth-day. After having mentioned the

degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?

With the additions of—

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing:
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking [star],
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

You will probably have another scrawl from me in a stage or two. R. B.

[This letter to Mrs. Dunlop is lacking in heartiness, and is manifestly a politic performance. Compare it with the jovial, unreserved epistle to CLARINDA of the same date, from the same place (see page 140, Vol. V.), and the reader will understand the distinction we make of the effort of duty seen in every line to Mrs. Dunlop and the spontaneous burst of hearty and unrestrained abandon with which he opens his heart to Clarinda.

Mrs. Dunlop's letter is important in its reference to, and the meagre extract which he gives her from his poem of LIBERTY (see page 3, *supra*). His reason for quoting the altered fragment from his great Ode, was because the fragment given, flatters her "hobby," Wallace, from whom, we have already seen, she claimed direct descent.

Mrs. Dunlop, a clear-headed, shrewd, but kindly lady, we have no doubt began to note the flagging interest which Burns now manifested in his correspondence with her, and when we find, in the course of two years afterwards, that he complains sorrowfully of her neglect,—and some of his biographers condemn her for her

coldness,—we must in justice say that we are not surprised that she ceased to correspond with one so lukewarm as Burns shows himself in the present letter.

We do, however, blame her for allowing Dr. Currie, as editor of Burns's works, to falsify dates, which she must have known was a wrong to the public. We believe that she acquiesced in the falsification—repenting the course she had adopted, and preferring to have it understood that no coldness on her part had ever occurred.—G. G.]

([10]) TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON, ENGRAVER.

AT JOHNSON & CO., MUSIC SHOP, EDINBURGH.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind present of poor Riddell's Book.† Depend upon it that your fifth volume shall not be forgotten. In the meantime, I have gotten you two new subscribers, Patrick Heron, Esquire of Kerrochtree, and Major Heron of Kerrochtree. Please put up two sets of your four volumes, and direct them as above, and leave them at Mr. Heron's, George Square. Please do it on receipt of this, as there will be a carrier from Kerrochtree in Edinburgh this week.

I have just been getting three or four songs for your book. Pray, will you let me know how many, and what are the songs Urbani has borrowed from your *Museum?* Yours, R. B.

June 29th 1794.

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* From the poet's holograph in the British Museum.

† A posthumous work by Mr. Robert Riddell of Glenriddell—a "collection of Scots, Galwegian, and Border Tunes."

(1) TO CAPTAIN JOHN HAMILTON, DUMFRIES.

(DR. HATELY WADDELL'S ED., 1869.)*

[*July* 1794.]

SIR,—It is even so—you are the only person in Dumfries, or in the world, to whom I have *run in debt;* and I took the freedom with you, because I believed, and do still believe, that I may do it with more impunity as to my feelings than any other person almost that I ever met with. I will settle with you soon; and I assure you, Sir, it is with infinite pain that I have transgressed on your goodness. The unlucky fact for me is, that in the beginning of these disastrous times, in a moment of imprudence, I lent my name to a friend who has since been unfortunate; and of course, I had a sum to pay which my very limited income and large family could ill afford.† God forbid, Sir, that anything should ever distress you as much as writing this card has done me.

With sincerest gratitude and most respectful esteem, I have the honor to be, Sir, your very humble servt.,

ROBT. BURNS.

(2) TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)‡

[DUMFRIES, *Oct.* 1794.]

MY DEAR HILL,—By a carrier of yesterday, Henry Osborn by name, I sent you a skippered Salmon,

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* This rather painful letter, the original of which was in the possession of the late John Adam, Esq., Greenock, appears to be a reply to a craving demand made by the poet's former landlord for some arrears of rent which had been contracted. We shall hear more of this matter early in 1795.

† The reference here apparently is to "Crombie's bill," in the letter to Mr. Gracie the banker, page 278, Vol. IV.

‡ From the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, New York, *Sep.* 1848.

which I trust you will duly receive, and which I also trust will give you many a toothful of satisfaction. If you have the confidence to say that there is anything of the kind in all your great city superior to this in true kipper relish and flavor, I will be revenged by—not sending you another next season. In return, the first party of friends that dine with you (provided that your fellow-travellers, and my trusty and well-beloved veterans in intimacy, Messrs. Ramsay and Cameron,* be of the party), about that time in the afternoon when a relish or devil, becomes grateful, give them two or three slices of the kipper, and drink a bumper to your friends in Dumfries. Moreover, by last Saturday's Fly, I sent you a hare, which I hope came, and carriage free, safe to your hospitable mansion and social table. So much for business.

How do you like the following pastoral which I wrote the other day, for a tune that I dare say you well know?

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

(*See* page 21, *supra.*)

And how do you like the following?

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO.

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
  Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
  The rock with tears had flow'd.

Or this?

ON W—— R——, ESQUIRE.

So vile was poor Wat.—such a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damn'd him when laid in his grave;
"In his skull there is famine!" a starv'd reptile cries;
"And his heart it is a poison!" another replies.

* Mr. Ramsay was the printer of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, and Mr. Cameron was a wholesale stationer and paper manufacturer, brother to the Rev. Wm. Cameron of Kirknewton. These two gentlemen, along with Mr. Hill had been recently visiting Burns at Dumfries.

My best good wishes to Mrs. Hill, and believe me to be, ever yours,* R. BURNS.

VISIT OF PROFESSOR J. WALKER TO BURNS IN NOV. 1794.

THIS gentleman, afterwards Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, had, as the reader is aware, been introduced to the poet by Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh early in the year 1787. They again met at Blair during the poet's Highland tour, Walker being then resident there in the capacity of tutor to some of the younger branches of the Duke of Athole's family. The entry then made by Burns in his Journal is thus favorable to Walker:—"Confirmed in my good opinion of my friend Walker." In the year 1811 Mr. Walker produced a

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* This being the last letter addressed by the poet to Mr. Peter Hill, excepting a short note in January 1796, we shall take this opportunity to introduce a brief biographical notice of this cherished correspondent of Burns. He was born in November 1754, and thus was older than our poet by upwards of four years. His father was Mr. James Hill, collector of shore dues in Dysart, whence Peter removed with his mother to Leith after his father's death, about 1770. After some service in the nursery and seed shop of Eagle & Henderson, High Street, he was engaged as principal clerk to Mr. Creech, the bookseller, about 1784; and in four years thereafter he commenced the bookselling trade on his own account, taking with him Archibald Constable as his first apprentice. From his shop in Parliament Square he removed to the Cross, south side of the street, in 1790.

His wife, who is frequently mentioned by Burns in the correspondence, was Eliza Lindsay, daughter of Sir John Lindsay, second son of Sir Alexander Lindsay, Bart. of Evilick, in Perthshire. A sister of her father was Mrs. Murray of Henderland, mother of the late Lord Murray; and another sister was the wife of Allan Ramsay the painter. Peter Hill's marriage took place in 1780, and a large family was the result, of whom Peter, the eldest son, followed his father's business. The readers of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk" will be familiar with the author's complimentary notice of young Hill's business as well as social habits. Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married to Frank Bridges in 1805, and several members of her family still survive. Two of Peter Hill's daughters are yet alive, namely, ELIZA, now the widow of Provost Normand of Dysart; and LINDSAY HILL, born in 1803, and now the widow of the late George Wilson, Esq. of Dalmarnock, who died in 1861. To his son and namesake we are indebted for access to the manuscripts of Burns's letters addressed to his grandfather, Mr. Hill, and much of the information in this note.

In reference to Peter Hill's public life in Edinburgh, we find he was elected "Captain of Orange Colours" in October 1794. In 1805 he was appointed City Treasurer; and from 1809 to 1813, during the provostship of Mr. Creech, he acted as Treasurer of George Heriot's Hospital. In 1814 he was appointed chief collector of burgal taxes, which post he occupied till near the close of his life. At the age of 83 he died at his house in Randolph Crescent, on 10th February 1837.—(*W. S. Douglas* 1878.)

Biography of Burns, from which we have already made several quotations, and towards its close he introduces an interesting narrative of a visit paid by him to the poet in November 1794 (not 1795, as he has erroneously set down). We shall quote the account entire in the narrator's own words.

"Circumstances having led me to Scotland after an absence of (seven) years, during which my intercourse with Burns had been almost suspended, I felt strongly prompted to visit him. For this purpose I went to Dumfries, and called upon him early in the forenoon. I found him in a small house of one storey.* He was sitting in a window-seat reading, with the doors open, and the family arrangements going on in his presence, and altogether without that appearance of snugness and seclusion which a student requires. After conversing with him for some time, he proposed a walk, and promised to conduct me through some of his favorite haunts. We accordingly quitted the town, and wandered a considerable way up the beautiful banks of the Nith. Here he gave me an account of his latest productions, and repeated some satirical ballads which he had composed to favor one of the candidates at the last borough election.† He repeated also his fragment of an "Ode to Liberty," with marked and peculiar energy, and showed a disposition, which, however, was easily repressed, to throw out political remarks of the same nature as those for which he had been reprehended. On finishing our walk, he passed some time with me at the Inn, and I left him early in the evening, to make another visit at some distance from Dumfries.

"On the second morning after, I returned with a friend who was acquainted with the poet, and we found him ready to pass a part of the day with us at the Inn. On this occasion I did not think him quite so interesting as he had appeared at his outset. His conversation was too elaborate; and his expression weakened by a frequent endeavor to give it artificial strength. He had been accustomed to speak for applause in the circles which he frequented, and seemed to think it necessary, in making the most common remark, to depart a little from the ordinary simplicity of language, and to couch it in something of epigrammatic point. In his praise and censure he was so decisive, as to render a dissent from his judgment, difficult to

* The reader has seen at page 355, Vol. IV., that the poet's house consisted of two storeys and an attic.

† These must have been the Election Ballads of 1790, given at pp. 127, 132, and 149, Vol. III.

be reconciled with the laws of good breeding. His wit was not more licentious than is unhappily too venial in higher circles, though I thought him rather unnecessarily free in the avowal of his excesses. Such were the clouds by which the pleasures of the evening were partially shaded, but frequent corruscations of genius were visible between them. When it began to grow late, he showed no disposition to retire, but called for fresh supplies of liquor, with a freedom which might be excusable, as we were in an inn, and no condition had been distinctly made, though it might easily have been inferred, had the inference been welcome, that he was to consider himself as our guest, nor was it till he saw us worn out, that he departed, about three in the morning, with a reluctance which probably proceeded less from being deprived of our company, than from being confined to his own.

"Upon the whole, I found this last interview not quite so gratifying as I had expected; although I discovered in his conduct no errors which I had not seen in men who stand high in the favor of society, or sufficient to account for the mysterious insinuations which I heard against his character. He, on this occasion, drank freely without being intoxicated, a circumstance from which I concluded, not only that his constitution was still unbroken, but that he was not addicted to solitary cordials; for if he had tasted liquor in the morning, he must have yielded to the excess of the evening."

Professor John Wilson—the "Christopher North" of criticism and the belles-lettres—made several observations on the above narration which it will be well to quote, by way of antidote to the depressing effect of Walker's style. We do so, however, in a greatly abridged form:—

"Is this the spirit in which people with strong propensities for poetry are privileged to write of poets, long after they had been gathered to their rest? No tenderness—no pity—no respect—no admiration—no gratitude—no softening of heart—no kindling of spirit—no recollection of his final farewell of Robert Burns! If the interview had not been satisfactory, those two days should have worn to him (who had known Burns in better times) a mournful complexion; and the more so, if he believed Burns to have been then a ruined man in *character*, which he had once prized above *life*. On the first day the poet conducted his old acquaintance through some of his beautiful haunts, and for his amusement set off some of his electioneering squibs, which are among the best ever composed, and, Whiggish as they are, might have tickled a

Tory as they jogged along; but Jos. thought them 'inferior to his other pieces.' Perhaps they walked as far as Lincluden, where the bard would repeat his famous fragment* of an 'Ode to Liberty' with 'marked and peculiar energy.' The listener ought to have lost his wits, and to have leapt sky-high. But he felt himself called by the voice that sent him on that mission, to rebuke the bard on the banks of his own river; for 'he showed a disposition (which however was easily repressed) to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reprehended.' What right had Josiah Walker to repress any remarks made, in the confidence of friendship, by Robert Burns? And what power? Had Burns chosen it, he could as easily have *squabashed* Josiah as thrown him into the Nith.

"The record of the second day is shameful. To ask any person, however insignificant, to your inn, and then, in a private letter, find fault with him for keeping you out of bed, would not be gentlemanly; but of such offence many years after his death publicly to accuse Burns! No mention is made of dinner; therefore we may assume that Burns had dined at home. However, he gave up two days to the service of his friend, and his friend's friend, and such was his reward. Why did not this dignified personage 'repress' Burns's licentious wit as well as his political opinions? And if it was 'not more licentious than is unhappily too venial in higher circles,' why mention it at all? Yet this wretched mixture of meanness, worldliness, and morality, interlarded with some liberal sentiment, and spiced with spite, absolutely seems intended for a VINDICATION!

"Josiah Walker, who was himself, if we mistake not, for a good many years in the Customs or Excise at Perth, will not allow Burns to have been even a good gauger. He tells us that 'the Board of Excise had no power to indulge their poetical taste, or their tenderness for him by whom it had been gratified, at the expense of the public. Burns was therefore in a place where he could turn his peculiar endowments to little advantage; and where he could not, without injustice, be preferred to the most obtuse and uninteresting of his brethren, who surpassed him in the humble recommendation of exactness, vigilance, and sobriety.'—Not for worlds would we say a single syllable derogatory from the merits of the Board of Excise. Its desire and its impotency to promote

* "A fragment," as quoted in Mrs. Dunlop's letter, page 138, *supra*, was all that Professor Wilson knew of.—G. G.

Burns are granted; but of what incorrectness had Burns been guilty, which it would have been criminal in the Board to pardon? By whom, among the 'most obtuse and uninteresting of his brethren,' had he been surpassed in exactness, vigilance, or sobriety? Not by a single one. Read the testimony of his supervisor, Mr. Findlater, and of James Gray, the teacher of his children, and a close observer of their father's habits and qualities. Nothing, we repeat, shall tempt us to blame or abuse the Board. But we venture humbly to confess that we do not clearly see that the Board would have been 'gratifying its tenderness at the expense of the public' had it, when told by Burns that he was disabled by the hand of God from performing actively the duties of his temporary supervisorship, requested *its maker* to continue him for a few months on his full salary (£70 a year) instead of reducing it to one-half—not because he was a genius, a poet, and the author of many immortal productions—but merely because he was a disabled exciseman, and moreover the father of a few mortal children, who with their mother were in want of bread."

There had been a long cessation in our poet's supply of lyrical musings for Thomson's publication, in consequence of an interruption to that work, caused by the war with France. Pleyell, who supplied Thomson with the harmonies and accompaniments to the songs, was held in thraldom by the democrats who ruled his country, and prevented any export of his compositions across the English channel. About the close of August, however (a propitious month for the muse of Burns), our poet showed indications of activity in the song department, and for a whole year thereafter, his communications to Thomson flowed on uninterruptedly. The first of these was ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY, which has some excellent stanzas, although it never became a popular song:—

> Peace, thy olive wand extend
> And bid wild War his ravage end—
> Man with brother Man to meet,
> And as a brother kindly greet;
> Heav'n shall then with prosperous gales
> Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
> And to my arms their charge convey—
> My sailor lad that's far away.

In explanation of the following letter, Cromek tells us that Mr. Miller, younger of Dalswinton, had represented to Mr.

Perry, proprietor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, the insufficiency of Burns's salary to meet the outlay consequent on the requirements of his numerous family. They accordingly suggested a plan of settling the poet in London, and Mr. Perry made Burns a handsome offer of an annual stipend for the exercise of his talents, in his newspaper. The poet's reasons for refusing that offer are given in this letter.

(²) TO PATRICK MILLER, JUN., ESQ., M.P.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

DUMFRIES, *Nov.* 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your offer is indeed truly generous, and most sincerely do I thank you for it; but in my present situation, I find that I dare not accept it. You well know my political sentiments; and were I an insular individual, unconnected with a wife and a family of children, with the most fervid enthusiasm I would have volunteered my services: I then could and would have despised all consequences that might have ensued.

My prospect in the Excise is something; at least it is, encumbered as I am with the welfare, the very existence of near half-a-score of helpless individuals—what I dare not sport with.

In the mean time, they are most welcome to my Ode;* only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident and unknown to me.—Nay, if Mr. Perry, whose honor, after your character of him, I cannot doubt; if he will give me an address and channel by which any thing will come safe from those spies with which he may be certain that his

* We have already suggested, at page 3, *supra*, that the "Ode" here referred to, was not "Bruce's Address to his Troops," which had already been freely acknowledged and circulated in manuscript by its author; but a later composition, and one which he would be more disposed to see anonymously printed, namely, the "Ode for General Washington's Birthday," as he called it in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, page 137, *supra*; otherwise the ODE TO LIBERTY, page 3, *supra*.

correspondence is beset, I will now and then send him any bagatelle that I may write. In the present hurry of Europe, nothing but news and politics will be regarded; but against the days of Peace, which heaven send soon, my little assistance may perhaps fill up an idle column of a newspaper. I have long had it in my head to try my hand in the way of little prose essays, which I propose sending into the world through the medium of some newspaper; and should these be worth his while, to these Mr. Perry shall be welcome; and all my reward shall be, his treating me with his paper; which, by the bye, to any body who has the least relish for wit, is a high treat indeed. With the most grateful esteem, I am ever, dear Sir, &c. R. B.

(40) TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DUMFRIES, *20th December* 1794.*

I HAVE been prodigiously disappointed in this London journey of yours. In the first place, when your last to me reached Dumfries, I was in the country, and did not return until too late to answer your letter; in the next place, I thought you would certainly take this route: and now I know not what is become of you, or whether this may reach you at all. God grant that it may find you and yours in prospering health and good spirits. Do let me hear from you the soonest possible.

As I hope to get a frank from my friend Captain Miller, I shall, every leisure hour, take up the pen and gossip away whatever comes first, prose or poesy,

* Dr. Currie misdated this letter "December 1795;" the true date is rendered obvious by its contents. The period of the temporary Supervisorship is made certain in the correspondence with George Thomson.

sermon or song. In this last article I have abounded of late. I have often mentioned to you a superb publication of Scottish songs which is making its appearance in your great metropolis, and where I have the honor to preside over the Scottish verse, as no less a personage than Peter Pindar does over the English.

December 29th.

Since I began this letter, I have been appointed to act in the capacity of Supervisor here, and I assure you, what with the load of business, and what with that business being new to me, I could scarcely have commanded ten minutes to have spoken to you, had you been in town, much less to have written you an epistle. This appointment is only temporary, and during the illness of the present incumbent; but I look forward to an early period when I shall be appointed in full form—a consummation devoutly to be wished! My political sins seem to be forgiven me.

A.D., 1795.

(n) TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

(CURRIE, 1800, continuation of the foregoing letter.)

[*Jan.* 1, 1795.]

THIS is the season (New-year's day is now my date) of wishing; and mine are most fervently offered up for you! May life to you be a positive blessing while it lasts, for your own sake; and that it may yet be greatly prolonged is my wish for my own sake, and for the sake of the rest of your friends! What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old

age coming fast o'er my frame. With all my follies of youth and, I fear, a few vices of manhood, still I congratulate myself on having had in early days religion strongly imprinted on my mind. I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs, or what creed he believes; but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot,—I felicitate such a man as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment; a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble, and distress; and a never-failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave.

* * * * *

12th January 1795.

You will have seen our worthy and ingenious friend the Doctor long ere this. I hope he is well, and beg to be remembered to him; I have just been reading over again, I dare say for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, his "View of Society and Manners;" and still I read it with delight. His humor is perfectly original: it is neither the humor of Addison, nor Swift, nor Sterne, nor of anybody but Dr. Moore. By the bye, you have deprived me of "Zeluco;" remember *that* when you are disposed to rake up the sins of my neglect from the ashes of my laziness. He has paid me a pretty compliment by quoting me in his last publication.* R. B.

This year opened with the composition of a song which bears the stamp of Burns as eminently as a gold sovereign does the head of the reigning monarch. On or about New Year's Day, the poet commenced a letter to Thomson in which he transcribed his world-famous effusion beginning

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head an' a' that."

* EDWARD, a novel, by John Moore, M.D.

He resumed his letter thus:—"*Jan.* 15*th*.—The foregoing has lain by me this fortnight, for want of a spare moment. The Supervisor of Excise here being ill, I have been acting for him, and I assure you I have hardly five minutes to myself," &c.

These extra duties account for an apparent dearth in his correspondence at this period. We find him, early in February, inditing a song to Thomson from Ecclefechan, where his Excise avocations had led him, and shortly thereafter he became intensely interested in the progress of an Election contest for the representation of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The brightened prospect held out by a slight rise of salary at this time, seems to have suggested to Burns the duty of remitting part payment of the arrears of rent he owed to his generous landlord, Captain Hamilton of Allershaw. There exists a holograph fragment which formed the enclosure of that remittance, couched in these terms:

(2) TO CAPTAIN JOHN HAMILTON.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

DUMFRIES, *Jan.* 1795.

I ENCLOSE you three guineas, and shall soon settle all with you. I shall not mention your goodness to me; it is beyond my power to describe either the feelings of my wounded soul at not being able to pay you as I ought, or the grateful respect with which I have the honor to be, Sir, your deeply obliged humble servant, ROBT. BURNS.

Of the above, the acknowledgment has been preserved as follows:—

TO MR. ROBERT BURNS.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

DUMFRIES, 30*th Jan.* 1795.

DEAR SIR,—At same time that I acknowledge the receipt of three guineas to account of house-rent, will you permit me to enter a complaint of a different nature? When you first came here I courted your acquaintance; I wished to see you;

I asked you to call in and take a family-dinner now and then, when it suited your convenience.

For more than twelve months, you have never entered my door, but seemed rather shy when we met. This kept me from sending you any further particular invitation.

If I have in any shape offended, or from inadvertency hurt the delicacy of your feelings, tell me so, and I will endeavor to set it to rights.

If you are disposed to renew our acquaintance, I will be glad to see you to a family-dinner at three o'clock on Sunday, and, at any rate, hope you will believe me, dear Sir, your sincere friend. JOHN HAMILTON.

(5) TO CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

Saturday Morn, [*14th Feb.* 1795.]

SIR,—I was from home, and had not the opportunity of seeing your more than polite, most friendly card. It is not possible, most worthy Sir, that you could do anything to offend anybody. My backwardness proceeds alone from the abashing consciousness of my obscure station in the ranks of life. Many an evening have I sighed to call in and spend it at your social fireside; but a shyness of appearing obtrusive amid the fashionable visitants occasionally there, kept me at a distance. It shall do so no more. On Monday I must be in the country, and most part of the week; but the first leisure evening I shall avail myself of your hospitable goodness. With the most ardent sentiments of gratitude and respect, I have the honor to be, Sir, your highly obliged, humble servant, ROBT. BURNS.

Robert Chambers here remarks that Burns sets forth a rather weak and improbable excuse for keeping at a distance from the friendly Captain. His shyness must have arisen partly from "the sense of his obligation as Hamilton's debtor, and partly from the consciousness that he was under the ban

of a large part of respectable society on account of politics, the Riddell quarrel, and his own many imprudences. But, on the other hand, the warmth of Hamilton's letter shows tolerably well how Burns was beginning to recover the good graces of the respectables." Even Maria Riddell about this time made a movement towards a reconciliation with the poet, as several of his letters to her evince.

(12) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

[*March*, 1795.]

MR. BURNS'S compliments to Mrs. Riddell—is much obliged to her for her polite attention in sending him the book. Owing to Mr. B. being at present acting as Supervisor of Excise, a department that occupies his every hour of the day, he has not that time to spare which is necessary for any *belle-lettre* pursuit; but, as he will in a week or two again return to his wonted leisure, he will then pay that attention to Mrs. R.'s beautiful song "To thee, lov'd Nith," which it so well deserves.*

When *Anacharsis' Travels*† come to hand, which Mrs. Riddell mentioned as her gift to the public

* This is an elegant pastoral song which appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, *Nov.* 1795. It seems pretty certain that Mrs. Riddell intended it as a poetical expression of her feelings concerning the recent estrangement between Burns and her. Chambers says that in sending it to him for criticism, the lady seems to have thought it proper "that Burns should, in the way of his art, help to polish the shaft of tender reproach aimed at his own bosom." Eight lines of it will suffice as a sample:—

"I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though sad Remembrance wakes the tear;
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

The flowers of Spring, how gay they bloom'd,
When last with him I wander'd here!
The flowers of Spring have pass'd away
For Wintry horrors dark and drear."

† See note, page 83, *infra*.

library, Mr. B. will thank her for a reading of it, previous to her sending it to the library, as it is a book he has never seen, and he wishes to have a longer perusal than the regulations of the library allow.

Friday Eve.

P.S.—Mr. Burns will be much obliged to Mrs. Riddell if she will favor him with a perusal of any of her poetical pieces which he may not have seen.

DUMFRIES, 1795.

(1) TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.*

(CROMEK, 1808.)

DUMFRIES, 1795.

SIR,—You will see by your subscribers' list, that I have now been about nine months one of that number.

I am sorry to inform you, that in that time, seven or eight of your papers either have never been sent me, or else have never reached me. To be deprived of any one number of the first newspaper in Great Britain for information, ability and independence, is what I can ill brook and bear; but to be deprived of that most admirable oration of the marquis of Lansdowne, when he made the great, though ineffectual attempt (in the language of the poet, I fear too true), 'to save a SINKING STATE,'† this was a loss which I neither can, nor will forgive you.—That paper, Gentlemen, never reached me, but I demand it of you. I am a BRITON, and must be interested in the cause

* Cromek in a note informs us that a neighbor of the poet's at Dumfries, who was a subscriber to this paper, complained to him of its irregular delivery. "Why don't you," replied Burns, "write to the Editor about it?" The man expressed his inability to do so, and with a view to serve him, the poet wrote the letter in the text, which, however, was never forwarded.

† The speech referred to was delivered on the 30th December 1794.

of LIBERTY:—I am a MAN, and the RIGHTS OF HUMAN NATURE cannot be indifferent to me. However, do not let me mislead you: I am not a man in that situation of life, which, as your subscriber, can be of any consequence to you, in the eyes of those to whom SITUATION OF LIFE ALONE is the criterion of MAN.—I am but a plain tradesman, in this distant, obscure country town; but that humble domicile in which I shelter my wife and children, is the CASTELLUM of a BRITON; and that scanty, hard-earned income which supports them, is as truly my property, as the most magnificent fortune, of the most PUISSANT MEMBER of your HOUSE of NOBLES.

These, Sir, are my sentiments; and to them I subscribe my name: and were I a man of ability and consequence enough to address the PUBLIC, with that name should they appear.—I am, &c.

LOVE-LETTERS DICTATED FOR AN HONEST FARMER,

WHO HAD NOT LEARNED THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)*

MADAM,—What excuse to make for the liberty I am going to assume in this letter, I am utterly at a loss. If the most unfeigned respect for your accomplished worth—if the most ardent attachment—if sincerity and truth—if these, on my part, will in any degree weigh with you, my apology is these, and these alone. Little as I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, it has been enough to convince me

* Our readers are indebted to the late Dr. Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*, for having picked up these two love drafts. They still exist in the poet's holograph. The farmer, in his extremity, applied to Burns for a cast of his hand, and, although the letters are rather stiff in manner, we are told that the suit was successful.

what enviable happiness must be his whom you shall honor with your particular regard, and more than enough to convince me how unworthy I am to offer myself a candidate for that partiality. In this kind of trembling hope, Madam, I intend very soon doing myself the honor of waiting on you, persuaded that however little Miss G——— may be disposed to attend to the suit of a lover as unworthy of her as I am, she is still too good to despise an honest man, whose only fault is loving her too much for his own peace.—I have the honor to be, Madam, your most devoted humble servant.

DEAR MADAM,—The passion of love had need to be productive of much delight; as where it takes thorough possession of the man, it almost unfits him for anything else. The lover who is certain of an equal return of affection, is surely the happiest of men; but he who is a prey to the horrors of anxiety and dreaded disappointment, is a being whose situation is by no means enviable. Of this, my present experience gives me sufficient proof. To me, amusement seems impertinent, and business intrusion, while you alone engross every faculty of my mind. May I request you to drop me a line, to inform me when I may wait upon you? For pity's sake, do; and let me have it soon. In the meantime allow me, in all the artless sincerity of truth, to assure you that I truly am, my dearest Madam, your ardent lover, and devoted humble servant.*

* The foregoing letters are composed much in the style of those to Ellison Begbie, of the author's youthful days. In 1852, the original draughts were possessed by Mr. Wm. Smith, perfumer, Dumfries.

(1) TO MR. HERON, OF HERON.

(CURRIE, 1800, and CROMEK, 1808.)

[DUMFRIES, *March* 1795.]

SIR,—I enclose you some copies of a couple of political ballads, one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to Heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! but

> "Who does the utmost that he can,
> Does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more."

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all over the country. To pillory on Parnassus the rank reprobation of character, the utter dereliction of all principle, in a profligate junto which has not only enraged virtue, but violated common decency, which spurns even hypocrisy as paltry iniquity below their daring,—to unmask their flagitiousness in the broadest day, to deliver such over to their merited fate, is surely not merely innocent, but laudable—is not only propriety, but virtue. You have already as your auxiliary the sober detestation of mankind on the head of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia to muster on your side all the votaries of honest Laughter, and fair, candid Ridicule! I am extremely obliged to you for your kind mention of my interests in a letter which Mr. Syme showed me. At present, my situation in life must be in a great measure stationary, at least for two or three years. The statement is this:—I am on the Supervisor's list, and as we come on there by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed *of course*. *Then*, a FRIEND

might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the Kingdom which I would like. A Supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed Supervisor, in the common routine, I may be nominated on the Collector's List: and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A Collectorship varies much, from better than £200 a year to near £1,000. They also come forward by precedency on the list; and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes. It would be the prudish affectation of silly pride in me to say that I do not need, or would not be indebted to, a political friend; at the same time, Sir, I by no means lay my affairs before you thus, to hook my dependent situation on your benevolence. If, in my progress of life, an opening should occur where the good offices of a gentleman of your public character and political consequence might bring me forward, I shall petition your goodness with the same frankness as I now do myself the honor to subscribe myself, &c. R. B.

The ballads enclosed in the foregoing letter will be found at pp. 69, 71, 75, *supra*. The election-contest there celebrated had arisen in consequence of the death of General Stewart, M.P. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in January preceding. The Tory candidate was Mr. Thomas Gordon of Balmaghie, supported by Murray of Broughton, and the Earl of Galloway. The Whig candidate was the gentleman above addressed, to whom Burns, in company of John Syme, and Mr. David M'Culloch of Ardwell, had paid a visit in June 1794. The election resulted in Mr. Heron's favor, but he had not long entered on his parliamentary duties when a dissolution occurred, which brought on a fresh struggle in 1796. Burns, although then on his death-bed, produced a bitter ballad against Mr. Heron's opponents; but he did not survive to learn the result of the election, which was also in favor of Mr. Heron. Alas!

for the poet's hopes of Excise promotion from that quarter, and alas! for the instability of human affairs; the result of that election was challenged and subjected to the judgment of a committee by whose award Mr. Heron was unseated. The decision seems to have broken his heart, for he died on his way down to Scotland.

(11) TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON, ENGRAVER, LAWNMARKET, EDINBURGH.

WITH A PARCEL.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)*

DUMFRIES, *March* 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—For Hyslop's plate, many thanks for your goodness: I have made him a present of it—a present he well deserved at my hand. Thank you likewise for the copies of my Volunteer Ballad: our friend has done indeed well! 'Tis chaste and beautiful; I have not met with anything has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur will be allowed me. I return you your packet of Songs; and in a day or two, by post, expect to hear at large from yours affectionately,

R. BURNS.

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* From the original MS. in the British Museum. The "plate" supplied to Mr. Hyslop, landlord of the Globe Tavern, seems to have been an engraved Bill-heading. The volunteer ballad will be found at page 86, *supra*, with reference to its melody, composed by Mr. Stephen Clarke. Burns had joined a Volunteer corps, being one of two companies which were raised in Dumfries, early in 1795.

(1) TO RICHARD A. OSWALD, ESQ., OF AUCHINCRUIVE.

ENCLOSING SOME ELECTION BALLADS.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

DUMFRIES, 23*d April* 1795.

SIR,—You see the danger of patronising the rhyming tribe: you flatter the poet's vanity—a most potent ingredient in the composition of a son of rhyme—by a little notice; and he, in return, persecutes your good nature with his acquaintance. In these days of volunteering, I have come forward with my services as poet-laureate to a highly respectable political party, of which you are a distinguished member. The enclosed are, I hope, only a beginning to the songs of triumph which you will earn in that contest.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged and devoted servant, ROBT. BURNS.

(1) TO MR. JOHN EDGAR, EXCISE OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)*

SIR,—I understand that I am to incur censure by the Wine account of this District not being sent in. Allow me to state the following circumstances to you, which, if they do not apologise for, will at least extenuate, my part of the offence.

The General Letter was put into my hands sometime about the beginning of this month, as I was then in charge of the District, Mr. Findlater being indisposed. I immediately, as far as in my power,

* The original MS. of this important letter was recently possessed by John Adam, Esq., Greenock, now deceased.

made a survey of the Wine Stocks; and where I could not personally survey, I wrote the officer of the Division. In a few days more, and previous to collection-week, Mr. Findlater resumed charge; and as, in the course of collection, he would have both the officers by him, and the old books among his hands, it very naturally occurred to me the Wine account business would rest with him. At the close of that week, I got a note from the collector that the account-making-up was thrown on my hands. I immediately set about it; but one officer's books (James Graham of Sanquhar) not being at hand, I wrote to him to send me them by first post. Mr. Graham has not thought proper to pay the least attention to my request, and to-day I have sent an express for his stock-book.

This, Sir, is a plain state of facts; and if I must still be thought censurable, I hope it will be considered that this officiating job being my first, I cannot be supposed to be completely master of all the etiquette of the business.

If my supposed neglect is to be laid before the Honorable Board, I beg you will have the goodness to accompany the complaint with this letter. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ROBT. BURNS.

DUMFRIES, 25 *April* 1795.

This is the second time in the course of the poet's correspondence (see June 1791, Letter to A. Findlater) in which he pleads guilty of some degree of remissness in his Excise duties. Dr. Waddell has pointed out another instance, recorded in Alex. Findlater's "Round Diary, 10th June to 21st July, 1792," where Burns is "admonished" for some inadvertences which are thus palliated in the Supervisor's report: "An increase of stock wanting permit on the *first* of 7 gallons, and on the *second* of 6 gallons foreign red wine not seized—probably a miscalculation of this large stock, &c., with some trivial inadvertences which I have marked with my initials. Mr.

Burns promises, and I believe will bestow, due attention in future; which indeed he is very rarely deficient in." Robert Chambers has referrred to another instance of "admonishment" administered to our poet, similarly recorded by Findlater in his *Round Diary*, June 7th to July 18th 1795. We have been favored with a perusal of that document by its present possessor, C. C. Maxwell, Esq., Dundee; along with some correspondence between Chambers and its *then* possessor, the late John Corbet, Esq., Collector of Excise, Dundee. Mr. Corbet wrote, in Dec. 1853: "The within diary is the only one of Findlater's in my possession. It is accompanied by a fragment of earlier date, in shape of a characteristic letter from the Bard to his accomplished Supervisor. It is dated from Ellisland, and shows that their intercourse was not always official. But Findlater became aged and devout, and would not give me the part with his address attached." (*See* page 357, Vol. III.)

Chambers, in returning to Mr. Corbet the *Diary* of Findlater, says, "It is curious as showing Burns, the only one of a dozen officers, under any censure, and, as might be expected, that he was not quite the most perfect gauger in the world, as well as the most brilliant poet." We note that in the *Diary* of 1795 Burns is set down as being "35," instead of 36, years old, with *eight* of a family. At that date he had only five lawful children; but with the *Globe Tavern* little Bess added, the parents would complete the number, *eight* of a family; the age of John Lewars is there recorded as being 30, and Findlater's is set down at 37.

(?) TO JOHN SYME, ESQ., DISTRIBUTOR OF STAMPS.

ENCLOSING A SONG.*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

[DUMFRIES, *May* 1795.]

YOU know that among other high dignities, you have the honor to be my supreme court of critical

* This was "O wat ye wha's in yon toun," given at page 67, *supra*, a song originally intended to celebrate the poet's own Jean; but whether she was Mrs. Burns, or Jean Lorimer, it is needless to inquire. By changing "Jeanie" into *Lucy* it was made to fit his purpose of paying a compliment to the young and beautiful wife of an Ayrshire gentleman of great wealth, who might have an opportunity of doing the author some service. Mr. Oswald was married to Miss Lucy Johnston of Hilton, in April 1793; but she soon fell into declining health, and died of consumption at Lisbon in January 1798, in her 31st year.

judicature, from which there is is no appeal. I enclose you a song which I composed since I saw you, and I am going to give you the history of it. Do you know that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honor to call my acquaintances—the Oswald family, for instance, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. Oswald's unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman? Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O.? A fine fortune, a pleasing exterior, self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous, upright mind; and that informed, too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune: and to all this, such a woman!—but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate.* In my song I have endeavored to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervor, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald, but, on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors. Do let me know, some convenient moment ere the worthy family leave town, that I *with propriety* may wait on them. In the circle of the fashionable herd, those who come either to show their own consequence, or

* Charles Kirkpatick Sharpe has left a MS. note on this subject, much too good to be withheld here:—"This song celebrates an early friend of mine, Mrs. Oswald, born Lucy Johnstone. One of the stanzas is nothing but 'Were I laid on Greenland's coast,' in *the Beggar's Opera*. At the time Burns wrote these verses, the fair Lucinda was well turned of thirty, and ten years older than her husband; but still a charming creature. In truth, however, she looked like the mother of her husband, who had a remarkably youthful appearance. Venus and Cupid! I have seen and been acquainted with all Burns's ladies whom he has celebrated, saving Miss Alexander and Mrs. M'Lehose, and I could describe their dresses as well as their features."

to borrow consequence from the visit—in such a mob I will not appear; mine is a different errand.

Yours, ROBT. BURNS.

To this year (1795) has been assigned by previous editors the composition of the severe verses "On the destruction of the Woods of Drumlanrig,"* given at page 50, Vol. IV., which—on the supposition that they were really written by Burns—we ventured to record at an earlier date. In a MS. correspondence between Cromek, while editing his "Reliques of Burns," and Mr. Creech of Edinburgh, which we lately perused, some grave doubt is thrown on the authenticity of that poem. Mr. Cromek, in replying to his correspondent, thus writes:—"You mention a poem said to be by Burns, called 'Nith Personified:' I have it not. I think I have seen something of this kind conveying satire to the Duke of Queensberry, for cutting down and selling trees; but, as I was told it was really written by Mr. M'Kenzie, I did not presume to meddle with it."

(4) TO WM. CREECH, ESQ., PUBLISHER,† EDINBURGH.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

DUMFRIES, 30*th May* [1795].

SIR,—I had intended to have troubled you with a long letter, but at present the delightful sensations of an omnipotent Toothache‡ so engross all my inner man, as to put it out of my power even to write

* The reader may be reminded that it first appeared in the *Scots Magazine* of Feb. 1803. In 1817 it was included in a privately-printed book, entitled "Poems on several occasions," which were understood to be chiefly the productions of collector Dunlop of Greenock.

† This letter appears already at page 284, Vol. III., where, in our "carefulness" of collating with Gilfillan, Chambers and others, we imagined that we had discovered an omission of Douglas', but out of respect to his care we repeat it here with his notes.—G. G.

‡ Cromek's erroneous date to this letter (May 1789) has led the poet's chronologists all astray about the composition of his "Address to the Toothache." Seeing that Burns here alludes to suffering from that complaint, they have assumed the date of the letter to be that of the poem, which was really composed in 1786. Burns complains of toothache in a letter to George Thomson about this very period.

nonsense. However, as in duty bound, I approach my Bookseller with an offering in my hand—a few poetic clinches and a song. To expect any other kind of offering from the Rhyming Tribe, would be to know them much less than you do. I do not pretend that there is much merit in these *morceaux*, but I have two reasons for sending them; *primo*, they are mostly ill-natured, so are in unison with my present feelings, while fifty troops of infernal spirits are riding post from ear to ear along my jaw-bones; and *secondly*, they are so short that you cannot leave off in the middle, and so hurt my pride in the idea that you found any work of mine too heavy to get through.

I have a request to beg of you, but conjure you—by all your wishes, and by all your hopes, that the Muse will spare the satiric wink in the moment of your foibles; that she will warble the song of rapture round your Hymeneal couch; and that she will shed on your turf the honest tear of elegiac gratitude! Grant my request as speedily as possible: send me by the very first fly or coach for this place, three copies of the last edition of my Poems, which place to my account.

Now, may the good things of Prose, and the good things of Verse, come among thy hands until they be filled with the *good things of this* Life, prayeth

ROBT. BURNS.

Cromek recorded this letter, most erroneously, as having been written from Ellisland in May 1789. We have been privileged to see the original MS. in possession of Mr. Creech's representatives, and find that although the *year* is not given, the poet has most distinctly written "Dumfries, 30th May." Among the "poetic clinches" (seventeen in number) are included several epigrams which are known to have been produced during our author's latter years, and in particular, the lines "On seeing Mrs. Kemble in Yarico, 24th October 1794." The absolute certainty of *our* date is proved by the song inclosed

in the letter, namely, "My Chloris, mark how green the groves," which was written for Thomson in November 1794.

We have also been favored with a perusal of several letters addressed by Cromek to Creech in 1808, in which he tries to frighten the Bookseller to give him some of the poet's manuscripts "to be substituted for several severe remarks on your conduct towards him, which I am about to print and could wish to suppress." By this means he squeezed out of Mr. Creech copies of the Selkirk letter with the admired poem "Willie's Awa'," and also the present one with its seventeen epigrams. In one of these letters he thus writes:—"It is not my intention to give the least offence to living characters—I mean, to such as are worthy of respect; those who are not, Burns has gibbeted them, and I shall not presume to cut them down. To give you my opinion candidly, though I think most highly of Dr. Currie's performance, yet I must say that the fear of giving offence has led him to disfigure the work most strangely. He has cut away one of Burns's testicles entire; but I hope it will never be said of me that I lent a hand to complete the operation.

"To say nothing of whole letters, I have cut away passages of letter after letter that relate to you, till my volume is considerably decreased in its size; and I do assure you, you are the only person to whom I have acted so delicately, *with the exception of a few letters of a very private nature addressed by the poet to Mrs. Burns.* You will be surprised when I say that such has been my industry, and the ardor of my enthusiasm, that Burns scarcely ever wrote a Paper of which either the Original or a copy of it has not fallen into my hands—even to his very Journals and private Memorandum-books."

Of the letter in the text (page 90 *Reliques*) Cromek writes to Creech:—"The whole strain is so much in your favor, and at the same time the compliment is so delicate, that I declare to you, the gentlemen here to whom I have read it are quite *jealous*. I don't know whether it is not as characteristic of Burns as anything in the whole volume." In his Table of contents, Cromek styles its latter paragraphs as "another specimen of the Bathos"! The prior specimen of Bathos pointed out by Cromek, is in the poet's letter to Mr. Morrison, p. 211, Vol. III.

Among the epigrammatic pieces communicated to Mr. Creech at this time, we find the following:—

ON A LADY REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRAY OF BLOSSOM'D THORN.

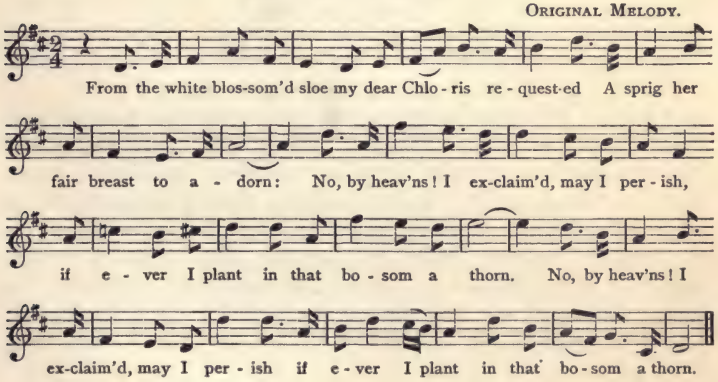
From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn:
No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, let me perish if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

(*See* page 25, *supra*.)

Cromek was much taken with this epigram, and tried to persuade Mr. Creech to forward to him the poet's autograph, in order that he might engrave the lines in fac-simile; but the cautious publisher was not so to be caught. Cromek therefore did not even print the epigram, his excuse for excluding it being its prior publication by Thomas Stewart in 1802. The lines were set to music by W. Shield, and published as a sheet song, early in the present century, with four very commonplace lines added by Charles Dibdin, to give it reasonable length for a song. The following original air for the words has been composed by the musical friend who has helped us in that department of this work.

THE THORN.

ORIGINAL MELODY.



We have had few opportunities in the prose portion of these volumes to refer to this flaxen-haired beauty who inspired so many of our author's songs composed for Thomson's Collection; but before we quit that stage in the biography where her spell over the poet's musings reached its climax, and then suddenly collapsed in gloom, we are constrained to advert to

her story. There is some difficulty in determining at what particular period Burns began to adopt her as a kind of artistic life-model, to aid him in giving freshness and vitality to his lyrical effusions. The song of Craigieburn Wood—a product of the Ellisland period—was, as we have seen, composed to forward the wooing-efforts of a brother-exciseman, John Gillespie, who had conceived a violent affection for Jean Lorimer, which did not become mutual. Chambers gives "March 1793" as the date of her romantic but unfortunate marriage to Whelpdale, and informs us that in a few months thereafter she returned to her parents at Kemishall. Burns was then resident in Dumfries, and very much engrossed with the capricious flirtations of Mrs. Maria Riddell. It has not been explained how our poet had such frequent meetings with *Chloris*, if she continued to reside at Kemishall, which is about five miles above Dumfries; the probability therefore is that instead of returning to her parents after parting with Whelpdale she made Dumfries her home. So early, however, as New Year's Day 1793—some three months prior to her marriage, if Chambers be correct in his date—she really was the subject of the song, "O Poortith cauld, and restless Love," then communicated to Thomson. The lines

> "Her een sae bonie blue betray
> How she repays my passion;
> But prudence is her o'erword ay—
> She talks o' rank and fashion,"

and, indeed, the whole song might pass for another bout of vicarious wooing for John Gillespie. But in April 1793 (one month after the understood date of Miss Lorimer's marriage), Burns wrote to Thomson, "I have vowed to have a song to the air of *Cauld Kail*, on the lady whom I attempted to celebrate in the verses, 'Poortith cauld, and restless Love,'" which accordingly he accomplished in August following, by producing the song, "Come let me take thee to my breast." In that effusion, however, there is not a trace of the pleading of a despairing lover:—

> "And do I hear my Jeanie own
> That equal transports move her?
> I ask for dearest life alone,
> That I may live to love her."

In the same sheet which conveyed that song, Thomson received "O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," which the poet

afterwards directly assigned to Chloris—"Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad." Not however till September 1794 did the reign of "Chloris" fairly set in:

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughin een o' bonie blue.
Her's are the willing chains o' love
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And still my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says she lo'es me best o' a'."

In 1794 Burns presented to Miss Lorimer (for she had discarded the name of Whelpdale) a copy of the Poems of Wm. Collins, with this inscription:—

"To Jean Lorimer, a small but sincere mark of Friendship from ROBT. BURNS."

(*under which the lady has written*) "JANE LORIMER, 1794."*

Down to 3rd August 1795, when our author sent to Thomson two of his very finest songs, of which "Chloris" is the theme, she continued to be the mistress of his musings, if not of his heart:

"She's bonie, bloomin, straught and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e."

and that other one so exquisite in its purity—

"Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure among the leaves sae green,
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen."

Within a day or two after these songs were posted to Thomson, as we learn from the two following letters, an Edinburgh associate for whom Burns had a high respect, and

* The volume is in the possession of W. R. M'Diarmid, Esq., late of Dumfries, now in Edinburgh. On one of its fly-leaves are seen some faint pencillings in the poet's handwriting by way of an attempt, in Collins's manner, to compose an Ode on the Battle of Bannockburn; an idea evidently thrown aside for that of his simple and grand lyric—"Bruce's Address to his Troops."

who was a great enthusiast in Scottish minstrelsy, Mr. Robert Cleghorn, paid him a visit at Dumfries, accompanied by two friends, Mr. Wight and Mr. Allan, one or both of whom were also farmers. Our poet resolved to give them an entertainment in his own house, and Jean Lorimer and her father were invited to meet them there. It is thus very satisfactory to know that his intercourse with Chloris was of no clandestine character. At that meeting Mrs. Burns could not fail to delight the company with her "woodnote wild," giving effect to some of the very songs which "Chloris" had inspired. It appears certain that she did sing one of these—a fresh effusion, to the beautiful Gaelic tune, called "Morag," which so delighted Cleghorn that on his return to Edinburgh he wrote for a copy of it.

(1) TO MR. WM. LORIMER, SENIOR, FARMER.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

MY DEAR SIR,—I called for you yesternight, both at your own house, and at your favorite lady's—Mrs. Hyslop of the Globe—but could not find you. I want you to dine with me to-day. I have two honest Midlothian Farmers with me, who have travelled threescore miles to renew old friendship with the poet; and I promise you a pleasant party, a plateful of hotchpotch, and a bottle of good sound port.

Mrs. Burns desired me yesternight to beg the favor of Jeany to come and partake with her, and she was so obliging as to promise that she would. Jeany and you [*Mr. Syme, Dr. Maxwell, and Dr. Mundell] are all the people, besides my Edinburgh friends, whom I wish to see; and if you can come I shall take it very kind. Yours, ROBT. BURNS.

(Dinner at three.)

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* The original MS. is mutilated here: the blank is supplied from the information contained in subsequent letters, the connection between which and the present one is very apparent. Taken from a newspaper cutting from the *Inverness Courier* by the late Dr. Carruthers of Inverness.

(8) TO MR. ROBERT CLEGHORN, FARMER.

SAUGHTON, NEAR EDINBURGH.

(DR. WADDELL'S ED., 1869.)

DUMFRIES, 21*st Aug.* 1795.

MY DEAR CLEGHORN,—Inclosed you have Clarke's "Gaffer Gray."* I have not time to copy it, so when you have taken a copy for yourself, please return me the original. I need not caution you against giving copies to any other person. "Peggy Ramsay"† I shall expect to find in Gaffer Gray's company, when he returns to Dumfries.

I intended to have taken the advantage of the frank, and given you a long letter; but cross accident has detained me until the Post is just going. Pray, has Mr. Wight got the better of his fright?‡ and how is Mr. Allan? I hope you got all safe home. Dr. Maxwell and honest John Syme beg leave to be remembered to you all. They both speak in high terms of the acquisition they have made to their acquaintance. Did Thomson meet you on Sunday? If so, you would have a world of conversation. Mrs. Burns joins in thanks for your obliging, very obliging visit.

Yours ever, R. BURNS.

P.S.—Did you ever meet with the following, "Todlin Hame," by the late Mr. M'Culloch, of Airdwell, Galloway?

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* The "Gaffer Gray" here spoken of was certainly not the one by Holcroft, beginning "Why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray," but some wild parody of it, in character with other free productions composed by our author for his Crochallan friends.

† See page 57, *supra*.

‡ Mr. Wight had been alarmed by a thunder-storm while on his visit.

(1) TO DAVID STAIG, ESQ., PROVOST OF DUMFRIES.

(DR. WADDELL'S ED., 1869.)*

I KNOW, Sir, that anything which relates to the burgh of Dumfries's interests will engage your readiest attention, so shall make no apology for this letter. I have been for some time turning my attention to a branch of your good town's revenue, where I think there is much to amend ; I mean the "Twa pennies" on ale. The Brewers and Victuallers within the jurisdiction pay accurately ; but three common brewers in the Bridgend, whose consumpt is almost entirely in Dumfries, pay nothing ; the Annan Brewer, who daily sends in great quantities of ale, pays nothing ; because in both cases, ale certificates are never asked for ; and of all the English ale, porter, &c., scarcely any of it pays. For my part, I never recorded an ale certificate in Dumfries, and I know most of the other officers are in the same predicament. It makes no part of our official duty, and besides, until it is universally assessed on all dealers, it strikes me as injustice to assess one. I know that our Collector has a per centage on the collection ; but as it is no great object to him he gives himself no concern about what is *brought in* to the town. Our supervisor would suit you better. He is an abler and a keener man, and, what is all-important in the business, such is his official influence over, and power among his offrs. that were he to signify that

* This letter, which manifests the writer's business talents as well as the strong interest he took in the affairs of his adopted town, was first printed in the *Dumfries Courier* in 1858, and thereafter in connection with a pamphlet on the Established Churches of Dumfries by Mr. Wm. R. M'Diarmid, in 1865.

Provost Staig obtained an opinion of Counsel on the question started by Burns, which confirmed the poet's views. The matter was brought before the Town Council of the burgh on the 17th of July 1796, only four days before the poet's death. The impost was accordingly levied, and continued to be so till the Reform Bill of 1832 put an end to it.

such was his wish, not a "pennie" would be left uncollected. It is by no means the case with the Collector. The offrs. are not so immediately among his hands, and they would not pay the same attention to his mandates. Your brewers here, the Richardsons, one of whom, Gabriel, I survey, pay annually in "twa pennies," about thirty pounds, and they complain, with great justice, of the unfair balance against them in their competition with the Bridgend, Annan, & English traders. As they are respectable characters, both as citizens and men of business, I am sure they will meet with every encouragement from the Magistracy of Dumfries. For their sakes partly I have interested myself in this business, but still much more on account of many obligations which I feel myself to lie under to Mr. Staig's civility and goodness. Could I be of the smallest service in anything which he has at heart, it would give me great pleasure. I have been at some pains to ascertain what your annual loss on this business may be, and I have reason to think it may amount fully to one-third of what you at present receive. These crude hints, Sir, are entirely for your private use. I have by no means any wish to take a sixpence from Mr. Mitchell's income; nor do I wish to serve Mr. Findlater; I wish to show any attempt I can to do anything that might declare with what sincerity I have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged humble servant, ROBT. BURNS.

Friday noon, [1795.]

P.S.—A variety of other methods might be pointed out, and will easily occur to your reflection on the subject. R. B.

([13]) TO MRS. RIDDELL, HALLEATHS.

(Dr. Waddell's Ed., 1869.)*

[*Aug.* 1795.]

I HAVE perused with great pleasure your elegiac verses. In two or three instances I mark inequalities, rather than faults. A line that in an ordinary mediocre production might pass, not only without censure, but with applause, in a brilliant composition glares in all its native halting inferiority. The last line of the second stanza I dislike most. If you cannot mend it (I cannot, after beating my brains to pap), I would almost leave out the whole stanza. *A Dieu je vous recommende.* R. B.

([14]) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL, HALLEATHS.†

(Dr. Waddell's Ed., 1869.)

[Dumfries, *Aug.* 1795.]

MADAM,—I think there is little doubt but that your interest, if judiciously directed, may procure a Tide-waiter's place for your protegé Shaw; but alas, that is doing little for him! Fifteen pounds per ann. is the salary, and the perquisites, in some lucky stations, such as Leith, Glasgow, or Greenock, may be ten more; but in such a place as this, for instance, they will hardly amount to five. The appointment is not in the Excise, but in the Customs. The way of getting appointed is just the application of Great Folks to the Commissioners of the Customs: the Almanack will give you their names. The Excise is a superior object, as the salary is fifty per annum. You mention

* The original MS. was possessed by the late John Adam, Esq., Greenock.

† The original of this letter is in the possession of Robt. Clarke, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio.

that he has a family; if he has more than three children, he cannot be admitted as an Excise Officer. To apply there is the same business as at the Customs. Garthland, if you can command his sincere zeal in the cause, is, I think, able to do either the one or the other. Find out, among your acquaintances, who are the private friends of the Commissioners of the particular BOARD, at which you wish to apply, and interest them—the more, the better. The Commissioners of both Boards are people quite in the fashionable circle, and must be known to many of your friends. I was going to mention some of your female acquaintance, who might give you a lift, but, on recollection, your interest with the WOMEN is, I believe, a sorry business. So much the better! 'tis God's judgment upon you for making such a despotic use of your sway over the MEN. *You* a Republican! You have an Empire over us; and you know it too; but the LORD'S holy name be praised, you have something of the same propensity to get giddy (intoxicated is not a lady's word) with power; and a devilish deal of aptitude to the same blind, undistinguishing FAVORITISM which makes other Despots less dangerous to the welfare and repose of mankind than they otherwise might be.

So much for scolding you.

I have perused your MSS. with a great deal of pleasure. I have taken the liberty to make a few marks with my pencil, which I trust you will pardon. —Farewell! R. BURNS.

(15) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL, HALLEATHS.

(Douglas, 1877.)*

Dumfries, *Sep.* 1795.

Madam,—A severe domestic misfortune has put all literary business out of my head for some time past. Now I begin to resume my wonted studies. I am much correspondence in your debt: I shall pay it soon. Clarke's Sonatas are of no use to me, and I beg you will keep them.

That you, my Friend, may never experience such a loss as mine, sincerely prays R. B.

The "domestic misfortune" lamented in the above note was the death of his daughter Elizabeth Riddell (born 21st Nov. 1792), who, being in feeble health, was sent for change of air to the Armours in Mauchline, where she died in the autumn of this year, and was buried in the churchyard there.

At the period we have now reached, not only was the poet's harp "hung on the willow trees," but even his correspondence seems to have been suspended; none of it, at all events, has been preserved. The particulars, or rather want of particulars, in Dr. Currie's account of our author's last illness and death, are far from satisfactory; although he tells his readers that these "were obligingly furnished by Dr. Maxwell, the physician who attended him." Gilbert Burns, who, along with Mr. John Syme, made a journey to Liverpool to put into Dr. Currie's hands, and to arrange, the materials for the poet's biography, was afterwards taken to task, for having allowed what are called Dr. Currie's "injurious misrepresentations of Burns's character" to pass unchallenged. He thus replied: "The Doctor's work was not submitted to me in manuscript, nor, as far as I know, to any of my brother's friends at Dumfries;†

* From the original MS. in the possession of Alex. J. Warden, Esq., Marybank House, Broughty Ferry.

† True, Gilbert did not see Currie's *manuscript*, but proof-sheets of the work may occasionally have been submitted to him. Dr. Currie's words in the preface to his second edition are these:—"The Biographer of Burns was naturally desirous of hearing the opinion of the friend and brother of the poet, on the manner in which he had executed his task, before a second edition should be committed to the press. He had the satisfaction of receiving this opinion, in a letter dated 24th of August, approving of the life in very obliging terms, and offering one or two trivial corrections, as to names and dates chiefly, which are made in this edition."

so I had it not in my power to set him right in that particular. And considering the excellence of the biography upon the whole, and how much we owed him for that stupendous exertion of his benevolence, I never took any notice to him of my disapprobation, or of the inconsistency of that part of his work."—*Letter to Peterkin*, 1814.

Gilbert, in excuse for Dr. Currie, blames the poet's Dumfries friends, or associates, for having propagated damaging reports which the good Biographer "thought it necessary to state in substance, lest the candor of his work should be called in question." In the reprint of Currie's edition which Gilbert edited in 1820, he made the following hard hit at his *quondam* colleague, John Syme:—"Great injury to the Poet's character seems to have arisen from people pretending friendship and intimacy with him, who wished to have something wonderful to tell of a person who had attracted so much of the notice of the world. It is well known that many persons are to be found, whose code of moral obligation does not prevent them from violating truth in embellishing a story, and yet are esteemed by the world *very honorable men*. In the pictures which such men give of life and character, likeness is deliberately sacrificed to effect. Thus, in the foolish story of a sword-cane, brought forward in the *Quarterly Review*, the vanity of some pretended friend of the Poet is displayed by the relation of a powerful admonition addressed by the narrator to the Poet, producing such theatrical starts and agitation, as no one who knew the Poet, or who has even attentively perused his letters and poetry, can give credit to for a moment."

That Syme enjoyed the full confidence and friendship of the poet down to the very close of this year, is evinced by the Epigram which the latter sent to him in reply to an invitation to dine, with a promise of the best company and the best cookery.

"No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

DUMFRIES, *17th Dec.* 1795."

Mr. Syme, who was born four years before Burns, survived till November 1831. He had, in his own pictorial way, told the "sword-cane story" referred to by Gilbert; and Scott thus introduced it in his Review of Cromek's Reliques:—"It is a

dreadful truth, that when racked and tortured by the well-meant and warm expostulations of an intimate friend, Burns at length started up in a paroxysm of frenzy, and drawing a sword-cane, which he usually wore, made an attempt to plunge it into the body of his adviser. The next instant, he was with difficulty withheld from suicide." How true it is that a scandalous tale loses nothing in conveyance, is proved by a comparison of the Reviewer's version with that of the first narrator, which we give in Syme's own words:—"In my parlor at Ryedale, one afternoon, Burns and I were very gracious and confidential. I did advise him to be temperate in all things. I might have *spoken* daggers, but I did not mean them. He shook to the inmost fibre of his frame—drew the sword-cane,* when I exclaimed, 'What! wilt thou thus, and in my own house?' The poor fellow was so stung with remorse, that he dashed himself down on the floor. That ebullition of momentary irritation was followed by a friendship more ardent than ever between us."—*Peterkin's Edition of Burns*, 1815, page lxiv., Vol. I.

It has been ascertained that in course of the year 1795 our poet was, through the medium of Mrs. Walter Riddell, brought into correspondence with William Roscoe of Liverpool. A copy of that author's once very popular song—

> "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay lilies of France
> See the day-star of Liberty rise,"

still exists in Burns's hand-writing, copied out by him and presented to Mrs. Riddell. After our poet's death, that lady forwarded the copy to Mr. Roscoe, who, in acknowledging receipt of it, said that "Burns, about the time he was seized with his fatal illness, was preparing to make a journey to Liverpool to see him, and had done him the honor of writing him to that effect."†

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* The identical sword-cane of Burns is now preserved in his monument at Edinburgh—a presentation by the sons of the poet.

† Life of Roscoe, Vol. I., page 233.

A.D., 1796.

"When ance Life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
And social noise;
And fareweel dear, deludin woman,
Thou joy of joys!"

THERE cannot be a doubt that Dr. Currie was made fully acquainted with all the habitual failings as well as the peculiar excellences of Burns, by those who supplied him with the materials for his great biographical undertaking. It was indispensable that the most damaging facts as well as those most favorable and complimentary, should have been thus communicated; and, on the whole, if we except some considerable overstatement as to the enormity of the poet's drinking habits, Currie's misrepresentations cannot be very heinous.* In giving a private account of his own labors to a correspondent, that kindly-natured and able writer thus remarked:—"The errors and faults, as well as the excellences, of Burns's life and character afford scope for painful and melancholy observation. This part of the subject must be touched with great tenderness; but it *must* be touched. If his friends do not touch it, his enemies will. To speak my mind to you freely, it appears to me that his misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors. *That* it is unnecessary, and indeed improper, to say; but his biographer must keep it in mind, to prevent him from running into those bitter invectives against Scotland, &c., which the extraordinary attractions and melancholy fate of the poet naturally provoke. Six Liverpool poets have sung the requiem of our admired bard; and every one of them has indulged in the most pointed, and in some degree unjust, invectives against the country and the society in which he lived."

The above quotation will throw some light on the remark of Gilbert Burns, that Dr. Currie thought it necessary, lest the candor of his work should be called in question, to state the substance of the damaging reports laid before him; even though this might present an exaggerated view of the poet's failings at that period of his life. With this preparation, we now quote the much-challenged paragraphs in Dr. Currie's narrative

* It should be borne in mind that Dr. Currie, in his medical works, took every opportunity to advocate the duty of abstinence from alcoholic liquors.

which are so essential to the completeness of this part of the biography :—

"Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in our poet's personal appearance, and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. His temper now became irritable and gloomy; he fled from himself into society, often of the lowest kind. And in such company, that part of the convivial scene, in which wine increases sensibility and excites benevolence, was hurried on to reach the succeeding part, over which uncontrolled passion generally presides. He who suffers the pollution of inebriation, how shall he escape other pollution?* But let us refrain from the mention of errors over which delicacy and humanity draw the veil.

"From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail; his hands shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and

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* This is the stinging part of Dr. Currie's account of the poet's errors which all the censors of that Biographer have fastened upon as a kind of blasphemy against Burns. We indeed wish he had omitted those *thirteen words*, even although the omission might have rendered his picture incomplete. There exists evidence to show that he refers here to a fact that was reluctantly confided to him by Dr. Maxwell, which he felt constrained to "touch with great tenderness." Alas! the record was closed eighty years ago, and no reverential eulogist of these days can hope to wipe out the stain by gushing tears or flowing rhetoric. Many of the best qualities of Burns took their luxuriant vigor from the baser propensities of his nature, and so we must be content with the entire Burns. Chambers thus supports Dr. Currie:—"The poet's convivialities occurred, during the latter years of his life, with a degree of frequency, and were carried to a degree of excess which were much to be deplored. That he spent too many evenings in this way for the comfort of his family, for his own health and peace of mind, and for the preservation of his dignity as a man and a poet, I believe to be true. Nor was this all, for that co-ordinate debasement to which Currie alludes, was not escaped. Let God judge him, a being formed in frailty, and inspired with wild and misdirected impulses; not I."—Vol. IV., p. 305.

[We think that the stale, improbable story to which Mr. Douglas alludes is sufficiently contradicted in the fact that he names Dr. Maxwell as the authority confirmatory thereof. Maxwell was, first of all, a physician, who, by virtue of his oath on receiving his diploma, was bound to secrecy as to the ailments of his patients. He was, moreover, one of Burns's closest and dearest friends, and a boon companion, a radical sympathizer—the admirer of his genius and a friend and benefactor to his family. We do not, for one moment, believe that the ailment to which Currie alludes, in connection with Burns, ever existed; and we certainly refuse to believe that Dr. Maxwell ever breathed it to any man, if it ever had existence.—G. G.]

pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too well aware of his real situation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching desolation of his family, and his spirits sunk into an uniform gloom."

Not altogether "uniform" was the gloom which hung around the hapless bard in these latter days. He did not forget his own philosophy in the song "Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," which he had given to the world as "a picture of his own mind."

> 'Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
> Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
> Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
> My warst word is 'Welcome, and welcome again!'"

He had occasion, at the close of the year 1795, to borrow a guinea from Collector Mitchell, and the request, thrown into the old familiar epistle-style of versification, is couched in five stanzas in his happiest humorous manner. The postscript thus refers to his severe illness:—

> "Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
> And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
> Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket,
> And sair me shook,
> But by gude luck I lap a wicket
> An' turn'd a neuk."

He had not forgot his promise to Cleghorn to forward him a copy of what appears to have been the last song that was inspired by the witchery of Jean Lorimer—a song which seems to have been sung at the little dinner-party in the poet's house, already noticed, on the occasion of Cleghorn's visit to Dumfries in August preceding. He took the first opportunity presented by returning strength to write to the hearty farmer, enclosing him the song he had so much admired.

(*) TO MR. ROBT. CLEGHORN, SAUGHTON MILLS.

PER FAVOR OF MR. MUNDELL, SURGEON.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)*

SONG.—THE LASSIE O' MY HEART.

Tune—"Morag."

O wat ye wha that loes me,
And has my heart a keeping?
O sweet is she that loes me,
Like dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebud steeping, &c.

(*See* page 103, *supra.*

MY EVER DEAR CLEGHORN,—The foregoing had been sent you long ago, but for reasons which you may have heard. Since I saw you, I have been much the child of disaster. Scarcely begun to recover the loss of an only daughter and darling child, I became myself the victim of a rheumatic fever which brought me to the borders of the grave. After many weeks of a sick-bed, I am just beginning to crawl about.

Thanks—many thanks for my "Gawin Douglas." This will probably be delivered to you by a friend of mine, Mr. Mundell, Surgeon, whom you may remember to have seen at my house. He wants to enquire after Mr. Allan. Best compliments to the amiablest of my friends, Mrs. Cleghorn, and to little Miss, though she will scarce remember me; and to my thunder-scared friend, Mr. Wight.

Yours, R. BURNS.

[DUMFRIES, *Jan.* 1796.]

* The original MS. was in the possession of the late David Laing, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh.

([12]) TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON, ENGRAVER,

MUSIC SHOP, LAWNMARKET, EDINBURGH.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. Clarke will have acquainted you with the unfortunate reasons of my long silence. When I get a little more health you shall hear from me at large on the subject of the songs.

I am highly pleased with Hyslop's bill; only you have, in your usual luck, misspelt two words: the article "Postages and porter," you have made "Porterages and porter"—pray alter that. In the article "Pipes and Tobacco," you have spelt Tobacco thus: "Tobbacco," whereas it ought to be spelt with a single b, thus, "Tobacco." When you have amended these two faults, which please do directly, throw off four hundred copies, and send them by the very first coach or fly. Farewell, my ever-valued friend!

R. BURNS.

Wednes. Noon, [*January* 1796.]

([16]) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL, HALLEATHS.

(CURRIE in part, and completed in DOUGLAS, 1877.)†

DUMFRIES, 29*th January* 1796.

I CANNOT express my gratitude to you for allowing me a longer perusal of "Anacharsis." In fact, I never met with a book that bewitched me so much; and I,

* This note refers to the matter alluded to in the letter (11) page 159, *supra*. Burns had made a present to his kind host and hostess at "The Globe," of an engraved heading for their tavern bill. The poet's holograph was possessed by the late David Laing, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh.

† The original MS.—a long communication of three folio pages, lately belonging to Dr. Corrie of Belfast—was sold, with other manuscripts of the poet, on 5th June, 1878, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's Salesrooms, London, for twenty-six guineas.

as a member of the library, must warmly feel the obligation you have laid us under. Indeed, to me the obligation is stronger than to any other individual of our society, as "Anacharsis" is an indispensable desideratum to a son of the Muses.*

The health you wished me in your morning's card is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till an hour ago. These wickedly unlucky advertisements I lent (I did wrong) to a friend, and I am ill able to go in quest of him.

The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd "despairing beside a clear stream."

L'amour, toujours l'amour!

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
  That glides, a silver dart,
And safe, beneath the shady thorn,
  Defies the angler's art—
My life was ance that careless stream,
  That wanton trout was I;
But Love wi' unrelenting beam,
  Has scorch'd my fountains dry, &c.

(*See* page 102, *supra.*)

[On the same sheet the poet transcribed several of his songs—the ballad of "Bonie Jean" among these, and then continued his letter thus.]

I cannot help laughing at your friend's conceit of my picture, and I suspect you are playing off on

* The ancient *Anacharsis* was a Scythian philosopher who travelled to Athens in the time of Solon, and who, after being instructed in Greek science and literature, returned home with a view to introduce there the customs and institutions of Greece. This brought on him the enmity of his countrymen, and he was assassinated by the barbarian king. The modern "Anacharsis" was Baron Jean Baptiste Clootz, a Prussian by birth, but brought up in Paris (1755–94), where he adopted the Revolutionary principles, and styled himself "The Orator of the Human Race." The published travels and opinions of this latter hero would undoubtedly find admiration and sympathy from Maria Riddell and Robert Burns.



ROBERT BURNS (aged thirty-five) and his ELDEST SON (aged eight)—The Kerry miniature.

me some of that fashionable wit, called *humbug*. Apropos to pictures, I am just sitting to Reid in this town for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken.* When you are at any time so idle in town as to call at Reid's painting room, and mention to him that I spoke of such a thing to you, he will show it to you, else he will not; for both the miniature's existence and its destiny are an inviolable secret, and therefore very properly trusted, in part, to you.

Have you seen Clarke's Sonatas, the subjects from Scots Airs? If not, send for my copy. R. B.

([17]) TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER, CROSS, EDINBURGH.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)†

DUMFRIES, 29 *Jan.* 1796.

MY DEAR HILL,—By the chaise, the driver of which brings you this, I send your annual Kipper; but on the express condition that you do not, like a fool as you were last year, put yourself to five times the value in expense of a return.

I have just time to beg that you will make my best compliments to my fair friend Mrs. Hill, Cameron "my kinsman," and Ramsay, "my yoke-fellow in the Lord!" God be with you all! In a week or ten days, thou shalt hear at large from thine,

R. BURNS.

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* See page 192, *infra*, for some further account of this miniature.

† From the poet's holograph, in possession of Mr. Hill's grandson, George Wilson, Esq. The reader has been informed in a note at page 141, *supra*, respecting Cameron and Ramsay.

([41]) TO MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DUMFRIES, 31*st January*, 1796.

THESE many months you have been two packets in my debt.* What sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend, I am utterly at a loss to guess. Alas! Madam, ill can I afford, at this time, to be deprived of any of the small remnant of my pleasures. I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance too, and so rapidly as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long "the die spun doubtful;"† until after many weeks of a sick bed, it seems to have "turned up life," and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street.

> What pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
> Affliction purifies the visual ray,
> Religion hails the drear, the untried night,
> That shuts, for ever shuts! life's doubtful day.

R. B.

There is a considerable discrepancy between our author's account of his own illness, and that given by Dr. Currie. Both agree as to the date—October 1795 to January 1796; but Burns describes his trouble as "a severe rheumatic fever," while Currie calls it "an accidental complaint, followed, in

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* "Two packets," probably one withheld, and the other of January 1795.

† "———————— th' important die
Of life and death spun doubtful ere it fell,
And turn'd up life."—*Young's Night Thoughts*, N. vi.

January, by an attack of rheumatism which confined him about a week." On 28th January the poet was sufficiently well to attend a Mason Lodge for the purpose of recommending the entry of a Liverpool merchant, and we have seen that on the following day he wrote to Mr. Peter Hill, without alluding to his illness. In February and March the virulence of his trouble seems to have somewhat abated; but in April, although able on one occasion to attend a Mason meeting, his illness became more alarming. He had intimated to Mrs. Dunlop, so early as June 1794, that he felt his health on the decline. "I am afraid," he wrote, "that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth; my medical friends threaten me with a flying gout." So also he described his trouble in a letter to Thomson in the spring of 1796: "I have great hopes that the genial influence of approaching summer will set me to rights, but as yet I cannot boast of returning health. I have now reason to believe that my complaint is a flying gout—a damnable business!"

Several of the poet's biographers have noticed that in consequence of his political opinions and reckless indecorums, both of word and deed, while resident in Dumfries, some of his heartiest friends and admirers grew half-ashamed of being associated with him. To none does this observation apply more strongly than to his early friend Robert Ainslie, and to his patroness, Mrs. Dunlop. The last of his letters to the former is dated April 1793, about a year after which we find Burns thus writing of him to Mrs. M'Lehose: "I had a letter from him a while ago, but it was so dry, so distant, so like a card to one of his clients, that I could scarce bear to read it, and have not yet answered it. Though Fame does not blow her trumpet at my approach now as she did when he first honored me with his friendship, yet I am as proud as ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground I have a right to." A memorial of the poet's personal regard for Ainslie in shape of a presentation copy of his first Edinburgh edition, in which the blanks in the letterpress are carefully filled up in the author's hand-writing, was bought, not long after Ainslie's death, at a London book-stall for a few shillings. Add to this the fact that several letters of Burns to the same correspondent, intended to be strictly confidential, have in like manner found their way to the world, nobody knows how; and well might Dr. Waddell remark, as he has done, when referring to these matters: "There has been a want of sense or sympathy somewhere!"

Dr. Currie took special care that Mrs. Dunlop's desertion of Burns, for a period of about two years before he died, should not be "conspicuous by the absence" of letters bearing to have been written to her by the poet during that period. The correctly dated letter in the text complains of her long unaccountable silence; and yet Currie, evidently by design, has one of Burns's letters to her incorrectly dated only one month before, apologising for being so late in answering her last letter! By post-dating several of the poet's communications to her, he plunges into the grossest anachronisms, in the futile attempt to screen Mrs. Dunlop's defection from his reader's notice. A letter of 1793, he misdates 1795; and a similar journal-like communication of 1794, he misdates December 1795 and January 1796. We have restored to their proper position these misplaced letters, which indeed proclaim their own dates to any earnest reader. In a foot-note to the bard's last melancholy communication to Mrs. Dunlop, penned at Brow, Dr. Currie makes this unsupported observation: "Before he died, Burns had the pleasure of receiving a satisfactory explanation of his friend's silence, and an assurance of the continuance of her friendship to his widow and children. It is probable that the greater part of her letters to him were destroyed by the bard about the time this last letter was written. He did not foresee that his own letters to her were to appear in print, nor conceive the disappointment which will be felt that a few of this excellent Lady's have not served to enrich and adorn this collection."

Chambers, in contradiction of Currie's remark, has informed his readers that "after the death of Burns, Mrs. Dunlop paid a visit to her relative Dr. Currie, at Liverpool, to arrange respecting the publication of the correspondence, and she positively refused to allow any of her own letters to see the light. She concluded her interview by half-jestingly *purchasing back* her letters to Burns, one by one, laying down a letter of his for each one of her own till she obtained the whole, and then returned satisfied to Dunlop."

A letter of Gilbert Burns addressed to Dr. Maxwell of Dumfries only two months after the poet's death, has recently turned up, and in it the whole mystery concerning Mrs. Dunlop's letters to Burns is revealed. It not only overturns the pretty anecdote of Chambers about the lady's manner of purchasing them back, but reflects discredit on Dr. Currie's account of them noted above.

GILBERT BURNS TO DR. MAXWELL.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

MOSSGIEL, 25*th Sept.* 1796.

SIR,—I trouble you at this time on the subject of Mrs. Dunlop's letters. I wrote her on my return from Dumfries that it had been thought expedient to establish it as a rule, that the letters from my brother's correspondents found in his repositories should be retained till they would give up at least such of his letters in their hands as might suit publication. She replied that "anxious as she is for the recovery of her own letters, and awkward as she feels at their being in the hands of strangers; yet, so far from the retention of them answering the purpose intended, she must consider her doing anything in consequence of that threat, as betraying a conviction of some impropriety in her letters which she is not conscious of." I have been last week to wait on her at her own house, and she read to me all my brother's letters to her, numbering about seventy.* We marked those which we thought would at all suit publication in whole or in part, to the number of perhaps twenty or thirty, several of which, if I am not a partial judge, will do credit to the writer.

Mrs. Dunlop proposes copying all the letters marked, and she will allow the editor to compare with the originals such as may be selected for publication; but even this she does not allow me to say till she has got her own letters back, as she would not be supposed to do anything from the fear of their being retained. I beg, therefore, that her letters may be sent to me that I may forward them to her; for, besides the opinion I always had that we have no right to retain them, I am now convinced that it can serve no good purpose. Let the letters, such as are recovered, and the rest when they can be collected, be given to Mrs. Burns, who will send them by the carrier to me.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

GILBERT BURNS.

P.S.—My brother had promised Mrs. Dunlop a perusal of the letters he had collected for Mr. Riddell.† If these could be

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* The reader will note that all given for publication (42 letters) is little more than half.—G. G.

† The Glenriddell MSS. (letters). See letter to Mrs. Dunlop, page 138, and to Peter Hill, page 135, *supra*.—G. G.

sent to her along with her own letters, it would be very obliging to her. G. B.

The above letter of Gilbert's makes it very certain that Mrs. Dunlop's anxiety was speedily relieved on the subject of her correspondence with Burns. What she most dreaded was the public exposure of the fact that on her part the correspondence had been withdrawn during the last two years; and now that she was put in re-possession of her own letters, there could be no danger of their dates and contents indicating the awkward *hiatus* referred to. On the subject of such withdrawal of patronage and friendly intercourse in the poet's experience during his latter years, Professor Walker has some judicious observations that may be worth quoting here.

"In a town like Dumfries, after deducting the sober and self-respecting part of society, enough can still be found, and that too neither uninteresting nor unfashionable, by a man who has no dread of dissipation or impurity. In company of this description, Burns continued welcome to the last, but towards the close of his life, even this was not enough; and it is to be suspected that his aversion from domestic privacy, and his craving for convivial tumult, drove him sometimes to associates who disgraced him no less by the sordidness of their condition, than by the laxity of their characters.

"After all these admissions, however, it is but fair to add that the degree of disrepute to which Burns was condemned, could not, according to the practice of the world, be justified by the nature of his faults. We every day see men, who are addicted to sensual and social excess, in the enjoyment of general favor; and why, we may ask, was the Bard to be treated with less indulgence? The truth is that the world is a partial and self-interested censor, and will forgive the grossest vice far more readily than any instance of disrespect to itself. It will forgive the man who is at the trouble of attending to certain forms in the conduct and management of his immoralities, and though the veil he spreads be so transparent as to conceal nothing, yet, to be at the pains of spreading a veil at all, is a homage paid to public opinion, by which it is flattered into lenity. An attempt to cloak his practices is a declaration that he thinks them wrong; and, while injuring himself, he obtains some credit for trying to avoid an injury to the general principles of morality. But he who bids defiance to the world, and seems to deride its temporising virtue by indulging (in poverty) those open indecencies with which it submits to be

insulted only by wealth or power, soon finds the scorn thus expressed repaid with ample interest."

That Burns was somewhat straitened for money at this time is farther evinced by the contents of a letter addressed to him by James Clarke, the schoolmaster, in answer to a craving note in which the poet reminded him of a small advance he had helped him with some three years previously. Clarke's letter is as follows :—

"FORFAR, 18*th Feb.* 1796.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter makes me very unhappy; the more so, as I had heard very flattering accounts of your situation some months ago. A note [21 *sh.*] is enclosed; and if such partial payments will be acceptable, this shall soon be followed by more. My appointment here has more than answered my expectations; but furnishing a large house, &c., has kept me still very poor; and the persecution I suffered from that rascal, Lord Hopetoun, brought me into expenses which, with all my economy, I have not yet rubbed off. Be so kind as write me. Your disinterested friendship has made an impression which time cannot efface.—Believe me, my dear Burns, yours in sincerity, JAMES CLARKE."

During this month of February the correspondence with George Thomson was renewed after a pause of six months. Our author furnished one song of excellent structure, but in subject very unusual with him; personal attractions in a woman being dispensed with for the sake of her "acres o' charms," in the shape of well-stocked pastures and a handsome tocher. One passage in his letter which relates to "Chloris" is remarkable, as indicative of some change in his sentiments towards her, thus :—"In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name *Chloris*. I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady; but, on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation in a Scottish pastoral ballad. What you once mentioned to me of 'flaxen locks' is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty."

We do not know what was Allan Cunningham's authority for the following passage regarding poor Chloris—quoted by Lockhart in 1828, while she was yet alive :—"The beauty of Chloris has added many charms to Scottish song; but that which has increased the reputation of the poet, has lessened that of the man. Chloris was one of those who believe in the dispensing power of beauty, and thought that love should be

under no demure restraint. Burns sometimes thought in the same way himself; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that the poet should celebrate the charms of a liberal beauty who was willing to reward his strains, and who gave him many opportunities of catching inspiration from her presence. The poet gave many a glowing picture of her youth, health, and voluptuous beauty; but let no lady envy the poetical elevation of poor Chloris; her situation in poetry is splendid; her situation in life merits our pity—perhaps our charity."

The reader has seen in the poet's letter to Mrs. Riddell of 20th January, that he was then sitting to an artist in Dumfries for his portrait in miniature, and that he considered it a very successful likeness. We publish from Dr. Waddell's edition of our Poet's works the miniature there referred to. It is not to be confounded with another miniature of the poet, mentioned by him in a letter to George Thomson, dated May 1795, where it is described as "a small miniature," then about to be sent to Edinburgh to be mounted and placed under crystal. That smaller one, which the poet characterised as "the most remarkable likeness of what I am at this moment," has not yet made its appearance in the hands of any collector, and is probably lost. The following note to Mrs. Riddell, which exists in the poet's holograph, evidently refers to a companion-picture—that of his eldest son, then in his tenth year, done at full-length by the same artist who executed the larger oval miniature of Burns above referred to.

(17) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL, HALLEATHS.

(Dr. Waddell's Ed., 1869.)

Saturday, 6 *p.m.*

Par accident, meeting with Mrs. Scott* in the street, and having the miniature in a book in my pocket, I send you it, as I understand that a servant of yours is in town. The painter, in my opinion, has spoilt the likeness. Return me the bagatelle per first

* Mrs. Riddell then resided in the house of her friend, Mr. Scott of Tinwald. Dr. Waddell's edition also contains an engraving of the miniature here referred to as "the bagatelle," which is here engraved on the same plate with the poet's.—G. G.

opportunity.* I am so ill as to be scarce able to hold this miserable pen to this miserable paper.

R. B.

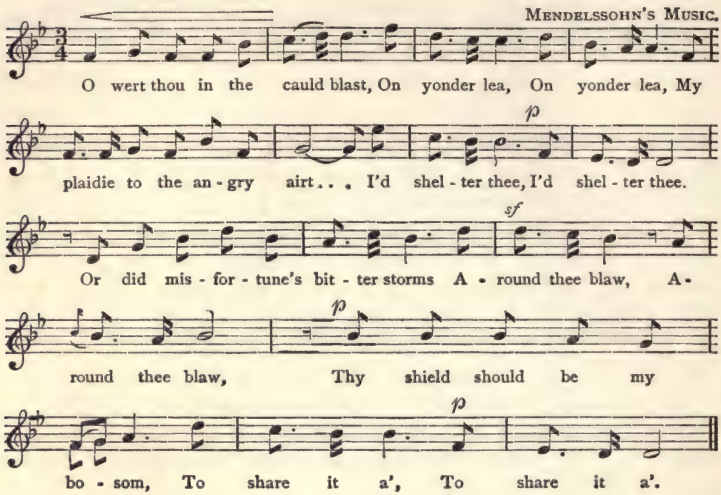
In April, the poet's friend Mrs. Hyslop, landlady of the Globe Tavern, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was commissioned to call on George Thomson with a letter in which he expressed his despair of ever tuning his lyre again. On her return she was the medium of conveying to Burns the gold-mounted pebble seal, cut with his shield, crest, and motto,† which had been ordered from Cunningham two years previously. (See the letter to that correspondent of 3rd March 1794.) He had few opportunities of using it, and there is a melancholy story of his having pledged it to a publican near Brow for a bottle of wine, when hard pressed for money. It is now in the possession of the poet's great-granddaughter, Miss Martha Burns Everitt, Wexford, Ireland.

It would appear that during the six months preceding his decease, the Bard was not confined closely to bed till three days before his death. Mrs. Burns was greatly relieved, in her heavy but cheerfully performed task of soothing her husband's distress, by the kind attentions of Jessy Lewars, a sister of the poet's brother-exciseman. Their father, John Lewars, then deceased, had been a supervisor of Excise, a post to which the son afterwards attained. The latter was about six years younger than Burns, and at that time unmarried. He retired from the service in 1825, and died in 1826. In appreciation of the benevolent services of Jessie Lewars, our poet made her the subject of several delicate compliments in the form of epigrams and versicles which are recorded at page 124, and *infra*. To these he afterwards added two of his most admired songs, making her their special subject; the first of these—"Here's a health to ane I loe dear," was enclosed in a letter to Thomson about the 17th of May; the other, "O wert thou in the cauld blast," may have been of later date.‡

* Dr. Waddell gives an elaborate account of the romantic way in which both of these little oil paintings on panel came into his possession in 1866. For upwards of forty years previously they had belonged to an Irish gentleman near Limerick, who called his attention to them. But Dr. Waddell is wrong in surmising that Mrs. Riddell had connections in Ireland. Her second husband, Fletcher, was a Welshman; and she died, not in 1820, but in 1808, only eight months after her second marriage. She was buried at Chester.

† See page 400, Vol. IV.

‡ This interesting young woman was then eighteen years old; and within three years after the poet's death she became the wife of Mr. James Thomson,



(13) TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON, ENGRAVER, LAWNMARKET, EDINBURGH.

[*Per favor of Mr. Lewars.*]

(CROMEK, 1808.)

[DUMFRIES, 18*th May*, 1796.]

How are you, my dear Friend? and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas, the hand of pain, and sorrow and care has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity of life with which I used to woo the rural

writer, Dumfries. On the occasion of the great Burns festival of 6th August 1844, on the banks of the Doon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson occupied a place near the head of the table, on the chairman's right hand. Her husband died in 1849 at the age of seventy-five, and she survived till 26th May 1855, at the age of seventy-seven. According to a beautiful arrangement, Jessie Lewars was buried quite close to the mausoleum of Burns, the tombstone of the Thomsons being fixed in the wall on the south side thereof. A pilgrim who visited the resting-place of Burns on a bright but showery day, when the wind blew strong from the north-west, observing the tablet of Jessie Lewars to be quite dry, where all around was wet, regarded the circumstance as an illustration of the poet's lines addressed to her—"My plaidie to the angry airt—I'll shelter thee! I'll shelter thee!" (*See* pp. 109 and 129, *supra*.)

Muse of Scotia. In the meantime, let us finish what we have so well begun. The gentleman, Mr. Lewars, a particular friend of mine, will bring out any proofs (if they are ready) or any message you may have. Farewell! R. BURNS.

Turn over.

[*June* 16.]—You should have had this when Mr. Lewars called on you, but his saddle-bags miscarried. I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for everything concerning you and your welfare. You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world, because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this Publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the Poet to far other and more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of Wit, or the pathos of Sentiment. However, Hope is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavor to cherish it as well as I can. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Your Work is a great one; and though now that it is near finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended, yet I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages your Publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish Song and Music.*

I am ashamed to ask another favor of you, because

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* Mr. James Johnson died at Edinburgh on 26th Feb. 1811. His obituary in the *Scots Magazine* states the fact that he was the first who adopted the practice of *striking* music upon pewter plates, whereby a great saving is made on the charge of that article. He left a widow in indigent circumstances, who died in the Charity Workhouse of the city in March 1819. The above letter is given in *fac-simile* in Stenhouse's "Illustrations of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1839. Part of the address, "per favor of Mr. Lewars," is deleted, and the post-mark "June 17" is indicated. The sealing wax shows the poet's new heraldic bearings, engraved on the seal recently brought from Edinburgh by Mrs. Hyslop.

you have been so very good already; but my wife has a very particular friend of hers, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present "The Scots Musical Museum." If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first Fly, as I am anxious to have it soon?*

Yours ever, R. BURNS.

The Colonel of his Volunteer Regiment made some kind enquiries about his health, to which the poet replied in eight characteristic stanzas of humorous verse in his favorite epistolary form. About the same time (records Chambers), happening to meet a neighbor who made similar enquiries, he said, in course of his rejoinder, "I find that a man may live like a fool, but he will scarcely die like one," which observation was simply a quotation from *Young's Night Thoughts*, N. iv.:—

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

A day or two before the King's Birthday (June 4th), Mrs. Riddell wrote to him requesting him to copy a song for her, and playfully suggested that he should appear at the Birthday Ball to show his loyalty, and he thus answered:—

(15) TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

DUMFRIES, *4th June*, 1796.

I AM in such miserable health as to be incapable of showing my loyalty in any way. Racked as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam. "Come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy me Israel!" so say I: Come, curse me thou east wind; and come, defy me the north! Would you have me in such circumstances copy you out a love-song?

* This was immediately attended to, as the reader will find in the note at page 131, *supra*.

I may perhaps see you on Saturday, but I will not be at the Ball. Why should I? "Man delights not me, nor woman either!" Can you supply me with the song, "Let us all be unhappy together?" Do, if you can, and oblige *le pauvre misérable.**

R. B.

(8) TO MR. JAMES CLARKE, SCHOOLMASTER, FORFAR.

(CHAMBERS, 1839.)†

MY DEAR CLARKE,—Still, still the victim of affliction; were you to see the emaciated figure who now holds the pen to you, you would not know your old friend. Whether I shall ever get about again, is only known to HIM, the Great Unknown, whose creature I am. Alas, Clarke, I begin to fear the worst! As to my individual self, I am tranquil—I would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow, and

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* The Song, "Let us all be unhappy together," was very popular near the close of last century, and has been recently revived in the clever parody by Lord Neaves, "Let us all be unhappy on Sunday." The two opening verses read thus:

"We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
Be we ever so merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow:
As sunshine is follow'd by rain,
We've nought to expect but rough weather;
So when pleasure can only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend—for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
O taste not the dangerous pleasure!
This *friendship's* a flimsy affair,
And riches and wealth are a bubble;
O there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor anything pleasing but trouble."

† This letter, executed in *fac-simile* printing, has been long in circulation.

half-a-dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans! there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this! 'tis half my disease!

I duly received your last, inclosing the *note*. It came extremely in time, and I was much obliged to your punctuality. Again I must request you to do me the same kindness. Be so very good as, *by return of post*, to enclose me another note. I trust you can do it without much inconvenience, and it will seriously oblige me. If I must go, I leave a few friends behind me, whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know I shall live in their remembrance.

Adieu, dear Clarke! That I shall ever see you again, is, I am afraid, highly improbable.

R. BURNS.

DUMFRIES, *June* 26, 1796.

On the same day that the foregoing pathetic letter was penned, the poet wrote the fine Inscription to Jessie Lewars (*see* page 130, *supra*) on a copy of the *Museum*, which he then presented to her; and in a week thereafter he removed to sea-bathing quarters at Brow, on the Solway Firth, about ten miles south-east from Dumfries. On the day of his arrival there, he sent a short letter to Thomson enclosing a parcel of songs, with remarks and alterations inscribed on the margin. Next day he had an interview with his friend Mrs. Riddell, who happened to be residing for the benefit of her own health in the immediate neighborhood. Being informed of his arrival, she invited him to dine with her, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk. In a letter to one of her friends, which is quoted by Currie, she thus narrated the incident:—

"I was struck with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was impressed on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a weak state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accus-

tomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned with seeming pride and satisfaction the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do.

"Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation—that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle Vanity or Malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of Malice or the sarcasms of Envy from pouring forth their venom to blast his fame. He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he would be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion.

"The conversation was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise, damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge.

"We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (5th

July); the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

(14) TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., 37 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

(CURRIE, 1800.)*

BROW, SEA-BATHING QUARTERS, *7th July* 1796.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,—I received yours here this moment, and am indeed highly flattered with the approbation of the literary circle you mention; a literary circle inferior to none in the two kingdoms. Alas! my friend, I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more! For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—my spirits fled! fled!—but I can no more on the subject—only the medical folks tell me that my last and only chance is bathing in country quarters, and riding.—The deuce of the matter is this; when an Exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced to £35 instead of £50.† What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself and keep a horse in

* Compared here with the original MS., in possession of the late James Cunningham, Esq., W.S., son of the poet's correspondent.

† "Reduced to £35 instead of £50." The poet's indefiniteness here seems to be explained by supervisor Findlater in a letter to the *Glasgow Courier*, March 1834:—"A year or two before the poet's death, an addition of £15 per annum had been made to the Dumfries officers' salaries, accompanied with the condition of being stopped to those not doing duty." Thus, Burns's nominal salary of £70 was raised to £85, and he seems to have calculated that, when laid aside, only one-half of his nominal salary would be the abatement, still leaving him £50. However the *bonus*, or extra £15, came to a full stop, and left him only £35, as stated in the text. When Burns here speaks of having to keep a horse in country quarters, he refers to the fact that the exercise of riding had been prescribed by his medical advisers.

country quarters—with a wife and five* children at home on £35? I mention this, because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and all the friends you can muster, to move our Commissioners of the Excise to grant me the full salary—I dare say you know them all personally. If they do not grant it me, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poëte.* If I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger.

I have sent you one of the songs (Lord Gregory); the other my memory does not serve me with, and I have no copy here; but I shall be at home soon, when I will send it you. Apropos to being at home, Mrs. Burns threatens in a week or two, to add one more to my paternal charge, which, if of the right gender, I intend shall be introduced to the world by the respectable designation of *Alexander Cunningham Burns.* My last was *James Glencairn*, so you can have no objection to the company of nobility. Farewell! ROBT. BURNS.

The following anecdote, belonging to this period, is given in the words of Mr. John M'Diarmid, and there is no doubt of its authenticity:—"Rousseau, we all know, wished when dying to be carried into the open air, that he might obtain a parting look of the glorious orb of day. A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the late minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig (now Mrs. Henry Duncan) was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window blinds. Burns guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said, 'Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh, let him shine! he will not shine long for me.'"

* The poet at this time had only four living children by Mrs. Burns; therefore he must have included here his illegitimate daughter by Ann Park, who was brought up with his own family; or otherwise, he may have reckoned on Mrs. Burns's forthcoming child.

(3) TO MR. GILBERT BURNS, MOSSGIEL.

(GILBERT BURNS'S ED. 1820.)

BROW, *Sunday, 10th July* 1796.

DEAR BROTHER,—It will be no very pleasing news to you to be told that I am dangerously ill, and not likely to get better. An inveterate rheumatism has reduced me to such a state of debility, and my appetite is so totally gone, that I can scarcely stand on my legs. I have been a week at sea-bathing, and I will continue there, or in a friend's house in the country, all the summer. God keep my wife and children; if I am taken from their head, they will be poor indeed. I have contracted one or two serious debts, partly from my illness these many months, and partly from too much thoughtlessness as to the expense when I came to town, that will cut in too much on the little I leave them in your hands. Remember me to my mother.—Yours, R. B.

(1) TO MR. JAMES ARMOUR, MAUCHLINE.

(DR. WADDELL'S ED., 1869.)

BROW, *July* 10, 1796.

FOR Heaven's sake, and as you value the welfare of your daughter and my wife, do, my dearest Sir, write to Fife to Mrs. Armour to come if possible. My wife thinks she can yet reckon upon a fortnight. The medical people order me, *as I value my existence*, to fly to sea-bathing* and country quarters; so it is ten thousand chances to one that I shall not be within

* Here, under the poet's own hand, we have an express contradiction to Dr. Currie's assertion (no doubt founded on Dr. Maxwell's report), that Burns, "impatient of medical advice, as well as every species of controul, determined for himself to try the effects of sea-bathing.'

a dozen miles of her when the hour comes. What a situation for her, poor girl, without a single friend by her on such a serious moment.

I have now been a week at salt water, and though I think I have got some good by it, yet I have some secret fears that this business will be dangerous, if not fatal. Your most affectionate son, R. B.

(42) TO MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

BROW, *Tuesday, 12th July* 1796.

MADAM,—I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am.* An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond "that bourne whence no traveller returns." Your friendship, with which for many years you honored me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!! R. B.

At this crisis, a letter reached Burns from a writer in Dumfries craving payment of about £7, 10*s*., due by him to a clothier, for his volunteer uniform. This had a very disturbing effect on his mind; and although it seems the agent's letter contained no threats of legal proceedings, nevertheless, in his present weak condition, he regarded it as conveying the extremest menaces of personal diligence. He therefore wrote to George Thomson imploring an advance of five† pounds, and also to his cousin in Montrose for a loan of ten pounds, to meet his dreaded emergencies.

* Mrs. Dunlop's lamented neglect to reply to the poet's letters for two whole years, has been sufficiently discussed at page 88, *supra*.

† See page 312, Vol. V.

([10]) TO MR. JAMES BURNESS, WRITER, MONTROSE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

MY DEAREST COUSIN,—When you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher, to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? O James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! The worst of it is my health was coming about finely you know, and my physician assures me that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease; guess then my horrors when this business began! If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well in a manner. How shall I use the language to you, Oh do not disappoint me!—but strong necessity's curst command——

I have been thinking over and over my brother's affairs, and I fear I must cut him up; but on this I will correspond at another time, particularly as I shall [need] your advice.

Forgive me for once more mention—by return of post. Save me from the horrors of a jail!

My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible I dare not look it over again.—Farewell. R. BURNS.

July 12. [*Tuesday.*]*

The last verses that Burns lived to compose were forwarded to George Thomson the same day on which the above melan-

* Collated with the poet's holograph, in his monument at Edinburgh.

choly letter was written—"I tried my hand on *Rothiemurchie* this morning." A sense of unmerited desertion by some of his most cherished friends of happier days pervades his mind. He imagines himself at Harvieston, in sight of the lofty Ochills, and he sings to Peggy Chalmers a little reproachful song. The words fit the undulations of the beautiful air with the utmost exactness.

"Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear;
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
O did not Love exclaim—'Forbear!
Nor use a faithful lover so?'"

The pleasure he must have experienced in his wonted lyrical exercise is soon dashed by reading the odious letter above referred to; and distractedly he transcribes the verses just composed, and forwards them to Thomson, imploring him to remit five pounds—"Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds worth of the neatest song genius you have seen."

In a few days the post conveyed to him money orders from Burness and Thomson;* but the bard was unconscious when these reached him, and he paid the debt of nature without their help.

(*) TO JAMES GRACIE, ESQ., BANKER, DUMFRIES.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

BROW, *Wednesday Morn*, [*13th July.*]

MY DEAR SIR,—It would be doing high injustice to this place not to acknowledge that my rheumatisms

* Mr. Findlater asserted that Commissioner Graham, regretting his inability to move his brother commissioners to grant Burns his full salary, sent him a private donation of £5, which unfortunately arrived too late to serve the purpose intended. It would be ungracious to express any doubt of so probable an act of generosity; but while we find in the widow's "Inventory of the personal estate of the umquhile Robert Burns," presented to the Commissary of Dumfries, the draft for £10 sent by Mr. Burness, and that for £5 sent by Mr. Thomson, we look in vain for the item applicable to Mr. Graham's remittance.

have derived great benefit from it already; but alas! my loss of appetite still continues. I shall not need your kind offer* *this* week, and I return to town the beginning of next week, it being not a tide-week. I am detaining a man in a burning hurry. So, God bless you! R. B.

(?) TO MRS. BURNS, DUMFRIES.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

BROW, *Thursday*, [14*th July*.]

MY DEAREST LOVE,—I delayed writing until I could tell you what effect sea-bathing was likely to produce. It would be injustice to deny that it has eased my pains, and, I think, has strengthened me; but my appetite is still extremely bad. No flesh nor fish can I swallow; porridge and milk is the only thing I taste. I am very happy to hear, by Miss Jessy Lewars,† that you are all well. My best and kindest compliments to her, and to all the children. I will see you on Sunday. Your affectionate husband, R. B.

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* To send a coach to give him an airing.

† That is to say—"by a letter from Jessy Lewars." Through a misreading of the text, a modern versifier, in the delusion that Miss Lewars attended the poet at Brow, was tempted to impose on the world some fictitious stanzas as a composition of Burns during his brief sojourn there. They were first published in the *New York Scotsman* of June 17, 1876. Out of eight double stanzas, headed "To Jessie Lewars," we cull the following lines to indicate the piece:—

"Ah! what is fame? Its wreath of bays
Cools not the fevered brow,
Though proudly it may tell his name
Who whistled at the plough,
And wrote a simple song or two
For happier hearts to sing,
Among the shining sheaves of corn,
Or round the household ring."

(1) TO JOHN CLARK, ESQUIRE, LOCHERWOODS.

(DOUGLAS, 1877.)

Saturday Noon [BROW, 16 *July*.]

MY DEAR SIR,—My hours of bathing have interfered so unluckily as to have put it out of my power to wait on you. In the meantime, as the tides are over, I anxiously wish to return to town, as I have not heard any news of Mrs. Burns these two days. Dare I be so bold as to borrow your gig? I have a horse at command, but it threatens to rain, and getting wet is perdition. Any time about three in the afternoon will suit me exactly.

Yours most gratefully and sincerely, R. BURNS.

The original MS. of the foregoing note was obligingly sent to Mr. Douglas by Capt. Alex. W. M. Clark Kennedy, of Knockgray, late of the Coldstream Guards. He found it recently among the papers of his great-grandfather, the late Mr. Clark of Minland. We presume that Burns left Brow on Monday, 18th July, in Mr. Clark's gig, as proposed in the note, for, although it was the poet's wish to leave on Saturday afternoon, some casualty may have set aside that arrangement. Dr. Currie's account is that the pains in the poet's limbs were relieved by the sea-bathing; but this "was *immediately* followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright." According to Allan Cunningham, he was brought home "in a small spring cart," which may have been the "gig" from Locherwood referred to in the poet's note. Currie says that after his arrival "a tremor pervaded his frame, his tongue was parched, and his mind sank into delirium when not roused by conversation." He nevertheless was able to pen the following note to his father-in-law, which undoubtedly is the very last written effort of Burns.*

* It is deplorable that even truthfully disposed men will deviate from facts, in their eagerness to support a pet argument. Mr. James Gray of the High School, Edinburgh, and afterwards "in holy orders" at Bhooj, in Cutch, Bombay, thus asserted in his well-known vindication of Burns:—"I saw him four days before he died, and though the hand of death was obviously upon him, he repeated to me a little poem he had composed the day before, full of energy and tenderness." Four days before his death was Sunday 17th July. Was Mr. Gray then at Brow? Burns's last little poem was (as we have seen) composed on Tuesday the 12th.

(²) TO MR. JAMES ARMOUR, MAUCHLINE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

DUMFRIES, *Monday*, 18*th July*.

MY DEAR SIR,—Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone, that the disorder will prove fatal to me.

Your son-in-law, R. B.

Few, but very affecting, are the particulars that have been recorded of the final death-bed scene, which really comprehended only two days and three nights, that is, from Monday evening the 18th, to Thursday morning of 21st of July. The most reliable account is that given by Mrs. Burns in her communications to Mr. M'Diarmid—"I was so struck with the change in his appearance when he came back, that I became quite speechless. From this period he was closely confined to his bed, and was *scarcely himself* for half an hour together. He was aware of this infirmity, and asked me to touch him, and remind him when he was going wrong. On the third night before he died I missed him from the bed, and found him sitting in the corner of the room with the bed-clothes about him. I got assistance, and he suffered himself to be quietly led back to bed. But for the *fit*, his strength would have been unequal to such exertion. The day before he died, he called out very quickly, and with a hale voice, 'Gilbert! Gilbert!' "—Dr. Currie adds, "On the fourth day, the sufferings of this great, but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which Virtue and Passion were at constant variance."

Chambers explains, in regard to the very last moments of the bard, that "to secure quietness, the children had been sent to the house of Mr. Lewars. Jessy hovered by his couch with her usual assiduity, and Findlater occasionally came to soothe the last moments of his friend. Early in the morning of the 21st, Burns had sunk into deep delirium, and it became evi-

dent that nature was well-nigh exhausted. Dr. Maxwell, who had watched by his bed the greater part of the night, was gone, and the only persons who remained in the room were a pair of humble but sympathizing neighbors. The children were sent for to see their parent for the last time in life. They stood round the bed, while calmly and gradually he sank into his last repose. The eldest son retained a distinct recollection of the scene, and has reported the sad fact that the last words of the bard were a muttered execration against the legal agent by whose letter, wittingly or unwittingly, the parting days of Burns had been embittered."

To the above authentic information certain details have been added by Allan Cunningham, as from his own observation, which, however picturesque, cannot be accepted in any other light than as an effort of fancy. The narrator in fact was only eleven years and a few months old when Burns died. That he even lived in Dumfries at the time may be doubted. "Dumfries," he tells us, "was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeds all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street and from house to house." One of the deathbed incidents he thus narrates without stating his authority:—"His good humor was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow-volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bedside with eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire upon me.'"

"The death of Burns," says Currie, "made a strong and general impression on all who had interested themselves in his character, and especially on the inhabitants of the town and county in which he had spent the latter years of his life. Flagrant as his follies and errors had been, they had not deprived him of the respect and regard entertained for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart. The Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries resolved to bury their illustrious associate with military honors, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn

and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angus-shire,* and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports,† at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighborhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish Bard."

To suit these arrangements, the coffined remains of the poet were removed from his house to the Town Hall on the evening of Sunday, 24th July; and at twelve o'clock noon of the following day the funeral cortege moved in the direction of his last resting-place in St. Michael's Church-yard. The streets were lined by the military, and the great bells of the churches tolled at intervals as the procession passed on, headed by a firing party of twenty members of the poet's own company of Volunteers in full uniform, and arms reversed. The bier was surrounded and supported by members of the same company, each wearing crape on the left arm; and that was immediately followed by relatives of the deceased and chief inhabitants of town and country. After these came the remainder of the Volunteers, followed by a military guard—the whole procession moving in slow time to the solemn music of the "Dead March in Saul." Arrived at the churchyard gate, the firing party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their fire-locks, which were pointed to the ground. Through this space the coffin was borne forward to the grave, and solemnly deposited in the earth. The party then drew up alongside of it, and fired the farewell salute of three volleys over the body of their sleeping comrade. Thus closed a ceremony which presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, according well with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we can scarce see again.

The foregoing account is taken nearly verbatim from the "Dumfries Journal" of Tuesday, 26th July 1796. We are thus particular in order to correct an error of date committed by

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* According to Dr. Charles Rogers, one of the privates of this regiment was John Burnes, then twenty-four years old, a distant Kincardineshire relation of Burns. That genealogist, however, ventures on the unsupported statement that the poet and his "far-away cousin" became acquainted in Dumfries, and that while there the latter composed his afterwards well-known chapbook metrical tale, called "Thrummy Cap," and submitted it to the ailing bard's inspection. *Gen. Mem.* 1877, *p.* 10.

† Among the junior officers of this Cavalry Regiment was the Hon. Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, and Prime Minister.—*R. Chambers.*

Currie, Lockhart, Cunningham, and others, who represent the funeral as taking place on 26th July.* Lockhart also speaks of the poet's remains being "laid in state" in the Town Hall. This latter mistake seems to have arisen through an apocryphal statement by Allan Cunningham, who tells his readers that several days after the poet's death, he was one of a long procession of sympathizing neighbors who "went to see him laid out for the grave." That biographer has also been detected in a misstatement as to the weather on the day of interment: his words are, "The day was a fine one, the sky was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight." He is thus contradicted by the recent recovery of a diary written by the late Mr. William Grierson of Dumfries, quoted by Dr. Waddell on this question:—"Monday 25th. Showery forenoon, pleasant afternoon, wet evening and night. This day, at 12 o'clock, went to the burial of Robert Burns," &c. The value of the adage, "One jotting made on the spot is worth a cart load of recollections," is thus established in a striking manner.

Dr. Currie concludes his account of the interment of Burns by noting the affecting circumstance that "on the morning of the day of her husband's funeral, Mrs. Burns was undergoing the pains of labor, and that during the solemn service above described, the posthumous son of our poet was born."

The reader will have observed that Burns, in writing to Mr. Alexander Cunningham, precisely a fortnight before he expired, promised to name his forthcoming child (if a boy) "Alexander Cunningham Burns." The boy, however, received the name of "Maxwell," in compliment to the amiable physician who so kindly gave his services to the family of the bard. Currie farther informs us that shortly after the death of Burns, "the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighborhood opened a subscription for the support of his wife and family, and Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, Mr. M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. Syme, and Mr. Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, became trustees for the application of the money to its proper objects." In the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 26th July appeared a notice on this subject which must have been drawn by a very injudicious friend, its tone being most disrespectful to the memory of the deceased, as the following excerpt will show:—"The public to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will

* A striking instance of how errors are perpetuated is shown in the poet's Family Register. Col. W. N. Burns closed the record by noting that the boy "Maxwell was born on 26th July, the day of his father's funeral."

hear with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered him useless to himself and family. The last moments of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence; and his widow with five infant children, and in hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband."*

A question of some nicety has arisen in regard to the apparently premature death of Burns. Was this untimely eclipse inevitable? Robert Chambers was disposed to contend that "the bard's life was cut short by an accidental disease in the midst of a career attended by no essential privations, and not unhopeful." Carlyle started the same question, but he inclines to an opposite view from that of Chambers. "We are not medically informed," he writes, "whether any continuance of years was at this period probable for Burns—whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events *some change* could not be far distant. Three gates of deliverance, it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The *first*, with longer life, was still possible, though not probable; for physical causes were beginning to be concerned in it: and yet Burns had an iron resolution, could he but have seen and felt that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes lay there. The *second* was still less probable; for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So, the milder *third* gate was opened for him; and he passed, not softly yet speedily, into the still country, where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load."

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* It is evident from this closing sentence, that the Advertisement had been drawn up (probably by Syme) before the poet's funeral. Here also, the child "Elizabeth," daughter of the deceased Ann Park of the Globe Tavern, must be included with the poet's children, to make up the number stated.



THE ROOM IN WHICH BURNS WAS BORN—"There was a lad was born in Kyle."



BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

[THE story of the poet's life has been very fully interwoven with the chronological arrangement of his works in this and the preceding volumes; but as the student may wish to study it in a connected form, we have much pleasure in being able to present it in such a graphic and concise narrative as seldom occurs with the memoirs of any man.

It was written by Alexander Smith,* who, next to Burns, is the best poet Ayrshire has produced. This memoir elicited from Mr. Wm. Scott Douglas, the most devoted, painstaking and ablest editor that Burns has had, the following high praise: "*Alexander Smith's Memoir of Burns is the finest piece*

* Alexander Smith was born at Kilmarnock, 1830, and died 1867 (same age as Burns). His chief works were: "Essays," "A Life Drama," "City Poems," "Dreamthorpe," and "Last Leaves." He received a common-school education, and obtained employment in Glasgow as apprentice to a pattern designer—an occupation which his father had followed in Kilmarnock. He drifted into literature, and at the time of his death was looked on as one of the best essay writers of his time.—G. G.

of biography of its extent that ever was written." With this estimate we cordially agree.—G. G.]

ROBERT BURNS was born about two miles to the south of Ayr, in the neighborhood of Alloway Kirk and the Bridge of Doon, on the 25th January, 1759. The cottage, a clay one, had been constructed by his father, and a week after the poet's birth it gave way in a violent wind, and mother and child were carried at midnight to the shelter of a neighbor's dwelling.

When Burns became famous he wore, more however for ornament than use—like the second jacket of a hussar—a certain vague Jacobitism. Both in his verses and his letters he makes allusion to the constancy with which his ancestors followed the banner of the Stuarts, and to the misfortunes which their loyalty brought upon them. The family was a Kincardineshire one—in which county, indeed, it can be traced pretty far back by inscriptions in churchyards, documents appertaining to leases and the like—and the poet's grandfather and uncles were out, it is said, in the Rebellion of 1715. When the title and estates of the Earl Marischal were forfeited on account of the uprising, Burns's grandfather seems to have been brought into trouble. He lost his farm, and his son came southward in search of employment. The poet's father, who spelt his name Burnes, and who was suspected of having a share in the Rebellion of 1745, came into the neighborhood of Edinburgh, where he obtained employment as a gardener. Afterwards he went into Ayrshire, where, becoming overseer to Mr. Ferguson of Doonholm and leasing a few acres of land, he erected a house and brought home his wife, Agnes Brown, in December 1757. Robert was the firstborn. Brain, hypochondria, and general superiority he inherited from his father; from his mother he drew his lyrical gift, his wit, his mirth. She had a fine complexion, bright dark eyes, cheerful spirits, and a memory stored with song and ballad—a love for which Robert drew in with her milk.

In 1766, William Burnes removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant in the parish of Ayr; but the soil was sour and bitter, and on the death of Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mount Oliphant belonged, the management of the estate fell into the hands of a factor, of whom all the world has heard. Disputes arose between the official and the tenant. Harsh letters were read by the fireside at Mount Oliphant, and were remembered years afterwards, bitterly enough, by at least one of the listeners. Burnes left his farm after an occupancy of six

years, and removed to Lochlea, a larger and better one in the parish of Tarbolton. Here, however, an unfortunate difference arose between tenant and landlord as to the conditions of lease. Arbitraters were chosen, and a decision was given in favor of the proprietor. This misfortune seems to have broken the spirit of Burnes. He died of consumption on the 13th February, 1784, aged 63, weary enough of his long strife with poverty and ungenial soils, but not before he had learned to take pride in the abilities of his eldest son, and to tremble for his passions.

Burnes was an admirable specimen of the Scottish yeoman, or small farmer, of the last century; for peasant he never was, nor did he come of a race of peasants. In his whole mental build and training he was superior to the people by whom he was surrounded. He had forefathers he could look back to; he had family traditions which he kept sacred. Hard-headed, industrious, religious, somewhat austere, he ruled his household with a despotism, which affection and respect on the part of the ruled made light and easy. To the blood of the Burneses a love of knowledge was native as valor, in the old times, was native to the blood of the Douglasses. The poet's grandfather built a school at Clockenhill in Kincardine, the first known in that part of the country. Burnes was of the same strain, and he resolved that his sons should have every educational advantage his means could allow. To secure this he was willing to rise early and drudge late. Accordingly, Robert, when six years old, was sent to a school at Alloway Mill; and on the removal of the teacher a few months afterwards to another post, Burnes, in connection with a few of his neighbors, engaged Mr. John Murdoch, boarding him in their houses by turns, and paying him a small sum of money quarterly. Mr. Murdoch entered upon his duties, and had Robert and Gilbert for pupils. Under him they acquired reading, spelling, and writing; they were drilled in English grammar, taught to turn verse into prose, to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and to supply ellipses. He also attempted to teach them a little Church music, but with no great success. He seems to have taken to the boys, and to have been pleased with their industry and intelligence. Gilbert was his favorite on account of his gay spirits and frolicksome look. Robert was by comparison taciturn—distinctly stupid in the matter of psalmody—and his countenance was swarthy, serious, and grave.

Our information respecting the family circle at Mount Oli-

phant, more interesting *now* than that of any other contemporary Scottish family circle, is derived entirely from the reminiscences of the tutor, and of Gilbert and Robert themselves. And however we may value every trivial fact and hint, and attempt to make it a window of insight, these days, as they passed on, seemed dull and matter-of-fact enough to all concerned. Mr. Murdoch considered his pupils creditably diligent, but nowise remarkable. To Gilbert, these early years were made interesting when looked back upon in the light of his brother's glory. Of that period, Robert wrote a good deal at various times to various correspondents, when the world had become curious; but as in the case of all such writings, he unconsciously mixes the past with the present—looks back on his ninth year with the eyes of his thirtieth. He tells us that he was by no means a favorite with anybody; that though it cost the master some thrashings, "I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles." Also we are told that in the family resided a certain old woman—Betty Davidson by name, as research has discovered—who had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, &c.; and that to the recital of these Robert gave attentive ear, unconsciously laying up material for future *Tams-O-Shanter*, and *Addresses to the Deil.* As for books, he had procured the *Life of Hannibal*, and the *History of Sir William Wallace;* the first of a classical turn, lent by Mr. Murdoch; the second, purely traditionary, the property of a neighboring blacksmith, constituting probably his entire secular library; and in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, he describes how the perusal of the latter moved him,—

"In those boyish days, I remember in particular being struck with that part of Wallace's story where these lines occur:

> **Syne to the Leglen wood when it was late,**
> **To make a silent and a safe retreat.**

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked half a dozen miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto, and explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged."

When Mr. Murdoch left Mount Oliphant, the education of the family fell on the father, who, when the boys came in from labor on the edge of the wintry twilight, lit his candle and taught them arithmetic. He also, when engaged in work

with his sons, directed the conversation to improving subjects. He got books for them from a book society in Ayr; among which are named Derham's *Physico and Astro-Theology*, and Ray's *Wisdom of God*. Stackhouse's *History of the Bible* was in the house, and from it Robert contrived to extract a considerable knowledge of ancient history. Mr. Murdoch sometimes visited the family and brought books with him. On one occasion he read *Titus Andronicus* aloud at Mount Oliphant, and Robert's pure taste rose in a passionate revolt against its



THE BAY OF AYR FROM MOUNT OLIPHANT.

coarse cruelties and unspiritual horrors. When about fourteen years of age, he and his brother Gilbert were sent "week about during a summer quarter" to a parish school two or three miles distant from the farm to improve themselves in penmanship. Next year, about midsummer, Robert spent three weeks with his tutor, Murdoch, who had established himself in Ayr. The first week was given to a careful revision of the English Grammar, the remaining fortnight was devoted to French, and on his return he brought with him the *Adventures of Telema-*

chus and a *French Dictionary*, and with these he used to work alone during his evenings. He also turned his attention to Latin, but does not seem to have made much progress therein, although in after-life he could introduce a sentence or so of the ancient tongue to adorn his correspondence. By the time the family had left Mount Oliphant, he had torn the heart out of a good many books, among which were several theological works, some of a philosophical nature, a few novels, the *Spectator*, *Shakespere*, *Pope's Homer*, and, above all, the *Works of Allan Ramsay*. These, with the Bible, a collection of English songs, and a collection of letters, were almost the only books he was acquainted with when he broke out in literature. No great library certainly, but he had a quick eye and ear, and all Ayrshire was an open page to him, filled with strange matter, which he only needed to read off into passionate love-song or blistering satire.

In his sixteenth year the family removed from Mount Oliphant to Lochlea. Here Robert and Gilbert were employed regularly on the farm, and received from their father 7*l.* per annum of wages. Up till now, Burns had led a solitary self-contained life, with no companionship save his own thoughts and what books he could procure, with no acquaintances save his father, his brother, and Mr. Murdoch. This seclusion was now about to cease. In his seventeenth year, "to give his manners a finish," he went to a country dancing-school,—an important step in life for any young fellow, a specially important step for a youth of his years, heart, brain, and passion. In the Tarbolton dancing-school the outer world with its fascinations burst upon him. It was like attaining majority and freedom. It was like coming up to London from the provinces. Here he first felt the sweets of society, and could assure himself of the truthfulness of his innate sense of superiority. At the dancing-school, he encountered other young rustics laudably ambitious of "brushing up their manners," and, what was of more consequence, he encountered their partners also. This was his first season, and he was as gay as a young man of fortune who had entered on his first London one. His days were spent in hard work, but the evenings were his own, and these he seems to have spent almost entirely in sweethearting on his own account, or on that of others. His brother tells us that he was almost constantly in love. His inamoratas were the freckled beauties who milked cows and hoed potatoes; but his passionate imagination attired them with the most wonderful graces. He was Antony, and he found a Cleopatra—for



LOCHLEA.

whom the world were well lost—in every harvest field. For some years onward he did not read much; indeed, his fruitful reading, with the exception of *Fergusson's Poems*, of which hereafter, was accomplished by the time he was seventeen; his leisure being occupied in making love to rustic maids, where his big black eyes could come into play. Perhaps on the whole, looking to poetic outcome, he could not have employed himself to better purpose.

He was now rapidly getting perilous cargo on board. The Tarbolton dancing-school introduced him to unlimited sweethearting, and his nineteenth summer, which he spent in the study of mensuration, at the school at Kirkoswald, made him acquainted with the interior of taverns, and with "scenes of swaggering riot." He also made the acquaintance of certain smugglers who frequented that bare and deeply-coved coast, and seems to have been attracted by their lawless ways and speeches. It is characteristic, that in the midst of his studies, he was upset by the charms of a country girl who lived next door to the school. While taking the sun's altitude, he observed her walking in the adjoining garden, and Love put Trigonometry to flight. During his stay at Kirkoswald, he had read *Shenstone* and *Thomson*, and on his return home he maintained a literary correspondence with his schoolfellows, and pleased his vanity with the thought that he could turn a sentence with greater skill and neatness than any one of them.

For some time it had been Burns's habit to take a small portion of land from his father for the purpose of raising flax; and, as he had now some idea of settling in life, it struck him that if he could add to his farmer-craft the accomplishment of flax-dressing, it might not be unprofitable. He accordingly went to live with a relation of his mother's in Irvine—Peacock by name—who followed that business, and with him for some time he worked with diligence and success. But while welcoming the New Year morning after a bacchanalian fashion, the premises took fire, and his schemes were laid waste. Just at this time, too—to complete his discomfiture—he had been jilted by a sweetheart, "who had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony." In almost all the foul weather which Burns encountered, a woman may be discovered flitting through it like a stormy petrel. His residence at Irvine was a loss, in a worldly point of view, but there he ripened rapidly, both spiritually and poetically. At Irvine, as at Kirkoswald, he made the acquaintance of persons engaged

in contraband traffic, and he tells us that a chief friend of his "spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor—which, hitherto, I had regarded with horror. There his friendship did me a mischief." About this time, too, John Rankine—to whom he afterwards addressed several of his epistles—introduced him to St. Mary's Lodge, in Tarbolton, and he became an enthusiastic Freemason. Of his mental states and intellectual progress, we are furnished with numerous hints. He was member of a debating club at Tarbolton, and the question for Hallowe'en still exists in his handwriting. It is as follows:—"Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women, the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behavior, but without any fortune; which of them shall he choose?" Not a bad subject for a collection of clever rustics to sharpen their wits upon! We may surmise that Burns found himself as much superior in debate to his companions at the Bachelors' Club as he had previously found himself superior to his Kirkoswald correspondents in letter-writing. The question for the Hallowe'en discussion is interesting mainly in so far as it indicates what kind of discussions were being at that time conducted in his own brain; and also how habitually, then and afterwards, his thinking grew out of his personal condition and surroundings. A question of this kind interested him more than whether, for instance, Cromwell deserved well of his country. Neither now nor afterwards did he trouble himself much about far-removed things. He cared for no other land than Caledonia. He did not sing of Helen's beauty, but of the beauty of the country girl he loved. His poems were as much the product of his own farm and its immediate neighborhood, as were the clothes and shoes he wore, the oats and turnips he grew. Another aspect of him may be found in the letter addressed to his father three days before the Irvine flax-shop went on fire. It is infected with a magnificent hypochondriasis. It is written as by a Bolingbroke—by a man who had played for a mighty stake, and who, when defeated, could smile gloomily and turn fortune's slipperiness into parables. And all the while the dark philosophy and the rolling periods flowed from the pen of a country lad, whose lodgings are understood to have cost a shilling per week, and "whose meal was nearly out, but who was going to borrow till he got more." One other circum-

stance attending his Irvine life deserves notice—his falling in with a copy of *Fergusson's Poems*. For some time previously he had not written much, but *Fergusson* stirred him with emulation; and on his removal to Mossgiel, shortly afterwards, he in a single winter poured forth more *immortal* verse—measured by mere quantity—than almost any poet in the same space of time, either before his day or after.

Three months before the death of the elder Burnes, Robert and Gilbert rented the farm of Mossgiel in the parish of Mauchline. The farm consisted of 119 acres, and its rent was 90*l*. After the father's death the whole family removed thither. Burns was now twenty-four years of age, and come to his full strength of limb, brain, and passion. As a young farmer on his own account, he mixed more freely than hitherto in the society of the country-side, and in a more independent fashion. He had the black eyes which Sir Walter saw afterwards in Edinburgh and remembered to have "glowed." He had wit, which convulsed the Masonic Meetings, and a rough-and-ready sarcasm with which he flayed his foes. Besides all this, his companionship at Irvine had borne its fruits. He had become the father of an illegitimate child, had been rebuked for his transgression before the congregation, and had, in revenge, written wicked and witty verses on the reprimand and its occasion, to his correspondent Rankine. And when we note here that he came into fierce collision with at least one section of the clergy of his country, all the conditions have been indicated which went to make up Burns the man, and Burns the poet.

Ayrshire was at this period a sort of theological bear-garden. The more important clergymen of the district were divided into New Lights and Auld Lights; they wrangled in Church Courts, they wrote and harangued against each other; and, as the adherents of the one party or the other made up almost the entire population, and as in such disputes Scotchmen take an extraordinary interest, the county was set very prettily by the ears. The Auld Light divines were strict Calvinists, laying great stress on the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and inclined generally to exercise spiritual authority after a somewhat despotic fashion. The New Light divines were less dogmatic, less inclined to religious gloom and acerbity, and they possessed, on the whole, more literature and knowledge of the world. Burns became deeply interested in the theological warfare, and at once ranged himself on the liberal side. From his being a poet this was to have been expected, but various

circumstances concurred in making his partisanship more than usually decided. The elder Burnes was, in his ways of thinking, a New Light, and his religious notions he impressed carefully on his children—his son consequently, in taking up the ground he did, was acting in accordance with received



MAIN STREET, MAUCHLINE.

ideas and with early training. Besides, Burns's most important friends at this period—Mr. Gavin Hamilton, from whom he held his farm on a sub-lease, and Mr. Aitken, to whom the *Cotter's Saturday Night* was dedicated—were in the thick of the contest on the New Light side. Mr. Hamilton was engaged in personal dispute with the Rev. Mr. Auld—the clergyman who rebuked Burns—and Mr. Aitken had the management of the case of Dr. MacGill, who was cited before the local Church Courts on a charge of heterodoxy. Hamilton and Aitken held a certain position in the county—they were full of talent, they were hospitable, they were witty in themselves, and could appreciate wit in others. They were of higher social rank than Burns's associates had hitherto been, they had formed a warm friendship for him, and it was not unnatural that he should

become their ally, and serve their cause with what weapons he had. Besides, wit has ever been a foe to the Puritan. Cavaliers fight with song and jest, as well as with sword and spear, and sometimes more effectively. Hudibras and Worcester are flung into opposite scales, and make the balance even. From training and temperament, Burns was an enemy of the Auld Light section; conscious of his powers, and burning to distinguish himself, he searched for an opportunity as anxiously as ever did Irishman for a head at Donnybrook, and when he found it, he struck, without too curiously inquiring into the rights and wrongs of the matter. At Masonic Meetings, at the tables of his friends, at fairs, at gatherings round church-doors on Sundays, he argued, talked, joked, flung out sarcasms—to be gathered up, repeated, and re-repeated—and maddened in every way the wild-boar of orthodoxy by the javelins of epigram. The satirical opportunity at length came, and Burns was not slow to take advantage of it. Two Auld Light divines, the Rev. John Russel and the Rev. Alex. Moodie, quarrelled about their respective parochial boundaries, and the question came before the Presbytery for settlement. In the court—when Burns was present—the reverend gentlemen indulged in coarse personal altercation, and the *Twa Herds* was the result. Copies of this satire were handed about, and for the first time Burns tasted how sweet a thing was applause. The circle of his acquaintances extended itself, and he could now call several clergymen of the moderate party his friends. The *Twa Herds* was followed by the tremendous satire of *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and by the *Holy Fair*—the last equally witty, equally familiar in its allusions to sacred things, but distinguished by short poetic touches, by descriptions of character and manners, unknown in Scottish poetry since the days of Dunbar. These pieces caused great stir; friends admired and applauded; foes hated and reviled. His brother Gilbert spoke words of caution which, had Burns heeded, it would have been better for his fame. But to check such thunder in mid-volley was, perhaps, more than could have been expected of poetic flesh and blood.

Burns interested himself deeply in the theological disputes of his district, but he did not employ himself entirely in writing squibs against that section of the clergy which he disliked. He had already composed *Mailie's Elegy* and the *Epistle to Davie*—the first working in an element of humor ennobled by moral reflection, a peculiar manner in which he lived to produce finer specimens; the second almost purely

didactic, and which he hardly ever surpassed—and as he was now in the full flush of inspiration, every other day produced its poem. He did not go far a-field for his subjects; he found sufficient inspiration in his daily life and the most familiar objects. The schoolmaster of Tarbolton had established a shop for groceries, and having a liking for the study of medicine, he took upon himself the airs of a physician, and advertised that "advice would be given in common disorders, at the shop, gratis." On one occasion, at the Tarbolton Mason-lodge, when Burns was present, the schoolmaster made a somewhat ostentatious display of his medical acquirements. To a man so easily moved as Burns, this hint was sufficient. On his way home from the Lodge the terrible grotesquerie of *Death and Dr. Hornbook* floated through his mind, and on the following afternoon the verses were repeated to Gilbert. Not long after, in a Sunday afternoon walk, he recited to Gilbert the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, who described himself as electrified by the recital—as indeed he might well be. To Gilbert also the *Address to the Deil* was repeated while the two brothers were engaged with their carts in bringing home coals for family use. At this time, too, his poetic *Epistles to Lapraik* and others were composed—pieces which for *verve* and hurry and gush of versification seem to have been written at a sitting, yet for curious felicities of expression might have been under the file for years. It was Burns's habit, Mr. Chambers tells us, to keep his MSS. in the drawer of a little deal table in the garret at Mossgiel; and his youngest sister was wont, when he went out to afternoon labor, to slip up quietly and hunt for the freshly-written verses. Indeed, during the winter of 1785–86 Burns wrote almost all the poems which were afterwards published in the Kilmarnock edition.

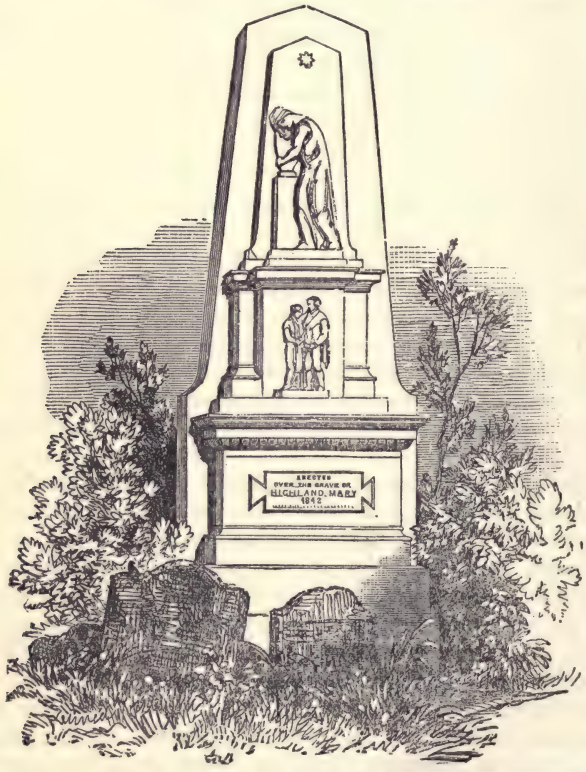
But at this time he had other matters on hand than the writing of verses. The farm at Mossgiel was turning out badly; the soil was sour and wet, and, from mistakes in the matter of seed, the crops were failures. His prospects were made still darker by his relation with Jean Armour. He had made the acquaintance of this young woman at a penny wedding in Mauchline, shortly after he went to reside at Mossgiel, and the acquaintanceship, on his part at least, soon ripened into passion. In the spring of 1786, when baited with farming difficulties, he learned that Jean was about to become a mother, and the intelligence came on him like a thunder-clap. Urged by a very proper feeling, he resolved to make the unhappy young woman all the reparation in his power, and accordingly

he placed in her hands a written acknowledgment of marriage —a document sufficient by the law of Scotland to legalize their connection, though after a somewhat irregular fashion. When Mr. Armour heard of Jean's intimacy with Burns and its miserable result, he was moved with indignation, and he finally persuaded her to deliver into his hands Burns's written paper, and this document he destroyed, although, for anything he knew, he destroyed along with it his daughter's good fame. Burns's feelings at this crisis may be imagined. Pride, love, anger, despair, strove for mastery in his breast. Weary of his country, almost of his existence, and seeing ruin staring him in the face at Mossgiel, he resolved to seek better fortune and solace for a lacerated heart, in exile. He accordingly arranged with Dr. Douglas to act as book-keeper on his estate in Jamaica. In order to earn the passage money, he was advised to publish the wonderful verses then lying in the drawer of the deal table at Mossgiel. This advice jumped pleasantly enough with his own wishes, and without loss of time he issued his subscription papers and began to prepare for the press. He knew that his poems possessed merit; he felt that applause would sweeten his "good night." It is curious to think of Burns's wretched state—in a spiritual as well as a pecuniary sense—at this time, and of the centenary,* the other year which girdled the planet as with a blaze of festal fire and a roll of triumphal drums! Curious to think that the volume which Scotland regards as the most precious in her possession should have been published to raise nine pounds to carry its author into exile!

All the world has heard of Highland Mary—in life a maid-servant in the family of Mr. Hamilton, after death to be remembered with Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura. How Burns and Mary became acquainted we have little means of knowing—indeed the whole relationship is somewhat obscure —but Burns loved her as he loved no other woman, and her memory is preserved in the finest expression of his love and grief. Strangely enough, it seems to have been in the fierce rupture between himself and Jean that this white flower of love sprang up, sudden in its growth, brief in its passion and beauty. It was arranged that the lovers should become man and wife, and that Mary should return to her friends to prepare for her wedding. Before her departure there was a farewell scene. "On the second Sunday of May," Burns writes to Mr. Thomson, after an historical fashion which has some-

* In 1859.

thing touching in it, "in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr the interview took place." The lovers met and plighted solemn troth. According to popular statement, they stood on either side of a brook, they dipped their hands in the water, exchanged Bibles—and parted. Mary died at Greenock, and was buried in a dingy churchyard hemmed by narrow streets—beclanged now by innumerable hammers, and within a stone's throw of passing steamers. Information of her death was brought to Burns at Mossgiel; he went to the window to read the letter, and the family noticed that on a sudden his



MONUMENT OVER HIGHLAND MARY'S GRAVE IN GREENOCK CHURCH-YARD.

face changed. He went out without speaking; they respected his grief and were silent. On the whole matter Burns remained singularly reticent; but years after, from a sudden geysir

of impassioned song, we learn that through all that time she had never been forgotten.

Jean was approaching her confinement, and having heard that Mr. Armour was about to resort to legal measures to force him to maintain his expected progeny—an impossibility in his present circumstances—Burns left Mauchline and went to reside in the neighborhood of Kilmarnock, where, in gloomy mood enough, he corrected his proof sheets. The volume appeared about the end of July, and, thanks to the exertions of his friends, the impression was almost immediately exhausted. Its success was decided. All Ayrshire rang with its praise. His friends were of course anxious that he should remain in Scotland; and as they possessed some influence, he lingered in Ayrshire, loth to depart, hoping that something would turn up, but quite undecided as to the complexion and nature of the desired something. Wronged as he considered himself to have been by the Armour family, he was still conscious of a lingering affection for Jean. The poems having made a conquest of Ayrshire, began to radiate out on every side. Professor Dugald Stewart, then resident at Catrine, had a copy of the poems, and Dr. Blair, who was on a visit to the professor, had his attention drawn to them, and expressed the warmest admiration. Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop on opening the book had been electrified by the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, as Gilbert had been before her, and immediately sent an express to Burns at Mossgiel with a letter of praise and thanks. All this was pleasant enough, but it did not materially mend the situation. Burns could not live on praise alone, and accordingly, so soon as he could muster nine guineas from the sale of his book, he took a steerage passage in a vessel which was expected to sail from Greenock at the end of September. During the month of August he seems to have employed himself in collecting subscriptions, and taking farewell of his friends. Burns was an enthusiastic mason, and we can imagine that his last meeting with the Tarbolton Lodge would be a thing to remember. It *was* remembered, we learn from Mr. Chambers, by a surviving brother, John Lees. John said, "that Burns came in a pair of buckskins, out of which he would always pull the other shilling for the other bowl, till it was five in the morning. An awfu' night *that*." Care left outside the door, we can fancy how the wit would flash, and the big black eyes glow, on such an occasion!

The first edition of his poems being nearly exhausted, his friends encouraged him to produce a second forthwith; but on

application, it was found that the Kilmarnock printer declined to undertake the risk, unless the price of the paper was advanced beforehand. This outlay Burns was at this time unable to afford. On hearing of the circumstance, his friend Mr. Ballantyne offered to advance the money, but urged him to proceed to Edinburgh and publish the second edition there. This advice commended itself to Burns's ambition, but for a while he remained irresolute. Jean, meanwhile, had been confined of twins, and from one of his letters we learn that the "feelings of a father" kept him lingering in Ayrshire. News of the success of his poems came in upon him on every side. Dr. Lawrie, minister of Loudon, to whose family he had recently paid a visit, had forwarded a copy of the poems, with a sketch of the author's life, to Dr. Thomas Blacklock, and had received a letter from that gentleman, expressing the warmest admiration of the writer's genius, and urging that a second and larger edition should at once be proceeded with; adding, that "its intrinsic merits, and the exertions of the author's friends, might give the volume a more universal circulation than anything of the kind which has been published in my time." This letter, so full of encouragement, Dr. Lawrie carried at once to Mr. Gavin Hamilton, and Mr. Hamilton lost no time in placing it in Burns's hands. The poems had been favorably reviewed in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for October, and this number of the periodical, so interesting to all its inmates, would, no doubt, find its way to Mossgiel. Burns seems to have made up his mind to proceed to Edinburgh about the 18th November, a step which was warmly approved by his brother Gilbert; and when his resolution was taken, he acted upon it with promptitude.

He reached Edinburgh on the 28th November, 1786, and took up his residence with John Richmond, a Mauchline acquaintance, who occupied a room in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, for which he paid three shillings a week. Burns for some time after his arrival seems to have had no special object; he wandered about the city, looking down from the Castle on Princes Street; haunting Holyrood Palace and Chapel; standing with cloudy eyelid and hands meditatively knit beside the grave of Fergusson; and from the Canongate glancing up with interest on the quaint tenement in which Allan Ramsay kept his shop, wrote his poems, and curled the wigs of a departed generation of Scotsmen. At the time of Burns's arrival, the Old Town towered up from Holyrood to the Castle, picturesque, smoke-wreathed; and when the darkness came, its climbing tiers

of lights and cressets were reflected in the yet existing Nor' Loch; and the grey uniform streets and squares of the New Town—from which the visitor to-day can look down on



EDINBURGH.

low wooded lands, the Forth, and Fife beyond—were only in course of erection. The literary society of the time was brilliant but exotic, like the French lily or the English rose. For a generation or more the Scottish philosophers, historians, and poets had brought their epigram from France as they brought their claret, and their humor from England as they brought their parliamentary intelligence. Blair of the *Grave* was a Scottish Dr. Young; Home of *Douglas* a Scottish Otway; Mackenzie a Scottish Addison; and Dr. Blair—so far as his criticism was concerned—a sort of Scottish Dr. Johnson. The Scotch brain was genuine enough; the faculty was native, but it poured itself into foreign moulds. The literary grandees wore decorations—honestly earned—but no one could discover amongst them the Order of the Thistle. These men, too, had done their work, and the burly, black-eyed, humorous, passionate ploughman came up amongst them, the herald of a new day and a new order of things; the first king of a new

literary empire, in which he was to be succeeded by Walter Scott,—then a lad of sixteen, engrossing deeds in his father's office, with the Tweed murmuring in his ears, and Melrose standing in the light of his opening imagination—with Hogg, Galt, Wilson, Lockhart and the rest, for his satraps and lieutenants.

Burns's arrival in Edinburgh was an historical event, far more important in itself, and in its issues, than either he or than any other person suspected.

He soon got to work, however. In Ayrshire he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Dalrymple, of Orangefield; that gentleman introduced him to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Glencairn, then resident in Edinburgh; and his lordship introduced him to William Creech, the leading publisher in the city, at whose shop the wits were wont to congregate. Creech undertook the publication of the new edition; and, through the influence of Glencairn, it was arranged that the Caledonian Hunt should subscribe for a hundred copies, and that a guinea should be paid for each. Meantime, Mr. Mackenzie, in the *Lounger*, of date 9th December, wrote a glowing criticism on the poems, which smoothed a way for them into the politer circles. The new edition, dedicated to the Caledonian Hunt, appeared on the 21st April, 1787, containing a list of subscribers' names extending to more than thirty-eight pages. The Hunt, as we have seen, took one hundred copies, and several gentlemen and noblemen subscribed liberally—one taking twenty copies, a second forty copies, a third forty-two copies. The Scots Colleges in France and Spain are also set down as subscribers among individual names. This was splendid success, and Burns felt it. He was regarded as a phenomenon; was asked hither and thither, frequently from kindness and pure admiration—often, however, to be merely talked with and stared at:—this he felt, too, and his vengeful spleen, well kept under on the whole, corroded his heart like a fierce acid. During the winter preceding the publication of the second edition, he was fêted and caressed. He was patronised by the Duchess of Gordon. Lord Glencairn was his friend, so also was Henry Erskine. He was frequently at Lord Monboddo's, where he admired the daughter's beauty more than the father's philosophy; he breakfasted with Dr. Blair; he walked in the mornings to the Braid Hills with Professor Dugald Stewart; and he frequently escaped from these lofty circles to the Masonic Lodge, or to the supper-tables of convivial lawyers, where he felt no restraint, where he could be

wounded by no patronage, and where he flashed and coruscated, and became the soul of the revel. Fashionable and lettered saloons were astonished by Burns's talk; but the interior of taverns—and in Edinburgh tavern life was all but universal at the time—saw the brighter and more constant blaze. This sudden change of fortune—so different from his old life in the Irvine flax heckling-shop, or working the sour Mossgiel lands, or the post of a book-keeper in Jamaica, which he looked forward to, and so narrowly escaped—was not without its giddy and exciting pleasures, and for pleasure of every kind Burns had the keenest relish. Now and again, too, in the earlier days of his Edinburgh life, when success wore its newest gloss, and applause had a novel sweetness, a spirt of exhilaration escaped him, not the less real that it was veiled in a little scornful exaggeration. In writing to Mr. Hamilton, he says: "For my own affairs, I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis, or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge." In any case, if he did feel flattered by the attention paid him by society, he had time to cool and strike a balance in his friend Richmond's garret in the Lawnmarket—where he slept, Mr. Lockhart informs us, during the whole of that glittering and exciting winter.

Hitherto, the world had seen but little of Burns personally. It had heard his voice as of one singing behind the scenes, and been moved to admiration; and when he presented himself in the full blaze of the footlights, he became the cynosure of every eye, and the point on which converged every critical opera-glass. Edinburgh and Burns confronted each other. Edinburgh "took stock" of Burns, Burns "took stock" of Edinburgh, and it is interesting to note the mutual impressions. From all that can be gathered from Dr. Blair, Professors Dugald Stewart, Walker, and others, Burns acquitted himself in his new circumstances admirably. He never lost his head, he never let a word of exultation escape him, his deportment was everywhere respectful yet self-possessed; he talked well and freely—for he knew he was expected to talk—but he did not engross conversation. His "deferential" address won his way to female favor: and the only two breaches of decorum which are recorded of him in society, may be palliated by his probable ignorance of his host's feelings and vanities on the first occasion, and on the second, by the peculiar provocation he

received. Asked in Dr. Blair's house, and in Dr. Blair's presence, from which of the city preachers he had derived the greatest gratification, it would have been fulsome had Burns said, turning to the Doctor, "I consider you, Sir, the greatest pulpit orator I have heard." The question was a most improper one in the circumstances; and if the company were thrown into a state of foolish embarrassment, and the host's feelings wounded by Burns giving the palm to his colleague—then the company were simply toadies of the sincerer sort, and the host less skilled in the world's ways than Burns, and possessed of less natural good-breeding. In the second instance when, in a sentence more remarkable for force than grace, he extinguished a clergyman who abused Gray's *Elegy*, but who could not quote a line of it correctly, he merely gave way to a swift and not ungenerous instinct—for which he was, no doubt, sorry the next moment. He cannot be defended altogether, although even here one can hardly help rendering him a sneaking approval. Bad language at a breakfast-table, and addressed to a clergyman, is improper—but, on the other hand, no clergyman has a right to be a bore at a breakfast-table. Indeed, your critical and blundering bore, whether clergyman or no—all the more sedulously, perhaps, if he *be* a clergyman—should keep out of the way of a Burns. Evil is certain to befall him if he do not. It is pretty evident, however, from the records left, that Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart, and others, did not really know Burns—did not, in fact, take much pains to know him. They never met him on frank, cordial, and brotherly terms. They looked on him curiously, as one looks on a strange insect, through a microscope. From their learned heights they regarded him as on the plain beneath. They were ever ready with advice, and counselled him to stand armed at points where no danger could possibly appear. Of all the good things in the world, advice is practically the least useful. If a man is fool enough to need advice, the chances are that he will be fool enough to resent it when given, or neglect it when the critical moment arrives. The Edinburgh literati did not quite well know what to make of Burns. He was a new thing under the sun, and they could not fall back on precedent. They patronised him kindly, heartily, for the most part—but still it was patronage. And it has come about that, in the lapse of seventy years, the relations of the parties have been quite reversed—as in dissolving views, the image of Burns has come out in bolder relief and brighter colors, while his patrons have lost outline, have dwindled, and become shadowy. Dr.

Blair and Lord Monboddo will be remembered mainly by the circumstance that the one invited Burns to his evening entertainments, and the other to his breakfasts. Burns has kept the whole literary generation from oblivion, and from oblivion he will keep it yet awhile.

On the other hand, it is quite evident, that although Burns, during that brilliant winter, masked himself skilfully, he bore an inward smart. He felt that he was regarded as meteoric, a wonder; that he did not fit into existing order of things, and that in Edinburgh he had no familiar and received status. Consequently, he was never sure of his ground; and while, for the most part, careful to offend no one, he was passionately jealous of condescension and suspicious of personal affront. The men amongst whom he mingled had their positions in the world, and in these positions they had the ease of use and wont. Their couches were made soft by the down of customariness. They had all the social proprieties and traditions at their backs. From the past, they flowered out socially and professionally. With Burns everything was different. He had in Edinburgh, so to speak, neither father nor mother. He had neither predecessor nor antecedent. He could roll in no groove made smooth by custom; and hence it is, when in bitter mood, we find him making such extravagant claims for genius against dull rich men, or dull well-born men, or semi-dull men, who had been successful in the professions. He knew that genius was his sole claim to the notice of the brilliant personages he met night after night; that but for it he was a small Ayrshire farmer, whom not one of these people would invite to their tables, or bid "Good day" to, if they met him on a country road. It was admirable in Scott to waive, as he continually did, all claim to special regard on account of his genius, but it was easy for Scott to do this. Scott would have dined well every day of his life, he would have lived with cultivated and refined people, and would have enjoyed a fair share of social distinction, although he had never written *Marmion* or *Ivanhoe*. But Burns's sole title to notice *was* genius—take that from him, he was instantly denuded of his singing robes, and left in the hodden grey of the farmer, with a splash of mud on his top-boots. In his commonplace book—a very pool of Marah—which he kept at Edinburgh, there is an entry which brings all this out in a clear light.

"There are few of the sore evils under the sun give me more uneasiness and chagrin than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received everywhere, with the

reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. Imagine a man of abilities, his heart glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honor to whom honor is due;* he meets at a great man's table a Squire Something, or a Sir Somebody; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond, perhaps, any one at table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eight-penny tailor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty!

"The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day, to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunder-pate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

"With Dr. Blair I am more at my ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or, still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him, or his pomp either?"

A man like Burns, living at a period when literature had not to any extent become a profession, could not find his place amongst the recognised forces of the world—was doomed for ever to be an outsider—and therein lay the tragedy of his life. He was continually making comparisons between his own evil fortune and the good fortune of others. Proud, suspicious, swift to take offence, when his *amour-propre* was wounded, he was apt to salve it in the company of revellers whom he could meet on equal terms, and in whose society he could take out his revenge in sarcasm. As regards mere brain, he does not seem to have entertained any remarkable respect for the Edinburgh men of letters. He considered he had met as much

intellectual capacity—unpolished and in the rough—in Tarbolton debating societies, Mauchline masonic meetings, and at the tables of the writers of Kilmarnock and Ayr. He admitted, however, that his residence in Edinburgh had brought him in contact with something new—a refined and accomplished woman. The admission is important, and meeting it one fancies for a moment that one has caught some sort of explanation of his future life. What might have been the result had Burns secured a career in which his fancy and intellect could have exercised themselves, and a wife, who to affection added refinement and accomplishment, we may surmise, but cannot tell. A career he never secured; and on his return to Ayrshire, in passionate blindness, he forged chains for himself which he could not break—which it would have been criminal in him to have attempted to break.

From Burns's correspondence while in Edinburgh we can see in what way he regarded his own position and prospects. He admitted that applause was pleasant; he knew that, as a poet, he possessed some merit, but he constantly expressed his conviction that much of his success arose from the novelty of a poet appearing in his rank of life; and he congratulates himself on the circumstance that—let literary reputation wax or wane—he had "an independence at the plough-tail" to fall back upon. He foresaw from the beginning that Edinburgh could be nothing more than a striking episode in his life, and that he was fated to return to the rural shades. Early in the year, he had some conversation with Mr. Patrick Miller, relative to his becoming a tenant on that gentleman's estate at Dalswinton, and had promised to run down to Dumfriesshire and look at the lands some time in the following May. That Mr. Miller was anxious to serve Burns, seems to have been generally known in Edinburgh; for in Dr. Blair's letter, dated on 4th May, 1787, in answer to a note written by Burns on the previous day, intimating that he was about to leave town, the Doctor supposes that he is "going down to Dalswinton to look at some of Mr. Miller's farms." Before his return, Burns *did* intend to look at these farms, but at the moment farming was not the principal business in hand. He, in company with his young friend Ainslie, was on the wing for the south of Scotland—a district which was calling him with a hundred voices of tradition and ballad. On the day before starting, he sent Mr. Johnson, editor of the *Scot's Musical Museum*, a cordial letter, for he had entered with enthusiasm into that gentleman's work, and already written for it one or two songs—preliminary

drops of the plenteous summer-shower which has kept so many secret places of the heart fresh and green.

The companions left Edinburgh on horseback on the 5th May. They visited Dunse, Coldstream, Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—Burns scattering jokes and epigrams all the way. About the middle of the month Ainslie returned to Edinburgh, and Burns then crossed into England, saw Hexham and Newcastle, and returned home by Carlisle and Dumfries. From Dumfries he went to Dalswinton, looked over the estate, but did not seem much enamored of its condition. He, however, arranged to meet Mr. Miller in August. He then came by Sanquhar to Mauchline, and dropped in upon his family unannounced. His meeting with these reticent hearts must be left to imagination. He went out from them obscure; he returned to them illustrious, with a *nimbus* around his head. At home he renewed acquaintanceship with old friends, and found that Mr. Armour, who had treated him coldly in the day of his poverty and obscurity, was now inclined to regard him with a favorable eye—a circumstance which seems to have kindled Burns into unreasonable rage. "If anything," he writes to his correspondent Smith, "had been wanting to disgust me completely with the Armour family, their mean, servile compliance would have done it." The proud spirit which rankled in Edinburgh seems to have rankled no less bitterly in Ayrshire. A few days after he wrote to Mr. William Nicol, master of the High School, Edinburgh—then and afterwards one of his chiefest friends:—"I never, my friends, thought mankind very capable of anything generous; but the stateliness of the patricians in Edinburgh, and the civility of my plebeian brethren (who perhaps formerly eyed me askance) since I returned home, have nearly put me out of conceit altogether with my species. I have bought a pocket Milton, which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments, the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepid, unyielding independence, the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship, in that great personage, Satan." At this precise period, it is somewhat hard to understand whence came the bitterness which wells up in almost every letter which Burns wrote. He was famous, he was even comparatively rich, but he had an eye which, constitutionally, regarded the seamy side of things. Probably, in no possible combination of fortunate circumstances could Burns have been a contented and happy man. He had Ulysses' "hungry heart," which could be satisfied with no shore, however green and pleasant,

but must needs sail beyond the sunset. While residing at Mauchline, he accidentally met Jean, and an affectionate intimacy was renewed, as if no anger or bitterness had ever estranged them.

Towards the end of June he went alone to the West Highlands, without any apparent motive, if not drawn by the memory of Mary Campbell. Of his movements in this trip we have no very precise information. At Inverary, where he could find accommodation neither in Castle nor Inn, he left an epigram which has become famous. In a letter to Mr. J. Smith —a fair specimen of his more familiar epistolary style—dated 30th June, we have some slight information respecting his doings, and a description of certain "high jinks" in the north, in which he was an actor. Although the letter is dated as above, it does not state at what place it was written—Burns, perhaps, wishing to keep his secret.

"On our return, at a highland gentleman's hospitable mansion, we fell in with a merry party, and danced till the ladies left us, at three in the morning. Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements; the ladies sung Scotch songs like angels, at intervals; then we flew at 'Bab at the Bowster,' 'Tullochgorum,' 'Loch Erroch Side,' &c., like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or crows prognosticating a storm on a hairst day. When the dear lassies left us, we ranged round the bowl, to the good-fellow hour of six; except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Ben Lomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord's son held the bowl, each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas-a-Rhymer's prophecies, I suppose. After a small refreshment of the gifts of Somnus, we proceeded to spend the day on Loch Lomond, and reached Dumbarton in the evening. We dined at another good fellow's house, and consequently pushed the bottle; when we went out to mount our horses, we found ourselves 'No vera fou, but gaylie yet.' My two friends, and I, rode soberly down the Loch side, till by came a Highlandman at the gallop, on a tolerably good horse, but which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather. We scorned to be out-galloped by a Highlandman, so off we started, whip and spur. My companions, though seemingly gaily mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, strained past the Highlandman, in spite of all his efforts with the hair-halter. Just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his

horse, as if to cross before me, to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his breekless rider in a clipt hedge; and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny Geddes trode over me with such cautious reverence, that matters were not so bad as might have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future.

"I have yet fixed on nothing with respect to the serious business of life. I am, just as usual, a rhyming, mason-making, raking, aimless, idle fellow. However, I shall somewhere have a farm soon."

Whatever motive may have induced Burns to visit the West Highlands, he returned to Mossgiel somewhat shaken by the escapade related above. During the ensuing month he wrote his autobiographical sketch to Dr. Moore, and on the 7th August he returned to Edinburgh to settle business matters with his publisher, and to arrange other excursions through districts of the country in which he had a poetic interest.

Near the close of August, Burns and Nicol started on a northern tour. They went by Falkirk and Stirling, visited the field of Bannockburn, and on their return to Stirling, Burns, with a diamond which he had recently purchased—the most unfortunate of all his investments, as it turned out—scribbled certain perilous verses on a window-pane of the inn. They then struck into Perthshire, admired the Falls of Moness, where Burns wrote *The Birks of Aberfeldy;* visited Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athole, where they were hospitably entertained, and where Burns met his future patron, Mr. Graham, of Fintry, and narrowly missed meeting Mr. Dundas—a piece of ill-fortune which his biographers agree in lamenting. The travellers then proceeded to Inverness, went to Culloden, spent some time at the ruined cathedral at Elgin; crossed the Spey, and visited the Duke of Gordon—which visit was cut short by an ebullition of wounded pride on the part of Nicol. From Castle Gordon they came by Banff to Aberdeen; Burns then crossed into Kincardineshire—of which county his father was a native—and spent some time in hunting up his relations there. He then went to Montrose, where he met his cousin, Mr. James Burness, and returned to Edinburgh by Perth and Dundee.

In the beginning of October, according to Mr. Chambers,—for there seems to be a little obscurity as to date,—Burns, accompanied by Dr. Adair, set out on a visit to Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre, and passing through Stirling, he broke

the pane in the inn on which he had inscribed the treasonable lines. Unhappily, however, he could not by this means put them out of existence, as they had been widely copied and circulated, and were alive in many memories. At Ochtertyre he spent one or two pleasant days; and while in the neighborhood he took the opportunity of visiting Mrs. Bruce of Clackmannan, who was in possession of the helmet and sword of the Bruce, and with the latter she conferred on the poet and his guide the honor of knighthood, remarking as she did so, that she had a better right to give the title than some people. He returned to Edinburgh by Kinross and Queensferry, and while at Dunfermline some circumstances took place, trivial in themselves, but important as exhibiting what rapid changes took place in the weather of the poet's mind.

"At Dunfermline," says Dr. Adair, "we visited the ruined abbey and the abbey church, now consecrated to Presbyterian worship. Here I mounted the *cutty stool*, or stool of repentance, assuming the character of a penitent for fornication, while Burns from the pulpit addressed to me a ridiculous reproof and exhortation, parodied from that which had been delivered to himself in Ayrshire, where he had, as he assured me, once been one of seven who mounted the seat of shame together.

"In the churchyard two broad flagstones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervor, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes."

Burns was now resident in St. James's Square, in the house of William Cruickshank, who was, like Nicol, connected with the Edinburgh High School. His chief business was the arrangement of publishing matters with Creech, and he was anxious to come to some definite conclusion with Mr. Miller regarding a farm at Dalswinton. On his return from Ochtertyre he wrote that gentleman in practical terms enough: "I want to be a farmer in a small farm, about a plough-gang, in a pleasant country, under the auspices of a good landlord. I have no foolish notion of being a tenant on easier terms than another. To find a farm where one can live at all is not easy. I only mean living soberly, like an old style farmer, and joining personal industry. The banks of the Nith are as sweet poetic ground as any I ever saw; and besides, sir, 'tis but justice to the feelings of my own heart, and the opinion of my best friends, to say that I would wish to call you landlord

sooner than any landed gentleman I know. These are my views and wishes; and in whatever way you think best to lay out your farms, I shall be happy to rent one of them. I shall certainly be able to ride to Dalswinton about the middle of next week." Burns, however, did not go to Dumfriesshire so early as he expected. There was dilatoriness on Creech's part regarding settlements as to the poems; there was perhaps dilatoriness on Burns's part regarding the farm; at all events, autumn had glided into winter, and he remained at Edinburgh without having come to a conclusion with either. The winter, however, was destined to open one of the strangest chapters in his strange story. At this time he made the acquaintance of Mrs. M'Lehose, the Clarinda of so many impassioned letters. This lady, who was possessed of no common beauty and intelligence, had been deserted by her husband, and was bringing up her children in somewhat narrow circumstances. They met at tea in the house of a common friend, and were pleased with each other's conversation. The second night after, Burns was to have drunk tea by invitation at the house of Mrs. M'Lehose, but having been upset the previous evening by a drunken coachman, and brought home with a knee severely bruised, he was obliged to forego that pleasure. He wrote the lady, giving the details of the accident, and expressing regret that he was unable to leave his room. The lady, who was of a temperament generous and impulsive, replied at once, giving utterance to *her* regret, and making Burns a formal proffer of her sympathy and friendship. Burns was enraptured, and returned an answer after the following fashion:—

"I stretch a point, indeed, my dearest madam, when I answer your card on the rack of my present agony. Your friendship, madam! By heavens! I was never proud before. * * * I swear solemnly (in all the terror of my former oath) to remember you in all the pride and warmth of friendship until—I cease to be!

"To-morrow, and every day till I see you, you shall hear from me.

"Farewell! May you enjoy a better night's repose than I am likely to have."

The correspondence, so rapturously opened, proceeded quite as rapturously. It was arranged that in future Burns should sign himself *Sylvander*, and the lady *Clarinda*. Each day gave birth to its epistle. Poems were interchanged. Sighs were wafted from St. James's Square to the Potterow. Clarinda was a "gloriously amiable fine woman," and Sylvander was her

"devoted slave." Clarinda chid Sylvander tenderly for the warmth of his expressions. Sylvander was thrown into despair by the rebuke, but protested that he was not to blame. Who could behold her superior charms, her fine intelligence, and not love? Who could love and be silent? Clarinda had strong Calvinistic leanings, and Sylvander, who could not pardon these things in Ayrshire clergymen, and was accustomed to call them by quite other names, was "delighted by her honest enthusiasm for religion." Clarinda was to be passing on a certain day through the square in which Sylvander lived, and promised to favor him with a nod, should she be so fortunate as to see him at his window; and wrote sorrowing, the day after, that she had been unable to discover his window. Sylvander was inconsolable. Not able to discover his window! He could almost throw himself over it for very vexation. His peace is spoiled for the day. He is sure the soul is capable of disease, for his has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever, and so on. During this period of letter-writing, Burns and Mrs. M'Lehose had met several times in her own house, and on these occasions he had opportunities of making her aware of his dismal prospects. The results of his renewed intercourse with Jean on his return to Ayrshire were now becoming apparent; this was communicated to her along with other matters, and Mrs. M'Lehose was all forgiveness—tempered with rebuke, and a desire for a more Calvinistic way of thinking on his part on religious subjects. That the affection of Burns for the lady was rooted in anything deeper than fancy, and a natural delight in intelligence and a pleasing manner, may be doubted. His *Clarinda* letters are artificial, and one suspects the rhetorician in the swelling sentences and the exaggerated sentiment. With regard to Mrs. M'Lehose there can be no mistake. Her letters are far superior to Burns's, being simple, natural, and with a pathetic cadence in some portions which has not yet lost the power to affect. She loved Burns, and hoped, if he would but wait till existing ties were broken, to be united to him. But Burns could not wait, the correspondence drooped, and a year saw all his passion

> "Die away,
> And fade into the light of common day;"

the common day of Jean Armour, Ellisland, and the Excise.

When Burns at this period, confined to his room by an angry limb, in the middle of his Clarinda correspondence, and tortured with suspicions of Creech's insolvency—of which some

ugly rumors had reached him—was made aware that Jean was about to become again a mother, and that her father had thrust her from his house in anger, he was perhaps more purely wretched than at any other period of his life. In his own breast there was passionate tumult and remorse. Look where he would, no blue spot was to be discovered in the entire sky of his prospects. He had felt the sweetness of applause: he was now to experience the bitterness of the after-taste. He was a "lion" whose season had passed. His great friends seemed unwilling or unable to procure him a post. He had been torn from his old modes of life, and in the new order of things which surrounded him he could find nothing permanent, nothing that would cohere. Time was passing; his life was purposeless; he was doing nothing, effecting nothing; he was flapping in the wind like an unbraced sail. At this juncture he resolved to bring matters to a conclusion, after one fashion or another. In his letters, the old scheme of emigration to the West Indies turns up bitterly for a moment. Then he bethought himself of a post in the Excise, which had always been a dream of his, and the possibility of his obtaining which had been discussed by his Ayrshire friends before he became famous. If such a position could be secured it would be at least something, something in itself, something to fall back upon should his farming schemes prove abortive. He accordingly wrote the Earl of Glencairn, soliciting his patronage, but the application appears to have been followed by no result. Mr. Graham, of Fintry, whose acquaintance Burns had made at Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athole, having heard of his wish, through the kind offices of Mr. Alexander Wood, the surgeon who attended him, immediately placed his name on the list of expectant officers. Having arranged his Excise business so far, he left Edinburgh to have another look at Mr. Miller's farms, and to come to an agreement, if possible. He took a friend with him on whose sagacity and business skill he could confide; and after a deliberate inspection of the lands, he was better satisfied than he had been on a former occasion, and at once made an offer to Mr. Miller for the farm at Ellisland, which was accepted. On his return to Edinburgh he announced his resolution to his friend Miss Chalmers:

"Yesternight I completed a bargain with Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, for the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles above Dumfries. I begin at Whitsunday to build a house, drive lime, &c., and Heaven be my help! for it will take a strong effort to bring my mind into

the routine of business. I have discharged all the army of my former pursuits, fancies, and pleasures—a motley host! and have literally and strictly retained only the ideas of a few friends, which I have incorporated into a life-guard."

Burns's business at this time in Edinburgh related to his settlement with Creech, which, after many delays, was about to take place. In all, he appears to have received between 400*l.* and 500*l.*, and out of this sum he advanced 180*l.* to his brother Gilbert, who was struggling manfully at Mossgiel. On the 24th March, with much business on hand, he left Edinburgh for Ayrshire, where he married Jean Armour—snapping thereby the chief link which bound him to the metropolis. This union, putting moral considerations out of the question altogether, was the most prudent course open to him, and it repaired the fabric of self-respect which had been, to some extent at least, broken down. For a time we hear nothing of the "wandering stabs of remorse," and his letters breathe a quite unusual contentedness. He had made some little self-sacrifice, and he tasted the happiness which always arises from the consciousness of self-sacrifice. Besides, he had loved the girl, perhaps loved her all through, although the constant light of affection had, to him as well as to others, been obscured by the glare of fiercer and more transitory fires; and if so—the sacrifice not so great as he supposed it to be—he was plainly a gainer both ways. Burns was placed at this time in difficult circumstances, and he simply made the best of them. He could build only with the materials within reach. There was nothing left but to begin life again as a farmer, and it behoved him to wear russet on heart as well as on limb. In the heyday of his Edinburgh success he foresaw the probability of his return to the rural shades, and to these shades he had now returned—but he returned with reputation, experience, an unreproving conscience, some little money in hand, and with solider prospects of happiness than had ever yet fallen to his lot. Happiness he did taste for a few months—and then out of the future came the long shadows of disaster, fated not to pass away, but to gather deeper and darker over a grave which was dug too early—and yet too late.

When Burns entered into possession of Ellisland, at Whitsunday, 1788, he left his wife at Mauchline till the new dwelling-house should be erected. In the meantime he was sufficiently busy; he had to superintend masons and carpenters, as well as look after more immediate farm matters. Besides, in order to qualify himself for holding his Excise Commission, he had

to give attendance at Ayr for six weeks on the duties of his new profession. These occupations, together with occasional visits to his wife and family, kept him fully occupied. Hope had sprung up in his bosom like a Jonah's gourd, and while the greenness lasted he was happy enough. During his solitary life at Ellisland, he wrote two or three of his finest songs, each of them in praise of Jean, and each giving evidence that his heart was at rest. During this time, too, a somewhat extensive correspondence was kept up, and activity and hopeful-



ELLISLAND.

ness—only occasionally dashed by accesses of his constitutional melancholy—radiate through it all. As was natural, his letters relate, for the most part, to his marriage and his new prospects. As respects his marriage, he takes abundant care to make known that, acting as he had done, he had acted prudently; that he had secured an admirable wife, and that in his new relationship he was entirely satisfied. If any doubt should exist as to Burns's satisfaction, it can arise only from his somewhat too frequent protestation of it. He takes care to inform his correspondents that he has actually married Jean, that he would have been a scoundrel had he declined to marry her,

and that she possessed the sweetest temper and the handsomest figure in the country. The truth is, that, in the matter of matrimony, he could not very well help himself. He was aware that the match was far from a brilliant one, and as he really loved his wife, he had to argue down that feeling in his own heart; he was aware that his correspondents did not consider it brilliant, and he had also to argue down that feeling in theirs. Meanwhile, the house at Ellisland was getting finished. In the first week of December he brought home his wife, and in the pride of his heart he threw off a saucy little song,

"I hae a wife o' my ain,"

which quivers through every syllable of it with a homely and assured delight that laughs at all mischance. Mrs. Burns brought her children and a whole establishment of servants. The house was small, its accommodation was limited, and Burns sat at meals with his domestics, and on Sunday evenings, after the good old Scottish fashion, he duly catechised them. He has himself left on record that this was the happiest portion of his life. He had friends, with whom he maintained an intimate correspondence; he had a wife who loved him; his passionate and wayward heart was at rest in its own happiness; he could see the grain yellowing in his own fields; he had the Excise Commission in his pocket on which he could fall back if anything went wrong; and on the red scaur above the river, he could stride about, giving audience to incommunicable thought, while the Nith was hoarse with flood, and the moon was wading through clouds overhead. When should he have been happy, if not now?

Burns's farming operations during the second year of his occupancy of Ellisland were not successful, and in the more unrestrained letters of the period we find him complaining of his hard fate in being obliged to make one guinea do the work of five. As the expense of his family was now rapidly increasing, he requested to be allowed to enter at once on his duties as officer of Excise. That in his new mode of life he would encounter unpleasantnesses he knew, and was prepared for them; but he expected that Mrs. Burns would be able to manage the farm for the most part—in any case his salary as Exciseman would be a welcome addition to his means. He was appointed on application, he entered zealously on his duties, and as his district extended over ten parishes, he was forced to ride about two hundred miles per week. This work, taken in conjunction with labor at Ellisland, which, constantly

getting into arrear, demanded fierce exertion at intervals, was too much for even his iron frame. He had attacks of illness, and his constitutional hypochondria ruled him with a darker sceptre than ever. It appears evident from his letters that he meant to make his fight at Ellisland, and that he considered the Excise as a second line of defence on which he could fall back in the event of defeat. At Ellisland he *was* defeated, and on his second line of defence he fell back grimly enough. An Excise officer is not a popular character in country districts where smugglers abound; and whatever degree of odium might attach to his new profession Burns was certain to feel more keenly than most. One can see that in his new relation his haughty spirit was ill at ease; that he suspected a sort of meanness in himself; and that the thought that he had in any way stooped or condescended was gall and wormwood. His bitterness on this matter escapes in various and characteristic ways. At one time he treats the matter with imperial disdain, declaring that he does not intend "to seek honor from his profession;" at another time in a set of impromptu verses he mocks at his occupation and himself, illuminating the whole business with a flame of spleenful mirth. But the step he had taken was unquestionably a prudent one, and if it miscarried, it miscarried from foreign causes. From every account which survives, he was an excellent and zealous officer, and into his work he carried eyes which were at once sharp and kindly. It was not in his nature to be harsh or tyrannical. A word revealed secrets to him, a glance let him into the bearings of a case; and while he saw that the interests of Government did not materially suffer, his good nature and kind-heartedness were always at hand to make matters as pleasant as possible. One or two of these Excise anecdotes are amongst the pleasantest remembrances we have of Burns. His professional prospects were on the whole far from despicable. On his farm he was losing money, health, and hope; but in the Excise he looked forward to advancement—an Inspectorship or Supervisorship being regarded as within his reach.

If Ellisland had only been profitable, Burns might have been considered a fortunate man. For his own wants and for those of his family the cottage which he had built sufficed. The scenery around him was beautiful. He was on good terms with the neighboring proprietors, and his reputation attracted visitors from many quarters. He procured books from Edinburgh and from the circulating library which—with that regard for mental means and appliances which seems to have been a

characteristic of his race—he had established in the vicinity. Every other day letters and newspapers were arriving at Ellisland, connecting him with distant places and events; and the stranger who dropped in upon him from London or Edinburgh, or even from places more remote, brought talk, ideas, observations on this thing and the other more or less valuable, stimulus, excitement—all tending to enrich intellectual life. And during this time he was no mental sluggard. He worked his brain as he worked his servants on the acres at Ellisland, or his horse as he rode on the scent of a smuggler through the Nithsdale moors. He carried on a multifarious correspondence, he wrote his letters carefully—only a little *too* carefully sometimes, for he is occasionally modish and over-dressed. Every other week he sent a packet of songs to Johnson for his *Museum*, which had now reached the third volume. He interested himself in local politics and scribbled electioneering ballads. One evening, when the past—heavy with unshed tears—lay near his heart, he composed the strain, *To Mary in Heaven;* and in the course of one summer day, in a perfect riot and whirlwind of ecstasy, every faculty and power in full blossom, he dashed off *Tam O' Shanter*—immortal, unapproachable! If Ellisland had but paid, Burns might have been happy as farmer and poet,—or as Exciseman, farmer and poet,—for the characters were by no means incompatible.

As but for his Excise salary Burns must have succumbed under farming difficulties, he was now anxious to be quit of Ellisland, and to confine himself entirely to his official duties; and it so happened that Mr. Miller was willing to release him of the portion of the lease which was yet to run, preparatory to a final sale of that part of the lands. The Ellisland crops were sold, and the sale was made the occasion of a drunken orgie. On the 1st September, Burns writes to Mr. Thomas Sloan:

"I sold my crop on this day se'en-night, and sold it very well. A guinea an acre on an average above value. But such a scene of drunkenness was hardly ever seen in this country. After the roup was over about thirty people engaged in a battle, every man for his own hand, and fought it out for three hours. Nor was the scene much better in the house. No fighting indeed, but folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting. You will easily guess how I enjoyed the scene, as I was no farther over than you used to see me."

In November Ellisland became the property of Mr. Morine, and Burns immediately sold his farm stock and implements—

relinquishing for ever the plough-tail, at which he so often boasted that he had an independence — and removed with his wife and children to a small house in the Wee Vennel of Dumfries. On his removal he was appointed to an Excise division, which improved his salary. His income was now 70*l.* per annum.

It is at Dumfries that Burns's story first becomes really tragical. He had divorced himself from country scenery and the on-goings of rural life, which, up till now, formed an appropriate background for our ideas of him. Instead of the knowes and meadows of Mossgiel and Ellisland, with their lovely sunrises and twilights, we have to connect him with the streets, the gossip, and the dissipation of a third-rate Scottish town. He was no longer a farmer—he was a simple gauger, hoping to obtain a supervisorship. Proud as was his spirit, he was dependent on great friends; and he condescended, on various occasions, to write epistles in prose and verse which fawned on a patron's hand. Natural inspiration and picturesqueness were taken out of his life. He turned down no more daisies, the horned moon hung no longer in the window-pane of the ale-house in which he drank; the composition of theatrical prologues engaged his attention rather than the composition of poems of rustic life. He was never rich, but in Dumfries his poverty for the first time wears an aspect of painfulness. For the first time we hear of monetary difficulties, of obligations which he cannot conveniently meet, of debt. It was here, too, that certain weaknesses, which had lately grown upon him, attracted public notice. In Dumfries, as in Edinburgh at that time, there was a good deal of tavern-life, and much hard drinking at dinner and supper parties, and the like. Burns was famous—he had lived in dukes' houses, he corresponded with celebrated men, he could talk brilliantly, he had wit for every call as other men had spare silver, he could repeat his last poem or epigram—and as a consequence his society was in great request. It was something to have dined or supped in the company of Burns—if one was not the rose, it was at least something to have been near the rose—and his host was proud of him, as he was proud of his haunch of venison, his claret, his silver *epergne*. Burns's good things circulated with the wine; his wit gave a new relish to the fruit, and kindled an unwonted splendor in the brains of his listeners. Then strangers, passing through Dumfries, were naturally anxious to see the poet whose reputation had travelled so far. They invited him to the inns in which they were living,

Burns consented, frequently the revel was loud and late, and when he rose—after the sun sometimes—he paid his share of the lawing with "a slice of his constitution." In his younger days he had been subjected to public rebuke by the Rev. Mr. Auld; but since his marriage he seems to have been irreproachable in the matter of conjugal fidelity. During, however, an unfortunate absence of his wife in Ayrshire he contracted a discreditable *liaison*, which resulted in the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Burns seems neither to have reproached nor complained; she adopted the child, and brought it up in the same cradle with her own infant. If for his fault he had been subjected to domestic annoyance, he might have taken refuge in pride, and haughtily repelled reproaches; but his wife's forgiveness allowed him to brood—and with what bitterness we can guess—over his misconduct. Doubtless the evil in his career at Dumfries has been exaggerated. Burns's position was full of peril—he was subjected to temptations which did not come in the way of ordinary men; and if he drank hard, it was in an age when hard drinking was fashionable. If he sinned in this respect, he sinned in company with English prime ministers, Scotch Lords of Session, grave dignitaries of the Church in both countries, and with thousands of ordinary blockheads who went to their graves in the odor of sanctity, and whose epitaphs are a catalogue of all the virtues. Burns was a man set apart; he was observed, he was talked about; and if he erred, it was like erring in the market-place. In any other inhabitant of Dumfries, misdemeanors such as Burns's would hardly have provoked remark; what would have been unnoticed on the hodden grey of the farmer became a stain on the singing robe of the poet. That Burns should have led an unworthy life is to be deplored, but the truth is—and herein lies explanation, palliation perhaps—that in Dumfries he was somewhat a-weary of the sun. Not seldom he was desperate and at bay. He was neither in harmony with himself nor with the world. He had enjoyed one burst of brilliant success, and in the light of that success his life before and after looked darker than it actually was. The hope deferred of a supervisorship made his heart sick. He had succeeded as a poet, but in everything else failure had dogged his steps; and out of that poetical success no permanent benefit had resulted, or seemed now in his need likely to result. In the east were the colors of the dawn, but the sun would not arise. His letters at this time breathe an almost uniform mood of exasperation and misery, and it is hard for a miserable man to be a good one. He is

tempted to make strange alliances, and to pay a high price for forgetfulness. And over Burns's head at this time was suspended one other black cloud, which, although it only burst in part, made the remainder of his life darker with its shadow.

Chief among Burns's friends during the early portion of his residence at Dumfries were Mr. and Mrs. Riddell. They were in good circumstances, possessing a small estate in the neighborhood of the town, and Burns was frequently their guest. Mrs. Riddell was young and pretty, and distinguished by literary taste and accomplishment. She wrote verses which Burns praised, and he introduced her to his friend Smellie, the naturalist, who was enchanted with her vivacity and talent. But this pleasant relationship was destined to be interrupted. On the occasion of a dinner-party at Woodley Park, the residence of Mr. Riddell, when wine flowed much too freely, Burns —in some not quite explained manner—grievously offended his hostess. On the following morning he apologised in prose and verse, threw the *onus* of his rudeness on Mr. Riddell's wine—which was the next thing to blaming Mr. Riddell himself—and in every way expressed regret for his conduct, and abhorrence of himself. These apologies do not seem to have been accepted, and for a time the friends ceased to meet. Burns was hurt and angry, and he made the lady he was accustomed to address in adoring verses and high-flown epistles the subject of cruel and unmanly lampoons. The estrangement was, of course, noised abroad, and people were inclined to side with the fashionable lady rather than with the Jacobinical exciseman. For a time at least, Dumfries regarded Burns with a lowering and suspicious eye, one reason of which may be found in his quarrel with the Riddells and its cause, and another in the political principles which he professed to hold, and to which he gave imprudent expression.

His immediate ancestors had perilled something in the cause of the Stuarts, and Burns, in his early days, was wont to wear a sentimental Jacobitism—for ornament's sake, like a ring on the finger, or a sprig of heather in the bonnet. This Jacobitism was fed by his sentiment and his poetry. It grew out of the House of Stuart as flowers grow out of the walls of ruins. But while he held the past in reverence, and respected aristocracy as an outcome of that past, a something around which tradition and ballad could gather, there was always a fierce democratic impulse in his mind, which raged at times like the ocean tide against the Bullers of Buchan. This democratic

feeling, like his other feeling of Jacobitism, rested on no solid foundation. He had a strong feeling that genius and worth are always poor, that baseness and chicanery are always prosperous. He considered that the good things of this life were secured by the rascals more or less. The truth is, his Jacobitism sprang from his imagination, his Radicalism from his discontent; the one the offspring of the best portion of his nature, the other the offspring of the worst. Radicalism was originally born of hunger; and Burns, while denouncing the rulers of his country, was simply crying out under his own proper sore. He passionately carried particulars into generals. He was sick, and so was the whole body politic. He needed reform, so, of course, did the whole world, and it was more agreeable to begin with the world in the first instance. He was imprudent in the expression of his political opinions, and was continually doing himself injury thereby. He had written, as we have seen, treasonable verses on the inn window at Stirling; and although on a subsequent visit he dashed out the pane, he could not by that means destroy the copies which were in circulation. The writing of the verses referred to was imprudent enough, but the expression of his Radicalism at Dumfries—which was a transient mood, not a fixed principle with him—was more imprudent still. In the one case he was a private individual, anxious to enter the Excise; in the other, he had entered the Excise, was actually a Government officer, and in receipt of a Government salary. Besides, too, the times were troublous: there was seditious feeling in the country, France had become a volcano in active eruption, and European business was carried on in its portentous light. It became known that Burns looked with favor on the revolutionary party across the Channel, that he read newspapers which were opposed to the Government, and, as a consequence, by the well-to-do inhabitants of Dumfries he was regarded with suspicion. This suspicion was, of course, wretched enough, but Burns need not have gone out of his way to incur it. He knew perfectly well that his Radicalism was based on no serious conviction, that it grew out of personal discontent, and that the discontent was the result of wounded pride, and the consciousness that he had not shaped his life aright. Besides all this, he seems to have lost self-command; he was constantly getting into scrapes from which there could be no honorable extrication. He burned his fingers, and he did not dread the fire. To the Subscription Library in Dumfries he presented, amongst other volumes, a copy of *De Lolme on the British Constitution*, and inscribed on the back of the por-

trait of the author, "Mr. Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty —until they find a better. R. B." And next morning he came to the bedside of the gentleman who had the volume in custody, imploring to see *De Lolme*, as he feared he had written something in it that might bring him into trouble. We hear of him at a private dinner-party, when the health of Pitt was proposed, giving "The health of George Washington—a better man," and of his being sulky that his toast was not received. He had already sent a present of guns to the French Convention, with which our prospect of war was at this time becoming imminent; and at a later period we find him quarrelling with an officer on the subject of another toast, and writing apologies to the effect, firstly, that when the offence was committed he was drunk; and secondly, that he could not fight a duel, because he had the welfare of others to care for. When the Board of Excise ordered some inquiries to be made regarding his political conduct, he wrote Mr. Graham of Fintry, declaring that "To the British Constitution, on revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached." He was in a state of chronic exasperation at himself, at the rich people of his acquaintance and of his immediate neighborhood, and at the world generally; and his exasperation was continually blazing out in sarcasm and invective. Curiously enough, too, when one thinks of it, during all this bitter time, he was writing songs for Mr. Thomson, who had opened a correspondence with him. He was busy with *Chloris* and *Phillis*, while thrones were shaking, and the son of Saint Louis knelt on the scaffold, and Marie Antoinette during her trial was beating out with weary fingers a piano tune on the bench before her. Every other week up from Dumfries to Edinburgh came by the fly a packet of songs for the new publication. On one occasion came the stern war-ode, *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, which Mr. Thomson thought susceptible of improvement. But Burns was inexorable; he liked his ode, and as it was it should remain. It has been said, that by the more respectable circles in Dumfries Burns was regarded with suspicion, if not with positive dislike. Some evidence of this will be found in the anecdote related by Mr. Lockhart. "Mr. M'Culloch," we are informed by that biographer, "was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of ladies and gentlemen, all

drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he let's wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

'Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea—
And werena my heart light I wad die.'

Burns then turned the conversation, and took his young friend home with him till the time for the ball arrived."

This—with the exception of the actual close—was the darkest period in Burns's life. In a short time the horizon cleared a little. The quarrel with Mrs. Riddell was healed, and in a short time books and poems were exchanged between them as of yore. He appears also to have had again some hope of obtaining a supervisorship—the mirage that haunted his closing years. Meanwhile, political feeling had become less bitter; and, in 1795, he exhibited his friendliness to the institutions of the country by entering himself one of a corps of volunteers which was raised in Dumfries, and by composing the spirited patriotic song, *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?* This song became at once popular; and it showed the nation that the heart of the writer was sound at the core, that he hated anarchy and tyranny alike, and wished to steer a prudent middle course. Better days were dawning; but by this time the hardships of his youth, his constant anxieties, his hoping against hope, and his continual passionate stress and tumult of soul, began to tell on a frame that was originally powerful. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in the beginning of the year, we have, under his own hand, the first warning of failing strength. "What a transient business is life," he writes. "Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over my frame." In spite of breaking health, he attended to his Excise duties, and the packets of songs were sent regularly from Dumfries to Edinburgh. In the songs there was no symptom of ache or pain; in these his natural vigor was in no wise abated. The dew

still hung, diamond-like, upon the thorn. Love was still lord of all. On one occasion he went to a party at the Globe Tavern, where he waited late, and on his way home, heavy with liquor, he fell asleep in the open air. The result, in his weakened state of body, was disastrous. He was attacked by rheumatic fever, his appetite began to fail, his black eyes lost their lustre, his voice became tremulous and hollow. His friends hoped that, if he could endure the cold spring months, the summer warmth would revive him; but summer came, and brought no recovery. He was now laid aside from his official work. During his illness he was attended by Miss Jessie Lewars, a sister of his friend Lewars—"a fellow of uncommon merit; indeed, by far the cleverest fellow I have met in this part of the world"—and her kindness the dying poet repaid by the only thing he was rich enough to give—a song of immortal sweetness. His letters at this time are full of his disease, his gloomy prospects, his straitened circumstances. In July he went to Brow, a sea-bathing village on the Solway, where Mrs. Riddell was then residing, in weak health, and there the friends—for all past bitternesses were now forgotten—had an interview. "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" was Burns's greeting. He talked of his approaching decease calmly, like one who had grown so familiar with the idea that it had lost all its terror. His residence on the Solway was not productive of benefit: he was beyond all aid from sunshine and the saline breeze. On the 7th July, he wrote Mr. Cunningham, urging him to use his influence with the Commissioners of Excise to grant him his full salary. "If they do not grant it me," he concludes, "I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poëte;* if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger." On the 10th July, he wrote his brother Gilbert; and Mrs. Dunlop, who had become unaccountably silent, two days after. On this same 12th July, he addressed the following letter to his cousin:—

"My dear Cousin,—When you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher, to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? Oh, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg. The worst of it is, my health was coming

about finely. You know, and my physician assured me, that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease—guess, then, my horror since this business began. If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well, in a manner. How shall I use the language to you?—oh, do not disappoint me! but strong necessity's curst command.

"Forgive me for once more mentioning by return of post—save me from the horrors of a jail.

"My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible I dare not look over it again. Farewell. R. B."

On the same day he addressed Mr. Thomson:—

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me in jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on *Rothemurchie* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!"

This was Burns's last working day. He wrote his song in the morning, *Fairest Maid on Devon Banks*, and the two letters afterwards—to both of which answers were promptly returned. He soon after left the Solway and returned to Dumfries, where his wife was daily expected to be confined. He came home in a small spring cart, and when he alighted he was unable to stand. The hand of death was visibly upon him. His children were sent to the house of Mr. Lewars: Jessie was sedulous in her attentions. On the 21st, he sank into delirium; his children were brought to see him for the last time; and with an execration on the legal agent who had threatened him, the troubled spirit passed. Those who came to see him as he lay in his last sleep were touched and affected. Mighty is the hallowing of death to all,—to him more than to most. As he lay stretched, his dark locks already streaked with unnatural grey, all unworthiness fell away from him—every

stain of passion and debauch, every ignoble word, every ebullition of scorn and pride—and left pure nobleness. Farmer no longer, exciseman no longer, subject no longer to criticism, to misrepresentation, to the malevolence of mean natures and evil tongues, he lay there the great poet of his country, dead too early for himself and for it. He had passed from the judgments of Dumfries, and made his appeal to Time.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS DIED.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

BURNS'S LIFE AND WORKS.

ALLOWAY.

1759.

January 25.—Robert Burns born at Alloway, parish of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage, the work of his father's own hands. His father, William Burnes (so the family name was always written until changed by the poet), was a native of Kincardineshire, born November 11, 1721. His mother, Agnes Brown, born March 17, 1732, was daughter of a farmer in Carrick, Ayrshire. The poet's parents were married December 15, 1757. William Burnes was then a gardener and farm-overseer.

1765—(ÆTAT. SIX).

Sent to a school at Alloway Mill, kept by one Campbell, who was succeeded in May by John Murdoch, a young teacher of uncommon merit, engaged by William Burnes and four of his neighbors, who boarded him alternately at their houses, and guaranteed him a small salary. Two advantages were thus possessed by the poet—an excellent father and an excellent teacher.

MOUNT OLIPHANT.

1766—(SEVEN).

William Burnes removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, two miles distant. His sons still attended Alloway school. The books used were a *Spelling Book*, the *New Testament*, the *Bible*, *Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse*, and *Fisher's English Grammar*.

1768—(Nine).

Murdoch gave up Alloway school. Visiting the Burnes family before his departure, he took with him, as a present, the play of *Titus Andronicus;* he read part of the play aloud, but the horrors of the scene shocked and distressed the children, and Robert threatened to burn the book if it was left! Instead of it Murdoch gave them a comedy, the *School for Love* (translated from the French) and an *English Grammar.* He had previously lent Robert a *Life of Hannibal.* "The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in," says the poet, "was the *Vision of Mirza* and a hymn of Addison's beginning *How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!* I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear—

> 'For though in dreadful whirls we hung
> High on the broken wave!'"

He had found these in Mason's Collection. The latent seeds of poetry were further cultivated in his mind by an old woman living in the family, Betty Davidson, who had a great store of tales, songs, ghost-stories, and legendary lore.

1770—(Eleven).

By the time he was ten or eleven years of age he was an excellent English scholar, "a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles." After the departure of Murdoch, William Burnes was the only instructor of his sons and other children. He taught them arithmetic, and procured for their use *Salmon's Geographical Grammar, Derham's Physics and Astro-Theology,* and *Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation.* These gave the boys some ideas of Geography, Astronomy, and Natural History. He had also *Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin,* a volume of *English History* (reigns of James I. and Charles I.). The blacksmith lent the common metrical *Life of Sir William Wallace* (which was read with Scottish fervor and enthusiasm), and a maternal uncle supplied a *Collection of Letters* by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, which inspired Robert with a strong desire to excel in letter-writing.

1772—(Thirteen).

To improve their penmanship, William Burnes sent his sons, week about, during the summer quarter, to the parish school

of Dalrymple, two or three miles distant. This year Murdoch was appointed teacher of English in Ayr school, and he renewed his acquaintance with the Burnes family, sending them *Pope's Works* and "some other poetry."

1773—(Fourteen).

Robert boarded three weeks with Murdoch at Ayr in order to revise his English Grammar. He acquired also a smattering of French, and on returning home he took with him a *French Dictionary* and *French Grammar*, and a copy of *Télémaque*. He attempted Latin, but soon abandoned it.

1774—(Fifteen).

His knowledge of French introduced him to some respectable families in Ayr (Dr. Malcolm's and others). A lady lent him the *Spectator*, Pope's *Homer*, and several other books. In this year began with him love and poetry. His partner in the harvest-field was a "bewitching creature" a year younger than himself, Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of the blacksmith, who sang sweetly, and on her he afterwards wrote his first song and his first effort at rhyme, *O, once I loved a bonie lass.*

1775—(Sixteen).

About this time Robert was the principal laborer on the farm. From the unproductiveness of the soil, the loss of cattle, and other causes, William Burnes had got into pecuniary difficulties, and the threatening letters of the factor (the landlord being dead) used to set the distressed family all in tears. The character of the factor is drawn in the *Tale of Twa Dogs*. The hard labor, poor living, and sorrow of this period formed the chief cause of the poet's subsequent fits of melancholy, frequent headaches, and palpitation of the heart.

1776—(Seventeen).

Spent his seventeenth summer (so in poet's MS. British Museum; Dr. Currie altered the date to *nineteenth*) on a smuggling coast in Ayrshire, at Kirkoswald, on purpose to learn mensuration, surveying, &c. He made good progress, though mixing somewhat in the dissipation of the place, which had then a flourishing contraband trade. Met the second of his poetical heroines, Peggy Thomson, on whom he afterwards

wrote his fine song *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns.* The charms of this maiden "overset his trigonometry and set him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies." On his return from Kirkoswald ("in my seventeenth year" he writes) he attended a dancing-school to "give his manners a brush." His father had an antipathy to these meetings, and his going "in absolute defiance of his father's commands" (*sic* in orig.) was an "instance of rebellion" which he conceived brought on him the paternal resentment and even dislike. Gilbert Burns dissents altogether from this conclusion: the poet's extreme sensibility and regret for his one act of disobedience led him unconsciously to exaggerate the circumstances of the case. At Kirkoswald he had enlarged his reading by the addition of *Thomson's* and *Shenstone's Works*, and among the other books to which he had access at this period, besides those mentioned above, were some plays of Shakespeare, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Hervey's Meditations*, and a *Select Collection of English Songs* ("The Lark," 2 vols.). This last work was, he says, his *vade mecum;* he pored over it driving his cart or walking to labor, and carefully noted the true, tender or sublime from affectation and fustian. He composed this year two stanzas, *I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing.*

LOCHLEA.

1777—(EIGHTEEN).

William Burnes and family remove to a larger farm at Lochlea, parish of Tarbolton. Take possession at Whitsunday. Affairs for a time look brighter, and all work diligently. Robert and Gilbert have £7 per annum each, as wages, from their father, and they also take land from him for the purpose of raising flax on their own account. "Though, when young, the poet was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, as he approached manhood his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver." (*Gilbert Burns.*) He was in the secret, he says, of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton!

1778—(NINETEEN).

"I was," he says, "about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy." The whole had escaped

his memory except a fragment of twenty lines: *All devil as I am, &c.*

1780—(TWENTY-ONE).

The "Bachelors' Club" established at Tarbolton by Robert and Gilbert Burns, and five other young men. Meetings were held once a month and questions debated. The sum expended by each member was not to exceed threepence.

1781—(TWENTY-TWO).

David Sillar admitted a member of the Bachelors' Club. He describes Burns: "I recollect hearing his neighbors observe he had a great deal to say for himself, and that they suspected his principles (his religious principles). He wore the only tied hair in the parish, and in the church his plaid, which was of a particular color, I think fillemot, he wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders. Between sermons we often took a walk in the fields; in these walks I have frequently been struck by his facility in addressing the fair sex, and it was generally a death-blow to our conversation, however agreeable, to meet a female acquaintance. Some book he always carried and read when not otherwise employed. It was likewise his custom to read at table. In one of my visits to Lochlea, in time of a sowen supper, he was so intent on reading, I think *Tristram Shandy*, that his spoon falling out of his hand made him exclaim in a tone scarcely imitable, 'Alas, poor Yorick!'" The poet had now added to his collection of books Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (which he said he prized next to the Bible) and *Man of the World*, *Sterne's Works*, and Macpherson's *Ossian*. He would appear also to have had the poetical works of Young. Among the fair ones whose society he courted was a superior young woman, bearing the unpoetical name of Ellison Begbie. She was the daughter of a small farmer at Galston, but was servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock. On her he wrote a "song of similes," beginning *On Cessnock banks there lives a lass*, and the earliest of his printed correspondence is addressed to Ellison. His letters are grave, sensible epistles, written with remarkable purity and correctness of language. At this time poesy was, he says, "a darling walk for his mind." The oldest of his printed pieces were *Winter, a Dirge*, the *Death of poor Mailie*, *John Barleycorn*, and the three songs *It was upon a Lammas night*, *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns*, and *Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows*. We may add

to these *O Tibbie, I hae seen the day* and *My Father was a Farmer*. His exquisite lyric *O Mary, at thy window be*, was also, he says, one of his juvenile works.

1782—(Twenty-three).

Ellison Begbie refuses his hand. She was about to leave her situation, and he expected himself to "remove a little further off." He went to the town of Irvine. "My twenty-third year," he says, "was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighboring town, to learn his trade, and carry on the business of manufacturing and retailing flax. This turned out a sadly unlucky affair. My partner was a scoundrel of the first water, who made money by the mystery of thieving, and to finish the whole, while we were giving a welcoming carousal to the New Year, our shop, by the drunken carelessness of my partner's wife, took fire, and was burned to ashes; and left me, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."* In Irvine his reading was only increased, he says, by two volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, which gave him some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, he had given up, but meeting with *Fergusson's Scottish Poems*, he "strung anew his lyre with emulating vigor." He also formed a friendship for a young fellow, "a very noble character," Richard Brown, and with others of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, "the consequence of which was," he says, "that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the *Poet's Welcome*" (to his illegitimate child). But this was not till the summer of 1784. Before leaving Lochlea he became a Freemason.

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* From orig. in Brit. Museum. Burns wrote an interesting and affecting letter to his father, from Irvine. Dr. Currie dates it 1781, which we think is an error. The poet's statement is corroborated by his brother's narrative, and the stone chimney of the room occupied by the poet is inscribed, evidently by his own hand, "R. B. 1782." He consoled himself for his loss after this fashion:—

"O, why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine.
I'll go and be a sodger."

MOSSGIEL.

1784—(TWENTY-FIVE).

February 13th.—William Burnes died at Lochlea, in his 64th year, his affairs in utter ruin. His sons and two grown-up daughters ranked as creditors of their father for arrears of wages, and raised a little money to stock another farm. This new farm was that of Mossgiel, parish of Mauchline, which had been sub-let to them by Gavin Hamilton, writer (or attorney) in Mauchline. They entered on the farm in March: "Come, go to, I will be wise," resolved the poet, but bad seed and a late harvest deprived them of half their expected crop. Poetry was henceforth to be the only successful vocation of Robert Burns. To this year may be assigned the *Epistle to John Rankine* (a strain of rich humor, but indelicate), and some minor pieces. In April or May he commenced his acquaintance with "Bonie Jean"—Jean Armour—an event which colored all his future life, imparting to it its brightest lights and its darkest shadows.

1785—(TWENTY-SIX).

In January the *Epistle to Davie* completed: *Death and Doctor Hornbook* written about February. *Epistles to J. Lapraik*, April 1, 21, and September 13. *Epistle to W. Simpson* in May. *The Twa Herds, or the Holy Tulzie:* this satire was the first of his poetic offspring that saw the light (excepting some of his songs), and it was received by a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, with a "roar of applause." Burns had now taken his side with the *New Light*, or rationalistic section of the church, then in violent antagonism to the *Auld Light*, or evangelistic party, which comprised the great bulk of the lower and middling classes. To this year belong *The Jolly Beggars*, *Halloween*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Man was made to Mourn*, *Address to the Deil*, *To a Mouse*, *A Winter Night*, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and *The Holy Fair* (early MS. in British Museum), *Epistle to James Smith*, &c.

1786—(TWENTY-SEVEN).

In rapid succession were produced *Scotch Drink*, *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, *The Twa Dogs*, *The Ordination*, *Address to the Unco Guid*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, *Epistle to a Young Friend*, *A Bard's Epitaph*, *The Lament*, *Despondency*,

&c. Such a body of original poetry, written within about twelve months—poetry so natural, forcible, and picturesque, so quaint, sarcastic, humorous, and tender—had unquestionably not appeared since Shakespeare. Misfortunes, however, were gathering round the poet. The farm had proved a failure, and the connection with Jean Armour brought grief and shame. He gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, but at the urgent entreaty of her father she consented that this document should be destroyed. The poet was frantic with distress and indignation. He resolved on quitting the country, engaged to go out to Jamaica as book-keeper on an estate, and to raise money for his passage arranged to publish his poems. Subscription papers were issued in April. In the meantime, in bitter resentment of the perfidy, as he esteemed it, of the unfortunate Jean Armour, he renewed his intimacy with a former love, Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary," who had been a servant in the family of Gavin Hamilton, and was now dairy-maid at Coilsfield. He proposed marriage to Mary Campbell, was accepted, and Mary left her service and went to her parents in Argyleshire, preliminary to her union with the poet. They parted on the banks of the Ayr, on Sunday, May 14th, exchanging Bibles and vowing eternal fidelity. No more is heard of Mary until after her death, which took place in October of this year. The *Poems* were published in August, an edition of 600 copies, and were received with enthusiastic applause. The poet cleared about 20*l.* by the volume, took a passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde (nothing is said of Mary accompanying him), and was preparing to embark, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, offering encouragement for a second edition, roused his poetic ambition, and led him to try his fortune in Edinburgh. Before starting he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, the most valued and one of the most accomplished of his correspondents.

EDINBURGH.

November 28th, 1786.—Burns reaches the Scottish capital, and instantly becomes the lion of the season. He is courted and caressed by the witty, the fashionable, and the learned—by Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Gregory, Fraser Tytler, Lord Glencairn, Lord Eglinton, Patrick Miller (the ingenious laird of Dalswinton), the fascinating Jane, Duchess

of Gordon, Miss Burnet, &c. Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," writes a critique on the Poems in the *Lounger*—the members of the Caledonian Hunt subscribe for a hundred copies of the new edition—and the poet is in a fair way, as he says, of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan.

1787—(Twenty-eight).

Burns applies for and obtains permission to erect a tombstone in Canongate Churchyard over the remains of Fergusson the poet. In April appears the second edition of the *Poems*, consisting of 3,000 copies, with a list of subscribers prefixed, and a portrait of the poet. In this edition appeared *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, the *Ordination*, and *Address to the Unco Guid*, which were excluded from the first edition, and several new pieces, the best of which are the *Brigs of Ayr* and *Tam Samson's Elegy*. On 5th of May the poet sets off on a tour with a young friend, Robert Ainslie, in order to visit the most interesting scenes in the south of Scotland. Crossing the Tweed over Coldstream bridge, Burns knelt down on the English side and poured forth, uncovered, and with strong emotion, the prayer for Scotland contained in the two last stanzas of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. June 4th, he was made an honorary burgess of the town of Dumfries, after which he proceeded to Ayrshire, and arrived at Mauchline on the 9th of June. "It will easily be conceived," says Dr. Currie, "with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers, and sisters. He had left them poor and comparatively friendless; he returned to them high in public estimation, and easy in his circumstances." At this time the poet renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour. Towards the end of the month he made a short Highland tour, in which he visited Loch Lomond and Dumbarton, and returning to Mauchline, we find him (July 25th) presiding as Depute Grand Master of the Tarbolton Mason Lodge, and admitting Professor Dugald Stewart, Mr. Alexander of Ballochmyle, and others, as honorary members of the Lodge. On the 25th of August the poet set off from Edinburgh on a northern tour with William Nicol of the High School. They visited Bannockburn, spent two days at Blair with the Duke of Athole and family, proceeded as far as Inverness, then by way of Elgin, Fochabers (dining with the Duke and Duchess of Gordon), on to Aberdeen, Stonehaven, and Montrose, where he met his relatives

the Burneses. Arrived at Edinburgh on the 16th September. In December made the acquaintance of *Clarinda*, or Mrs. M'Lehose, with whom he kept up a passionate correspondence for about three months. Overset by a drunken coachman, and sent home with a severely bruised knee, which confined him for several weeks. Mr. A. Wood, surgeon "lang sandy Wood," applies to Mr. Graham of Fintry, Commissioner of Excise, and gets Burns's name enrolled among the number of expectant Excise officers. During all this winter the poet zealously assists Mr. James Johnson in his publication, the *Scots Musical Museum*.

1788—(TWENTY-NINE).

Left Edinburgh for Dumfries to inspect Mr. Miller's lands at Dalswinton. Stopped by the way at Mossgiel, February 23d. Poor Jean Armour, who had again loved not wisely, but too well, was living apart, separated from her parents, and supported by Burns. He visited her the day before his departure for Dumfries (apparently February 24th), and it is painful to find him writing thus to Clarinda—"I this morning, as I came home, called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her. I cannot endure her. I, while my heart smote me for the profanity, tried to compare her with my Clarinda; 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. Here was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning; there, polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me."* In less than two months they were married! In this, as in the Highland Mary episode, Burns's *mobility*, or "excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions,"† seems something marvellous, and more akin to the French than the Scotch character. Returned to Edinburgh in March, and on the 13th took a lease of the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith. On the 19th settled with Creech, the profits from the Edinburgh edition and copyright being about 500*l.*, of which the poet gave 180*l.* to his brother Gilbert, as a loan, to enable him to continue (with the family) at Mossgiel. In the latter end of April Burns was privately married to Jean Armour, and shortly afterwards wrote on her his two charming songs *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw* and *O, were I on Parnassus hill!*

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* From the original, published in *Banffshire Journal*.

† So defined by Byron, who was himself a victim to this "unhappy attribute." See "Don Juan," canto xvi. 97.

ELLISLAND.

In June the poet went to reside on his farm, his wife remaining at Mauchline until a new house should be built at Ellisland. Formed the acquaintance of Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, a gentleman of literary and antiquarian tastes, who resided at Friars Carse, within a mile of Ellisland. On 28th June wrote *Verses in Friars Carse Hermitage*. August 5th, the poet at Mauchline made public acknowledgment of his marriage before the Kirk Session, at the same time giving "a guinea note for behoof of the poor." In December conducted Mrs. Burns to the banks of the Nith. *I hae a wife o' my ain!*

1789—(THIRTY).

Visited Edinburgh in February, and received about 50*l.* more of copyright money from Creech. August 18, son born to the poet, named Francis Wallace. About the same time received appointment to the Excise. October 16, the great bacchanalian contest for the Whistle took place at Friars Carse in presence of the poet. On the 20th of October (as calculated, and indeed proved by Mr. Chambers) the sublime and affecting lyric, *To Mary in Heaven*, was composed. Met Grose the antiquary at Friars Carse, and afterwards wrote the humorous poem *On Captain Grose's Peregrinations*. In December was written the election ballad *The Five Carlines*.

1790—(THIRTY-ONE).

January 11.—Writes to Gilbert that his farm is a ruinous affair. On the 14th, addressing his friend Mr. Dunbar, W.S., relative to his Excise appointment, he says: "I found it a very convenient business to have 50*l.* per annum; nor have I yet felt any of those mortifying circumstances in it I was led to fear." The duties were hard; he had to ride at least 200 miles every week, but he still contributed largely to the *Scots Musical Museum*, wrote the elegy *On Captain Matthew Henderson* (one of the most exquisite of the poet's productions), and in autumn produced *Tam O' Shanter*, by universal assent the crowning glory and masterpiece of its author.

1791—(THIRTY-TWO).

In February wrote *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, and *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn*. In March had his right

arm broken by the fall of his horse, and was for some weeks disabled from writing. In this month also occurred an event which probably caused deeper pain than the broken arm. First, as Mr. Chambers says, "we have a poor girl lost to the reputable world;" (this was "Anna with the gowden locks," niece to the hostess of the Globe Tavern;) "next we have Burns seeking an asylum for a helpless infant at his brother's; then a magnanimous wife interposing with the almost romantically generous offer to become herself its nurse and guardian."* April 9, a third son born to the poet, and named William Nicol. At the close of the month the poet sold his crop at Ellisland, "and sold it well." Declined to attend the crowning of Thomson's bust at Ednam, but wrote verses for the occasion. In November made a short visit—his last—to Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards wrote his inimitable farewell to Clarinda, *Ae fond kiss and then we sever.* The fourth stanza of this song Sir Walter Scott said contained "the essence of a thousand love tales."

DUMFRIES.

At Martinmas (Nov. 11), the poet having disposed of his stock and other effects at Ellisland, and surrendered the lease of the farm to Mr. Miller the proprietor, removed with his family to the town of Dumfries. He occupied for a year and a half three rooms of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the Wee Vennel). On taking up his residence in the town, Burns was well received by the higher class of inhabitants and the neighboring gentry. One of the most accomplished of the latter was Mrs. Walter Riddell (*née* Maria Woodley), then aged only about eighteen. This lady, with her husband, a brother of Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, lived on a small estate about four miles from Dumfries, which in compliment to the lady they called Woodley Park (now Goldielea).

1792—(THIRTY-THREE).

February 27.—Burns behaved gallantly in seizing and boarding a smuggling brig in the Solway. The vessel, with her

* Mrs. Burns was much attached to the child, who remained with her till she was seventeen years of age, when she married a soldier, John Thomson of the Stirling Militia. She died in May, 1873; she strongly resembled her father. Poor Anna the mother felt deeply the disgrace; she, however, made a decent marriage in Leith, but died comparatively young, without any family by her husband.

arms and stores, was sold by auction in Dumfries, and Burns purchased four carronades or small guns, for which he paid 3*l.* These he sent, with a letter, to the French Convention, but they were detained at Dover by the Custom-house authorities. This circumstance is supposed to have drawn on the poet the notice of his jealous superiors. He warmly sympathized with the French people in their struggle against despotism, and the Board of Excise ordered an inquiry into the poet's political conduct, though it is doubtful whether any reprimand was ever given him. In September Mr. George Thomson, Edinburgh, commenced his publication of national songs and melodies, and Burns cordially lent assistance to the undertaking, but disclaimed all idea or acceptance of pecuniary remuneration. On the 14th of November he transmitted to Thomson the song of *Highland Mary*, and next month one of the most arch and humorous of all his ditties, *Duncan Gray cam here to woo.*

1793—(Thirty-four).

The poet continues his invaluable and disinterested labors for Mr. Thomson's publication. In July he makes an excursion into Galloway with his friend Mr. Syme, stamp distributor, and according to that gentleman (though Burns's own statement on the subject is different) he composed his national song, *Scots wha hae*, in the midst of a thunder-storm on the wilds of Kenmure. The song was sent to Thomson in September, along with one no less popular, *Auld Lang Syne.* At Whitsuntide the poet removed from the "Wee Vennel" to a better house (rent 8*l.* per annum) in the Mill-hole Brae (now Burns Street), and in this house he lived till his death. His widow continued to occupy it till her death, March 26, 1834.

1794—(Thirty-five).

At a dinner-party at Woodley Park on one occasion the poet, like most of the guests, having exceeded in wine, was guilty of some act of rudeness to the accomplished hostess, which she and her friends resented very warmly. A rupture took place, and for nearly a twelvemonth there was no intercourse between the parties. During this interval Burns wrote several lampoons on Mrs. Riddell, wholly unworthy of him as a man or as a poet. April 4, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell died unreconciled to Burns, yet the latter honored his memory with

a sonnet. June, wrote the *Lincluden Vision*, his *Ode to Liberty* and *The Tree of Liberty*. August 12, another son born to the poet, and named James Glencairn. During this autumn and winter Burns wrote some of his finest songs, inspired by the charms of Jane Lorimer, the "Chloris" of many a lyric. In November he composed his lively song, *Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair*, which he intended as a picture of his own mind, but it is only, as Mr. Chambers says, the picture of one aspect of his mind. Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* wishes to engage Burns as a contributor to his paper, but the "truly generous offer" is declined, lest connection with the Whig journal should injure his prospects in the Excise. For a short time he acted as supervisor, and thought that his political sins were forgiven.

1795—(THIRTY-SIX).

In January the poet composed his manly and independent song, *For a' that and a' that.* His intercourse with Maria Riddell is renewed, and she sends him occasionally a book, or a copy of verses, or a ticket for the theatre. He never relaxes his genial labors for the musical works of Johnson and Thomson, and writes a series of election ballads in favor of the Whig candidate, Mr. Heron. He joins the Dumfries-shire corps of Volunteers, enrolled in the month of March, and writes his loyal and patriotic song, *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?* also his fine national strain, *Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon*, and one of the best of his ballads, *Last May a braw wooer.* The poet's health, however, gives way, and premature age has set in.

1796—(THIRTY-SEVEN).

The decline of the poet is accelerated by an accidental circumstance. One night in January he sat late in the Globe Tavern. There was deep snow on the ground, and in going home he sank down overpowered, by drowsiness and the liquor he had taken, and slept for some hours in the open air. From the cold caught on this occasion he never wholly recovered. He still, however, continued his song-writing, and one of the most beautiful and most touching of his lyrics was also one of his latest. This was the song beginning *Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear*, written on Jessy Lewars, a maiden of eighteen, sister to a brother exciseman, who proved a "ministering angel" to the poet in his last illness. In May,

another election called forth another ballad, *Wha will buy my troggin?* And about the middle of June we find the poet writing despondingly to his old friend Johnson, and requesting a copy of the *Scots Musical Museum* to present to a young lady. This was no doubt the copy presented to Jessy Lewars, June 26th, inscribed with the verses, *Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair.* As a last effort for health, Burns went on the 4th of July to Brow, a sea-bathing hamlet on the Solway. There he was visited by Maria Riddell, who thought "the stamp of death was imprinted on his features." He was convinced himself that his illness would prove fatal, and some time before this he had said to his wife, "Don't be afraid: I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead, than I am at present." Mrs. Riddell saw the poet again on the 5th of July, when they parted to meet no more. On the 7th he wrote to his friend Alexander Cunningham to move the Commissioners of Excise to continue his full salary of 50*l.* instead of reducing it, as was the rule in the case of excisemen off duty, to 35*l.* Mr. Findlater, his superior officer, says he had no doubt this would have been done had the poet lived. On the 10th Burns wrote to his brother as to his hopeless condition, his debts, and his despair; and on the same day he addressed a request to his father-in-law, stern old James Armour, that he would write to Mrs. Armour, then in Fife, to come to the assistance of her daughter, the poet's wife, during the time of her confinement. His thoughts turned also to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, who had unaccountably been silent for some time. He recalled her interesting correspondence: "With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance adds yet one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!" Close on this dark hour of anguish came a lawyer's letter urging payment—and no doubt hinting at the serious consequences of non-payment—of a haberdasher's account. This legal missive served to conjure up before the distracted poet the image of a jail with all its horrors, and on the 12th he wrote two letters—one to his cousin in Montrose begging an advance of 10*l.*, and one to Mr. George Thomson imploring 5*l.* "Forgive, forgive me!" He left the sea-side on the 18th, weak and feverish, but was able the same day, on arriving at his house in Dumfries, to address a second note to James Armour, reiterating the wish expressed six days before, but without eliciting any reply—"Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately." From this period he was closely confined to bed (according to the statement of his widow), and was scarcely

"*himself*" for half an hour together. He was aware of this infirmity, and told his wife that she was to touch him and remind him when he was going wrong. One day he got out of his bed, and his wife found him sitting in a corner of the room with the bed-clothes about him; she got assistance, and he suffered himself to be gently led back to bed. The day before he died he called very quickly and with a hale voice, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" On the morning of the 21st, at day-break, death was obviously near at hand, and the children were sent for. They had been removed to the house of Jessy Lewars and her brother, in order that the poet's dwelling might be kept quiet, and they were now summoned back that they might have a last look of their illustrious father in life. He was insensible, his mind lost in delirium, and, according to his eldest son, his last words were, "That d——d rascal, Matthew Penn!"—an execration against the legal agent who had written the dunning letter. And so ended this sad and stormy life-drama, and the poet passed, as Mr. Carlyle has said, "not softly but speedily into that still country where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." On the evening of Sunday, the 24th of July, the poet's remains were removed from his house to the Town Hall, and next day were interred with military honors.



THE FUNERAL OF BURNS

POSTHUMOUS HISTORY OF BURNS.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

BURNS died, not exactly in pressing indigence or privation, but without possessing any such amount of property as could place his widow and children above more than immediate want. It is not, everything considered, so wonderful that he left his family in these circumstances, as that he died free of debt, except to a comparatively trifling amount. This is indeed a fact highly remarkable, and one which reflects a peculiar lustre upon the name of Burns. The money realized by his Poems appears to have been expended by the time he left Ellisland: he obtained no more that we are aware of from that source, excepting the small sum thrust upon him by Mr. Thomson. He had lived four and a half years in Dumfries, with an ascertained income which "was for some time as low as £50, and never rose above £70, a year," with a family of seven or eight individuals to support, and this at a time when the necessaries of life were considerably dearer than they usually are now; and yet he had exercised so much prudence and self-denial, that only a few pounds stood at his debit when he died. On the other side of the account, we find the £180 which he had advanced from the profits of his poems to his brother, books to the value of about £90, and his household furniture. The draft for £10 sent by Mr. Burnes, and that for £5 sent by Mr. Thomson, lay unrealized in the widow's possession, and formed the subject of a legal writ issued by the Commissary of Dumfries on the ensuing 6th of October, confirming to her, "*executrix qua relict* to the umquhile Robert Burns," the use of the sums which they represented.

While Burns lay dead in his house, his friend Mr. Lewars addressed a letter to Mr. Burnes of Montrose, informing him of the melancholy event, and apologizing for the delay of an answer to his late kind communication, on the ground that,

at the time it was received, "Mr. Burns was totally unable either to write or dictate a letter." It is pleasing to mention, as a trait honorable to the family to which the poet belonged, that Mr. Burnes immediately sent a letter of his kindest condolence to the widow, offering to do anything in his power to alleviate her affliction. This, be it remembered, was not a rich man, and he had a family of his own to provide for; yet, apparently as a simple matter of course, he offered to relieve the widow of the charge of her eldest son, and to educate him with his own children: he also enclosed an additional sum of £5, to relieve her immediate necessities. Adverting, moreover, to what the poet had told him of his brother Gilbert's debt, he counselled, as the payment would be hard upon that respectable man, that she should, as far as circumstances permitted, "use lenity in settling with him." Mrs. Burns replied in suitable terms of gratitude to Mr. Burnes, but declined, in the meantime, to part with any of her children: she heartily concurred in the feeling which dictated his allusion to Gilbert. It may here be added, that this excellent man, who had long struggled under great difficulties at Mossgiel, made up his mind at his brother's death to sell off all he possessed, in order to obtain the means of discharging the debt he owed to the destitute Dumfries family. It is most pleasing to record, that Mrs. Robert Burns, setting aside all regard to her own necessities, resolutely forbade the proposed step being taken. The debt was not paid till twenty-four years after, and it seems to have then been paid without interest; but during the whole time of its currency, Gilbert had maintained his mother, a burden with which the poet in life would have been partly chargeable, and he had also taken charge of the poet's eldest son for several years. Poverty, it must be admitted, has its immediate evils; but when it gives occasion, as in the instance now under our attention, to generous self-sacrifice amongst those connected by the ties of blood, it appears, in contrast with the sordid emotions too often excited by the world's wealth, a blessing, and this not merely to those who well sustain its pressure, but to all who have hearts to be touched and spirits to be chastened by the noble examples it sets before them.

Immediately after the death of Burns, his friend Syme began to exert himself with the greatest zeal and assiduity in rousing public feeling in behalf of the widow and children. With him was associated in his task Dr. William Maxwell, the medical attendant of the poet—a man of somewhat singular character

and attainments. The popular report regarding him was, that, having been at the medical schools of Paris in the heat of the Revolution, he had contracted democratic sentiments; had acted as one of the national guard round the scaffold of Louis XVI., and dipped his handkerchief in the royal blood. Recently returned to his own country, he had commenced practice in Dumfries, but was as yet only laying the foundation of that high professional character which he subsequently perfected. He had attended Burns in his last illness, and participated strongly in the interest occasioned by his premature death. He accordingly entered at once, and with the greatest cordiality, into the project for the benefit of the poet's family. To Syme and him was immediately added Mr. Alexander Cunningham, the bard's principal Edinburgh friend, and one not less eager to do whatever was in his power in a cause so dear to charity. From some one of these three men had, in all probability, proceeded the newspaper announcement which has been quoted. It contains a passage which could never have been allowed to be published, if Burns had left a grown-up instead of an infant family; but it also presents a gratifying proof of the activity of the men in the benevolent object which they sought to advance.

Syme had an old college friend in practice as a physician at Liverpool, a man of excellent literary talents, whom an affinity of tastes had brought into intimacy with Mr. William Roscoe, of that town. The person meant was Dr. James Currie, who has since been so well known as the biographer and editor of Burns, but who at this time enjoyed only a dubious fame, as the supposed author of Jasper Wilson's Letter to Mr. Pitt, a pamphlet in which the war had been deprecated with a power of reasoning far from pleasing to the administration. Currie, who was the son of a Scotch clergyman, and a native of Dumfriesshire, had read Burns's Poems on their first appearance, with the keenest relish of their beauties; and he had received, from a casual interview with the poet at Dumfries in 1792, the impression that he was a man of marvellous general talents, as well as a charming Doric poet. On now hearing of the death of Burns, he expressed to Syme a strong interest in the intended subscription, and also in the preparation of the life and posthumous works of the poet. Before a month had elapsed from the poet's death, we find that he had collected forty or fifty guineas for the family. He was at the same time writing about the proposed publication, in such terms as amounted to an offer of his own literary assistance to any

extent that might be desired. For some time, there seems to have been an uncertainty as to the selection of an editor and biographer for Burns. Professor Stewart was the first person thought of. Another was Mrs. Walter Riddell. Dr. Currie thought so well of Syme's talents as to press the undertaking upon him. But it was finally settled, in September, and very fortunately so, that this duty should devolve upon Dr. Currie.

Meanwhile the subscription went on, but not flourishingly. In Dumfriesshire, somewhat more than £100 had been contributed within the first three months. In Liverpool, Dr. Currie gathered 70 guineas. Let it not be surprising that the contribution from Edinburgh had not, by the end of the year, gone much beyond the latter sum, though Burns had there had many admirers and not a few friends. Every one who has had aught to do with the collection of subscriptions for charitable objects, must know how little will come spontaneously from even those circles where the purpose of the collection is presumed to be most cordially contemplated, and how many, who might be expected to give liberally, give nothing. Accidental importunities here and there determine the result. It does not appear that any efforts were made in Scotland beyond the publication of advertisements in the newspapers. In London there was greater success, and the entire sum realized was £700. For the support of the widow and her five boys, this was evidently inadequate; but it was hoped that the posthumous publication would realize such an addition as might make a tolerable provision in a style not inferior to that in which the family had formerly lived.

In the collection of Burns's letters and fugitive poems, Mr. Syme was laudably diligent during the latter part of 1796, and considerable success attended his efforts. The letters to Mrs. Dunlop were recovered, on the condition of hers to Burns being returned to herself. Those to Clarinda remained with herself, as unsuitable for the public, excepting a few passages, which she promised to transcribe and send, provided that her own were returned. Mr. Robert Aiken had gathered together many of the bard's communications; but the bundle was stolen by an unfaithful clerk, and, it is feared, destroyed, to prevent detection. The mass collected by Syme was transmitted to Dr. Currie in February, 1797, and excited great surprise from its utter want of arrangement. "I received," says Currie, "the complete sweepings of his drawers and of his desk—as it appeared to me—even to the copy-book on which his little boy had been practising his writing." It may partly account for

the confusion, that Syme spoke a month earlier to Mrs. M'Lehose of being worn out with duty, and having to write occasionally twenty letters a day. Currie relates, that he read these papers "with sympathy, with sorrow, with pity, and with admiration; and, at times, with strong though transient disgust."

Dr. Currie, after having the heart-secrets of Burns exposed to him, spoke on the subject as might be expected of a sensible, kind-natured man. He said: "The errors and faults, as well as the excellences, of Burns's life and character, afford scope for painful and melancholy observation. This part of the subject must be touched with great tenderness; but it must be touched. If his friends do not touch it, his enemies will. To speak my mind to you freely, it appears to me that his misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors. This it is unnecessary, and indeed improper to say; but his biographer must keep it in mind, to prevent him from running into those bitter invectives against Scotland, &c., which the extraordinary attractions and melancholy fate of the poet naturally provoke. Six Liverpool poets have sung the requiem of our admired bard; and every one of them has indulged in the most pointed, and in some degree unjust, invectives against the country and the society in which he lived."

An important part of the unpublished writings of Burns consisted in the songs, upward of sixty in number, which he had written for the work of Mr. George Thomson. Of these, only six had as yet been published, for one part or half-volume of Mr. Thomson's work had alone appeared. Burns had conferred on Mr. Thomson the copyright of these songs, as securing that gentleman against their being used in any rival publication. Of course, when a posthumous collection of the poet's writings was designed for the benefit of his destitute family, Mr. Thomson at once gave up the songs. As he could not be said to have paid a pecuniary equivalent for them, this conduct was no more than just; but Mr. Thomson did all besides which was to be expected from a man superior to sordid considerations. In order that the songs might come out fresh in the posthumous collection, and thus serve the family as far as possible, he interrupted, or at least retarded, the progress of his own work for some considerable time. He at first demurred to the surrender of the valuable series of letters which Burns had addressed to him regarding Scottish songs; but this point was speedily yielded to the earnest request of the trustees of the poet's family. He was also induced to permit his own letters

to appear in connection with those of Burns, thus perfecting a section of the projected work which Currie justly considered as the most valuable. After remarking to his publishers that "the letters of Mr. Thomson are themselves very good," the learned biographer says: "His conduct in giving up this treasure to the family is deserving of every praise." Such was the sense of it entertained by both the widow and brother of the bard, and such afterwards proved to be the feeling of the children of Burns. By the whole family, Mr. Thomson has ever been regarded as one who had acted in a most honorable manner towards them.

Another section of Burns's writings consisted in the songs he had contributed to Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. The number sent in his handwriting has been stated at one hundred and eighty; but many of these were old songs, gathered by him from oral tradition; many had only received from him a few improving touches; and only forty-seven were finally decided upon by Dr. Currie as wholly and undoubtedly the production of Burns. The poet himself, though the voluminousness of Johnson's collection seems to have disposed him to regard it as "the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music," felt ashamed of much that he had contributed to it. "Here, once for all," said he in a letter to Mr. Thomson, "let me apologize for the many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words, and in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together, anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass." On the other hand, a considerable number of his contributions to Johnson were equal to the best of his compositions, and had already attained popularity.

The memoir of Dr. Currie by his son contains an ample account of the difficulties experienced by that gentleman in arranging the papers and composing the life of Burns. The only material assistance he seems to have obtained, was from Mr. Syme and Gilbert Burns, during a fortnight which they spent with him at Liverpool, in the autumn of 1797. It was determined that the work should be published by subscription; and Dr. Currie, in addition to that part for which he was more particularly responsible, undertook to make the necessary arrangements with the booksellers and printer, and to superintend the publication. A negotiation was soon afterwards concluded by him with the London publishers (Messrs. Cadell and Davies), who behaved with a liberality very honorable to their character—at once agreeing to take upon themselves the

risk of the promised or expected subscriptions to the intended volumes, and also to relieve the widow and family from all anxiety or further trouble attending their publication. To those persons who were not eye-witnesses, it would be difficult to convey an idea how much Dr. Currie's labors were increased by the necessity of attention to all these details. Indeed, he found himself embarked in an undertaking which consumed much valuable time that would have been otherwise employed on subjects connected with his profession. He was sustained through all these troubles and exertions by his benevolent feelings. "I trust," he says to Cadell and Davies (February, 1798), "that by our co-operation we shall lift this family from the ground, and give the five infant sons a chance in the world which their poor father never had."

In a subsequent letter to the same individuals, Dr. Currie says: "In tracing the life of this singular genius, it is most curious and interesting to observe the incidents which gave rise to the effusions of his Muse. Every one of his poems, printed and unprinted, has a history attending it, which, while it illustrates the character of the poet, illustrates also the manners and character of the class of men to which he belonged. In giving his biography, therefore, it would be very desirable to have the liberty of introducing such of his poems as relate to the incidents recorded, in their proper places, as well as to introduce occasionally his letters to his friends, and his own private observations from his imperfect diaries. In this way, his journey through the classical ground in the south of Scotland, as well as his tour through the Highlands, including his visits to the Dukes of Athole and Gordon, may be made out clearly and very amusingly." The biographer here sketches out the plan which has been for the first time fully followed out in the work now before the reader. The degree in which Dr. Currie acted upon it was much more limited.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, AND A CRITICISM OF HIS WRITINGS, by James Currie, M.D., appeared in May, 1800, in four volumes 8vo. The publication was received with the greatest approbation by the public. It was admitted that the biography was executed with surprising delicacy towards the memory of the poet and the feelings of his surviving friends, as well as the interests of truth and virtue. The letters of Burns, occupying two of the volumes, formed a feature of novelty which was highly appreciated. These compositions deepened the sense of his literary powers which had been previously entertained, particularly in

England, where there was no drawback, as in the poetry, to their being fully understood. It was admitted by Dr. Aiken, then considered at the head of criticism in England, that English literature scarcely contained any compositions of the same nature equal to them. The success of the publication was great. Four editions, of 2000 copies each, were disposed of in the first four years. It is not unworthy of remark, that the first edition was printed in a very elegant style at Liverpool, by John M'Creery, a north-of-Ireland man of Scottish extraction, who had entered upon his task with a feeling superior to the usual principles of trade. He is described as a man of talent and extraordinary ardor of character, a lover of literature, and a worshipper of genius. He had exerted himself to render the volumes a beautiful specimen of the typographic art, and in this object he succeeded, so as to secure general admiration. The profits of the work are stated by Mr. Wallace Currie as having been £1200; but I find in Dr. Currie's own papers reference made to the sum of £1400, as that realized for the widow and her family by the publication.

Mrs. Burns continued to live in the same small house in which her husband died, an object of general respect on account of her modest and amiable character, and the interest associated with the memory of the poet. The proceeds of the fund raised for her sufficed to enable her to bring up her sons in a creditable manner. Dr. Currie paid her a visit in June, 1804, when "everything about her," he says, "bespoke decent competence, and even comfort. She showed me the study and small library of her husband nearly as he left them. By everything I hear, she conducts herself irreproachably." *

He adds: "From Mrs. Burns's house, I went to the churchyard, at no great distance, to visit the grave of the poet. As it is still uninscribed, we could not have found it, had not a person we met with in the churchyard pointed it out. He told us he knew Burns well, and that he (Burns) himself chose the spot in which he is buried. His grave is on the north-

* It should be remembered that Mrs. Burns was only thirty years of age at the time of her husband's death—an age at which many women marry for the first time, and, although several serious and advantageous matrimonial offers were made her, "she never changed nor wished to change her lot." She was of a happy and contented nature, and occasionally gave utterance to a quiet jest; one frequently quoted is to the following effect: She was much pestered by relic-hunters, and after having given away all she had to spare, she was wont to say, gravely, to gentlemen supplicants, "I have nothing left to give, unless you tak' mysel', the veritable relict of the poet!"—G. G.

east corner of the churchyard, which it fills up, and at the side of the grave of his two sons, Wallace and Maxwell, the first of whom, a lad of great promise, died last year of a consumption, the last immediately after his father."

Robert, the eldest son, whose early intelligence seems to have excited general admiration, attended for two sessions at the University of Edinburgh, and one in the University of Glasgow. A situation being procured for him in the Stamp Office, London, he removed thither in 1804, and devoted himself to a routine of drudgeries which seems to have effectually repressed the literary tendencies of his mind. Only a few songs and miscellaneous pieces of poetry—some of which, however, possessed considerable merit—having proceeded from his pen. For twenty-nine years he pursued this humble career, endeavoring to improve his slender income by privately teaching the classics and mathematics, and during this long time he was never able to revisit Scotland, or have a meeting with his mother. In 1833, having obtained a superannuation allowance, he retired to Dumfries, where he died 1857.

James and William, the two other surviving sons of the poet, obtained commissions in the East India Company's service through the kindness of the Marchioness of Hastings. They passed through a most honorable career of service, attaining respectively the ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel. In their wanderings in a foreign land they ever found their name and parentage a passport to the friendship of all whom they encountered or with whom they were associated. Among their most cherished desires, was that of adding to the comforts of their mother. Mr. Maule of Panmure (afterward Lord Panmure) had, in 1817, settled a pension upon Mrs. Burns of £50 a year, and this she had enjoyed about a year and a half, when her son James, having obtained a place in the commissariat, was able to relieve her from the necessity of being beholden to a stranger's generosity. Mrs. Burns, through the liberality of her children, spent her latter years in comparative affluence. In March, 1834, at the age of sixty-eight, she closed her respectable life in the same room in which her husband had breathed his last thirty-eight years before.

Mr. Gilbert Burns, the early companion, and at all times the steadfast friend, of the poet, continued to struggle with the miserable soil of Mossgiel till about the year 1797, when he removed to the farm of Dinning, on the estate of Mr. Monteath of Closeburn, in Nithsdale. He had, some years before, united himself to a Miss Breckonridge, by whom he had six

sons and five daughters. He was a man of sterling sense and sagacity, pious without asceticism or bigotry, and entertaining liberal and enlightened views, without being the least of an enthusiast. His letter to Dr. Currie, dated from Dinning, October 24th, 1800,* shows no mean powers of composition, and embodies nearly all the philanthropic views of human improvement which have been so broadly realized in our own day. We are scarcely more affected by the consideration of the penury under which some of his brother's noblest compositions were penned, than by the reflection that this beautiful letter was the effusion of a man who, with his family, daily wrought long and laboriously under all those circumstances of parsimony which characterize Scottish rural life. Some years after, Mr. Gilbert Burns was induced to migrate to East Lothian, by an offer from a son of Mrs. Dunlop, who wished him to take charge of his farm of Morham Mains, near Haddington. When Mr. Dunlop, some time after, sold this property, Gilbert accepted an appointment from Lady Blantyre to be land-steward or factor upon her estate of Lethington, in the same county, to which place he accordingly removed. His conduct in this capacity, during nearly twenty-five years, was marked by such fidelity and prudence as to give the most perfect satisfaction to his titled employer.

When the fourteen years' copyright of Dr. Currie's edition of the poet's works expired, and other publishers began, as usual, to reprint it, Messrs. Cadell and Davies were anxious to maintain a preference for their own impressions in the market, and bethought them that this might be secured by their inducing Mr. Gilbert Burns to add such notes and make such changes as he thought desirable. Gilbert was the more ready to yield to their wish, that he had now been convinced by two of his brother's surviving intimates, Messrs. Gray and Findlater, that Dr. Currie had done injustice to the poet's memory. A negotiation was entered upon, which excited some attention in unexpected quarters. Mr. Wordsworth issued a pamphlet, in the form of a letter to Mr. Gray, discussing the whole question as to the extent of revelation required from the biographer of an author, with regard to the character of his subject, and especially any imputed failings. He avowed a sense of indignation at Dr. Currie for revealing so much of the infirmities of Burns, and professed his desire to see this evil corrected. Gilbert Burns, while he felt annoyed at Wordsworth's interference, resolved to act on the same view of the

* See this letter page 299, *infra*.

subject. This brought forth an indignant inquiry from Mr. Roscoe, regarding the faults imputed to his friend Dr. Currie, whose work, he said, had been, at its publication, approved of by none more loudly than by Gilbert Burns. Gilbert explained that, at the time when Dr. Currie's book came out, he supposed that the biographer had spoken of his brother's errors from good information. He himself, having for the last few years of the poet's life lived fifty miles off, had not opportunity of knowing how the case really stood: he therefore approved of Dr. Currie's memoir at the time, but afterwards, from what he had learned from Mr. Findlater at the time, became convinced that the statements had been exaggerated. [The reader of the present work has an opportunity of judging to what extent Gilbert acted discreetly in disturbing the matter which Currie had treated so gently.]

The edition which Gilbert Burns consequently prepared, and which appeared in 1820, must be regarded as a failure, as far as the views of the publishers were concerned. Messrs. Cadell and Davies from the first desired a mass of fresh information, to illustrate both the course of the poet's life and his poems. When Gilbert Burns, in reply to their inquiry, asked £500 for his trouble, they were confirmed in their expectation of such a new edition as would maintain a superiority over all others; and with some difficulty they were brought to agree to the demand. Their disappointment must have been great, when they found that their editor furnished only a very few meagre notes, did not admit any pieces excluded by Currie, and distinguished his edition chiefly by giving two letters on the poet's character from Gray and Findlater, together with a dissertation from his own pen on the effect of the Scottish national religion upon the Scottish national character. In reality, as only one edition was printed, the money paid to Gilbert was £250, another moiety of the stipulated sum being contingent upon a reprint. If left to himself, he would have probably asked comparatively a trifle, if anything at all, for what he chiefly regarded as a labor of love and duty; it was Mr. Gray, who, loving booksellers as little as he loved authors, prompted this simple, worthy man to make a charge so much beyond all ordinary scales of literary remuneration. Gilbert seems to have been greatly relieved when Cadell and Davies, "regarding the handsomeness of the amount as a mark of what it will be in your power to do for us," at once acceded to a proposition which the other very naively says, "I scarce could muster impudence to name."

The receipt of the money enabled Gilbert to discharge to the widow of his brother the debt he had contracted thirty-two years before, when the generous poet advanced him £180 out of the profits of his Poems. After all, it was not appropriated by the poet's widow, but applied to relieve another member of the family from a pressure of poverty.

The mother of Robert Burns lived in the household of the latter at Grant's Braes, near Lethington, till 1820, when she died, at the age of eighty-eight, and was buried in the churchyard of Bolton. In personal aspect, Robert Burns resembled his mother; Gilbert had the more aquiline features of his father. The portrait of Robert Burns, painted by a Mr. Taylor, and of which an engraving was published by Messrs. Constable and Company a few years ago, bore a striking resemblance to Gilbert. This excellent man died at Grant's Braes, November 8, 1827, aged about sixty-seven years.

After many years had passed without bringing the public to the raising of a monument over the remains of Burns, his widow, out of her small means, placed an unpretending stone upon his grave, merely indicating his name and age, and those of his two sons interred in the same spot. At length, Mr. William Grierson, who had been acquainted with Burns, and had attended his funeral, succeeded in getting a few gentlemen together, by whom a committee was formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for that object.

Money was speedily obtained; a plan was selected, and the foundations of a mausoleum were laid in St. Michael's Churchyard, at a little distance from the angle where the remains of the poet had been originally placed. On the 19th of September, 1815, the coffin of Burns was raised from its original resting-place, that it might be deposited in the new monument. On the lid being removed, "there," says Mr. M'Diarmid, "lay the remains of the great poet, to all appearances entire, retaining various traces of recent vitality, or, to speak more correctly, exhibiting the features of one who had recently sunk into the sleep of death. The forehead struck every one as beautifully arched, if not so high as might reasonably have been supposed, while the scalp was rather thickly covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly firm and white. Altogether, the scene was so imposing that the commonest workmen stood uncovered, as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of King Robert Bruce, and for some moments remained inactive, as if thrilling under the effects of some undefinable emotion, while gazing on all that remained of one

'whose fame is wide as the world itself.' But the scene, however imposing, was brief; for the instant the workmen inserted a shell beneath the original wooden coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust." The monument erected on this occasion is an elegant Grecian temple, adorned with a mural sculpture by Turnerelli, descriptive of the idea of Coila finding Burns at the plough, and flinging her inspiring mantle over him.

ROBERT CHAMBERS



MEMORANDA

CONCERNING THE FAMILY OF BURNS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

At page 331, Vol. I., will be found a genealogical table of the poet's immediate ancestry, and at page 354 of the same volume will be found the names and birth-record of each member of his father's household. These we now supplement with similar information, lineal and collateral, reaching down to the present time.—G. G.

DESCRIPTION OF BURNS'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

"According to Mrs. Begg (Burns's youngest sister), her mother was about the ordinary height;—a well-made, sonsy figure, with a beautiful red and white complexion—a skin the most transparent Mrs. Begg ever saw—red hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, with a fine square forehead. With all her good qualities—and they were many—her temper, at times, was irascible. William Burnes, the father of the poet, was a thin, sinewy figure, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, somewhat bent with toil; his haffet-locks thin and bare, with a dark, swarthy complexion. He died at Lochlea, Tarbolton, Ayrshire, 13th February, 1784, aged 63. From this it will be seen that Burns inherited his *swarthy* complexion from his father—not from his mother, as stated by Cunningham: men who rise to celebrity in the world, are generally supposed to inherit their *genius* from the maternal side. If it shall be said that Burns inherited his love of ballad-lore from his mother, we may presume that he derived his strong manly sense from his father:—as to his *genius*—'the light that led astray was light from heaven.' It may be traced in most of his poems, and flashes out in his lyrics, like sheet-lightning in a summer's eve, when sung to the simple and pathetic melodies of his native land."—*Captain Chas. Gray, in* Wood's Songs of Scotland, 1848.

"The mother of Burns was an excellent example of the prudent cottage matrons of Scotland; but she had no pretensions to superior intellect; and as regards education, she had none, except what was derived from oral instruction, in tales of superstition, with scraps of minstrelsy and proverbial sayings. In fact, although she could manage to read a little from a printed book, she never was able to write her own name. In person, she was of a neat small figure; her complexion was clear, with expressive dark eyes, and her hair of a pale red color. Her father, Gilbert Brown of Craigenton, in Carrick, was thrice married, and Agnes was the eldest child by the first marriage. Before she met with William Burnes, she had been matrimonially engaged to a farm-servant; but, at the mature age of twenty-six, she had the firmness to throw up the match in consequence of a moral lapse on his part such as a pure-minded woman could not forgive. At this juncture she happened to meet William Burnes at a Maybole fair, and he was smitten with affection for her after a short acquaintance. At the end of a year's courtship, he took her home to become the mother of Scotland's Poet. She died in the house of her son Gilbert, at Grant's Braes, East Lothian, 14th January, 1820, aged 87."—*Wm. Scott Douglas.*

DESCRIPTION OF WILLIAM BURNES AT PAGE 25 OF WALKER'S "MEMOIR OF BURNS," REFERRED TO IN THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

The discipline of circumstances has often more influence in forming the mind than that of schools; and the peculiar character of William Burnes was certainly the circumstance which compensated to his son Robert the defects of his education. Of the father I have been fortunate to receive an account from one who had both opportunity to observe, and intelligence to comprehend, his peculiarities:—"To a stranger, at first sight, he had a chill, austere, and backward reserve, which appeared to proceed less from habitual manner, than from natural obtuseness and vacuity of intellect. But when he found a companion to his taste, with whom he could make a fair exchange of mind, he seemed to grow into a different being, or into one suddenly restored to its native element. His conversation became animated and impressive, and discovered an extent of observation, and a shrewdness and sagacity of remark, which occasioned the more gratification the less it had been expected; while the pleasing discovery made his associate eager to repair the injustice of his first impression, by imputing the repulsive manner of his reception to that series of

troubles which had dulled the vivacity, and given a suspicious caution to this upright and intelligent rustic. I speak of him as he appeared at Lochlea, when misfortunes were clustering round him." It may indeed be conjectured (without much refinement) that his intellectual superiority had some share in those misfortunes. We have no evidence that William Burnes was negligent in his ordinary business; yet a constant succession of failures seldom occurs without a cause which exists, though it may exist imperceptibly in the unfortunate person. It is also to be observed, that intellectual superiority is, in many situations, a possession by no means popular. It renders us fastidious in our choice of associates; and it lowers disagreeably, in their own esteem, many with whom we must mingle in daily intercourse and on whom we must depend for assistance or advice.

(From Walker's "Memoir of Burns," 1811.)

REMINISCENCE OF WILLIAM BURNES BY DR. JOHN MACKENZIE, OF MAUCHLINE, LATTERLY OF IRVINE.

IRVINE, *April* 21, 1810.

DEAR SIR,—On reperusing the account of William Burnes, printed at page 25 of your biography of Burns, I am satisfied of its correctness. The impression which his appearance made upon me, at my first interview with him, was exactly similar to the description there given. When I first saw William Burnes, he was in very ill health, and his mind was suffering from the embarrassed state of his affairs. His appearance certainly made me think him inferior, both in manner and intelligence, to the generality of those in his situation; but before leaving him, I found that I had been led to form a very false conclusion of his mental powers. After giving a short but distinct account of his indisposition, he entered upon a detail of the various causes that had gradually led to the embarrassment of his affairs; and this he did in such earnest language, and in so simple, candid, and pathetic a manner as to excite both my astonishment and sympathy. His wife spoke little, but struck me as being a very sagacious woman, without any appearance of forwardness, or any of that awkwardness in her manner, which many of these people show in the presence of a stranger. Upon further acquaintance with Mrs. Burnes, I had my first opinion of her character fully confirmed. Gilbert and Robert were certainly very different in their appearance and manner, though they both possessed great abilities and uncommon information. Gilbert partook more of the manner and

FAC-SIMILE OF FAMILY REGISTER IN POET'S BIBLE.

Glencairn

Maxwell Born 26th July 1796 the day of his
Fathers Funeral so named after Dr Maxwell
the Physician who attended the Poet in his last illness
Inserted by W. N. Burns 9th April 1867

The two latter names were inserted by W. N. Burns.

In the possession of Anne Burns, Burns, daughter of James Glencairn Burns.

appearance of the father, and Robert of the mother. Gilbert, in the first interview I had with him at Lochlea, was frank, modest, well-informed, and communicative. The poet seemed distant, suspicious, and without any wish to interest or please. He kept himself very silent in a dark corner of the room; and before he took any part in the conversation, I frequently detected him scrutinising me during my conversation with his father and brother. But afterwards, when the conversation, which was on a medical subject, had taken the turn he wished, he began to engage in it, displaying a dexterity of reasoning, an ingenuity of reflection, and a familiarity with topics apparently beyond his reach, by which his visitor was no less gratified than astonished.

JEAN ARMOUR or BURNS, widow of the poet, continued for thirty-eight years to live at Dumfries, in the same house in which her husband died. Her death happened on 26th March, 1834, when she was sixty-nine years old, and her remains were interred in the poet's mausoleum. The children of the marriage, who survived mere infancy, were as follows:—

* 1. Robert, . . .	born	3 Sept.	1786,	died	14 May	1857.
2. Francis Wallace, .	,,	18 Aug.	1789,	,,	9 July	1803.
3. William Nicol, .	,,	9 April	1791,	,,	21 Feb.	1872.
4. Elizabeth Riddell, .	,,	21 Nov.	1792,	,,	Sept.	1795.
5. James Glencairn, .	,,	12 Aug.	1794,	,,	18 Nov.	1865.
6. Maxwell, . . .	,,	25 July	1796,	,,	25 April	1799.

* Some editors have placed Robert among the illegitimate children of the Poet, but the following *legal* opinion will settle the question:—

Burns's first marriage with Jean Armour, WAS IT EVER ANNULLED? On this subject a memorial, repeating the circumstances which have been detailed in the present work, was submitted to a counsel learned in law. The answer was as follows:—A marriage once existing cannot be annulled but by divorce. The destruction of documents may place impediments in the way of proving that it had existed, just as burning a bloody shirt may render it more difficult to prove a murder; but the FACT cannot be altered. The subsequent formal marriage and the church censure would go for nothing, except in the way of evidence, and to throw doubt on what might be adduced on the other side. The question then is—*was* there a marriage? Certainly there was, if the document was a declaration by Burns that Jean Armour was his wife, or that he had married her, and she accepted it in that light at the time. The following from Erskine will show that the rule is much older than Burns's day:—

Marriage may be without doubt perfected by the consent of parties declared by writing, provided the writing be so conserved as necessarily to impart their present consent. The proof of marriage is not confined to the testimonies of the clergyman and witnesses present at the ceremony. The subsequent acknowledgment of it by the parties is sufficient to support the marriage, if it appear to have been made, not in a jocular manner, but seriously and with deliberation. The difficulties have occurred where the acknowledgment appeared to be with no intention to hold a marriage, but to serve some temporary purpose.

Undoubtedly, if Burns had married anybody else, he would have been guilty of bigamy.—*Robert Chambers.*

(1.) ROBERT BURNS, junior.—He left the Grammar School of Dumfries in 1800, and attended the University of Edinburgh during two sessions. His third session was passed in the University of Glasgow; after which he proceeded to London, and entered on employment in the Stamp Office, Somerset House. At the age of 22 he married Anne Sherwood, and the only surviving issue of the marriage was ELIZA BURNS, born in 1812, who married, in 1834, Bartholomew Jones Everitt, an assistant surgeon in the East India Company's service, who survived only till 1840. The only surviving issue of that marriage was MARTHA BURNS EVERITT, who continued to reside with her mother in Belfast, in Ayr, and in Bath, until the death of the latter, which event happened so recently as on 11 December, 1878. Miss Everitt, who bears considerable resemblance to her great-grandfather, the poet, is unmarried. By direct descent, she is the nearest lineal representative of Burns.*

Her grandfather, Robert Burns, junior, retired in 1833 from his post in the Stamp Office on a small annuity, and removed to Dumfries (where he resided for the remainder of his life), just one year before the death of his mother.† Both while in

* In 1887 Miss Everitt resides in Wexford, Ireland.—G. G.

† A series of letters from Robert Burns, junior, while in London, and prior to his marriage, addressed to his uncle Gilbert and other Trustees of the family, is possessed by Mr. Wm. Paterson, Publisher, Edinburgh. They exhibit the "Laird" as in constant hot-water in consequence of his expenditure being on a larger scale than his income. The following is worth recording here as a characteristic effusion, and quite in keeping with what one would expect from a son of his father:—

ROBERT BURNS, JUN., TO DR. MAXWELL, DUMFRIES.

LONDON, *Sep.* 2, 1805.

SIR,—My thoughts have been long employed in the channel you mentioned in your very obliging letter. I have constantly, since I came to London, been thinking of turning the liberal education I have received to some honorable and profitable employment, convinced that upon my own exertions alone I must ultimately rely. The patronage of Mr. Shaw, and indeed of any great man, is but a slippery dependance at best. His notice of our family in particular is merely the offspring of ostentation; he was anxious to exhibit himself to the world as the generous and disinterested protector of Robert Burns's children, well knowing that whatever he did in their behalf would be marked with the applause of the public for the sake of their unfortunate father.

At any rate, as the present administration is evidently tottering, his influence and the influence of his friends will soon be at an end; and then I shall only advance in the Office by the slow progress of seniority. Indeed I cannot help feeling indignant at being set at his table to be gazed at by a set of worshipping sycophants as his protegé—as the humble dependant upon his bounty; and having my ears eternally tortured with oblique insinuations of the great obligations I owe him.

I have not yet seen Mr. Mayne; I shall very willingly embrace whatever may seem most eligible to him and to you. Reviewing is an employment I should

London and during his retirement he added to his finances by giving instruction in mathematics and in the classics. Possessing warm passions like his father, he did not, by "prudent, cautious, self-control," do much to resist the temptations of the metropolis and elsewhere. As the eldest son of the Burns family, he was in the home-circle usually styled "The Laird;" and being very near-sighted, and at the same time rather absent-minded, his peculiarities occasionally gave rise to excusable jokes at his expense. His wife died about two years after his return to Dumfries, and was buried in the mausoleum, although no tablet is there recording that fact. Strange to say, while separate marble entablatures are erected for Colonel William Nicol Burns, and Lieut.-Colonel James G. Burns and their families, there exists no similar memorial of "The Laird" and his own connections. Down in the vault, however, over the coffin of each principal sleeper, the names are thus inscribed on the wall:—

ROBERT BURNS.

R. BURNS, JUN. JEAN ARMOUR. SKULL. J. G. BURNS. W. N. BURNS.

(3.) WILLIAM NICOL BURNS.—He seems to have received all his education at the Dumfries Grammar School. At the age of fifteen he sailed to the East Indies as a midshipman, and in 1811 was appointed to a cadetship. After thirty-three years' service as an officer of the 7th Madras Infantry, of which regiment he ultimately was Lieut.-Colonel, he retired and returned to Britain in 1843. He took up his abode with his brother James at Cheltenham, and in 1855 became Colonel by brevet. He had in 1822 married Catherine A. Crone, in India; but she died there in 1841, without issue; Colonel Burns survived till 21 Feb. 1872, and was buried in the Dumfries Mausoleum.

On 6 Aug. 1844, Lieut.-Colonel William Burns was entertained, along with his brother Major James Glencairn Burns, and other relations of the poet, at a great festival near the Monument in the neighborhood of Alloway Kirk. On the

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like much better than any other I know of; but I greatly distrust my own abilities. As for a room and fire and candle, they are not necessary. Make me an annual subscriber to the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. There I have the privilege of elegant rooms, an excellent library, and every accommodation for reading and transcribing from nine in the morning till eleven in the evening. Also, in winter and summer, there are courses of lectures on the different branches of Physics and Belleslettres and Morals, all of which my ticket entitles me to. The annual subscription is £6, 6s.—I am, with respect and gratitude, yours, ROBERT BURNS.

occasion of the Burns Centenary, 1859, he dined with the Dumfries Burns Club in the Assembly Rooms, while his brother was similarly engaged in the City Hall, Glasgow.

(5.) JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS.—His early education was obtained at the Dumfries Grammar School, whence he was removed to London to fill a presentation which had been obtained for him as a foundationer of Christ's Hospital there. In June, 1811, he was appointed to a cadetship in the East India Company's service. In Calcutta he joined the 15th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. As Captain Burns, he visited Britain in 1831, and was entertained by Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. Returning to India in 1833, he was appointed Judge and Collector of Cachar. He finally returned to Britain in 1839 with the rank of Major, and resided in London till 1843, when he arranged to live at Cheltenham with his brother, then just retired from service. He obtained the brevet rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1855, which date he survived ten years, and his remains were consigned to the vault of the Mausoleum in Dumfries. By his first marriage, to Sarah Robinson, in 1818, who died in 1821, he had only one child who reached maturity, SARAH BURNS, born 2 Nov. 1821. By a second marriage, to Mary Beckett, in 1828, who died in 1844, he had one daughter, ANNE BURNS BURNS, born 7th Sep. 1830, who still survives, unmarried, in Cheltenham (1887).

SARAH BURNS or HUTCHINSON, who still survives, was married in 1847 to Dr. Berkeley W. Hutchinson, a native of Galway in Ireland. Their family consist of ROBERT BURNS HUTCHINSON, and three daughters, ANNIE, VIOLET, and MARGARET. Robert Burns Hutchinson is thus the only legitimate male descendant of the poet. He also was reared in Christ's Hospital, London. In December, 1877, he sailed for Assam, to engage in trade as a Tea-Planter.

THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF ROBERT BURNS.

2. Gilbert,	born 28th Sep.	1760.	Died 8th April	1827.
3. Agnes,	,, 30th Sep.	1762.	,, ,,	1834.
4. Annabella,	,, 14th Nov.	1764.	,, 2nd March	1832.
5. William,	,, 30th July	1767.	,, 24th July	1790.
6. John,	,, 10th July	1769.	,, ,,	1783.
7. Isabella,	,, 27th June	1771.	,, 4th Dec.	1858.

(2.) GILBERT BURNS.—The reader of the poet's biography is familiar with the history of his surviving brother during the days of his youth and early manhood. On 21st June, 1791, while the poet was still at Ellisland, Gilbert married Miss

Jean Breckonridge, born in Kilmarnock 6th Feb. 1764: by her he had six sons and five daughters. The father of Gilbert's wife was connected through marriage to Sir James Shaw, Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of the city of London, which connection afterwards became of essential service to the poet's family. He continued to be farmer of Mossgiel till Whitsunday 1798, when he obtained a lease of the farm of Dinning in Nithsdale from Mr. Menteith of Closeburn. That farm he continued to possess till 1810; but having in 1804 accepted from Lord Blantyre the factorship of his East Lothian estates, he established his residence at Grant's Braes, near Lethington, and left the farm of Dinning under the charge of John Begg, husband of his sister Isabella. Gilbert devoted much of his time, as one of the trustees for his brother's family, in arranging the Poet's manuscripts and communicating with Dr. Currie concerning his biography and edition of the works of Burns. Mrs. Dunlop was so much pleased with his services in these matters that, in 1800, she entrusted him with the charge of her farm of Morham Mains, in East Lothian, besides recommending him to Lord Blantyre to be his factor in the same county. He thus obtained a free house from Lord Blantyre, with a salary of £100, afterwards raised to £140, per annum. In 1820 he was paid by Messrs. Cadell & Davies, publishers, London, £250* for superintending an edition of Dr. Currie's life and works of his brother, and thereby was enabled to pay off any balance of the £180 lent to him by the poet in 1788. Gilbert Burns died at Grant's Braes, 8th April, 1827, and was buried in the churchyard of Bolton, where his family tombstone also records the death and burial of his mother, and five of his children, who predeceased him. There also his unmarried sister Annabella was interred in 1832. Gilbert's wife died in the house of her son James, at Erskine in Renfrewshire, on 30th Sept. 1841, and was buried in the churchyard there.

(3.) AGNES BURNS.—In 1804, when she was 42 years old, Agnes married William Galt, a farm employé at Gilbert's farm of Dinning. Ultimately Mr. Galt was appointed Land Steward to M. Fortescue, Esq., on his estate in the north of Ireland. Mrs. Galt died without issue, at Stephenstown, county Lowth, in 1834, and her husband survived till March, 1847.

(4.) ANNABELLA BURNS.—She was fated to live and die a spinster, residing always with her mother in the house of her brother Gilbert, the latter of whom she survived only five years. She died 2nd March, 1832, and was buried in Bolton churchyard.

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* See page 283, *supra*.

(5.) WILLIAM BURNS.—The quiet career and affecting death of this amiable youth has been sufficiently traced in Vol. III. He was cut off by a malignant fever in London, on 24th July, 1790, and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard.

(6.) JOHN BURNES.—There is only one incidental notice of this youngest brother of the poet. It occurs in Gilbert's account of the composition of "The death and dying words of poor Maillie," when he classes it as an early composition prior to 1784, and tells us that the circumstance of the poor sheep being found nearly strangled in its tether, occurred on the farm of Lochlea about midday, when "Robert and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us." He appears to have died in 1783, about a year before the death of his father. Mrs. Begg believed his remains were carried to Kirk Alloway for interment; and when her own remains were laid there in 1858, the gravedigger is said to have unearthed the bones of the boy John along with those of the father.

(7.) ISABELLA BURNS.—She was, on 9th December, 1793 (at the age of 22), married to John Begg, who afterwards was employed by Gilbert to superintend his farm of Dinning, in Closeburn parish, Nithsdale, from 1804 to 1810. Thereafter Mr. Begg was Land Steward on Mr. Hope Vere's estate of Blackwood, Lanarkshire, where he was accidentally killed, his horse rearing and falling upon him on 24th April, 1813.

Mrs. Begg thereafter, during many years of her long widowhood, managed to support herself and the younger branches of her family by teaching. She resided successively at Ormiston and Tranent in East Lothian till June, 1843, when she removed with her two daughters, Agnes and Isabella, to Bridge House, near Ayr. Her death occurred there on 4th December, 1858, in the midst of the preparations for celebrating the centenary of her brother's birth, and her remains were interred in her father's grave at Kirk Alloway.

CHILDREN OF BURNS'S BROTHER GILBERT.

1. William,	born 15 May 1792.	Died 11 June 1878.
2. James,	„ 14 April 1794.	„ 22 June 1847
*3. Thomas,	„ 10 April 1796.	„ 23 Jan. 1871.
4. Robert,	„ 22 Nov. 1797.	„ in 1839 in S. America.
5. Janet,	„ 23 May 1799.	„ 30 Oct. 1816.
6. Agnes,	„ 16 Nov. 1800.	„ 14 Sep. 1815.
7. John,	„ 6 July 1802.	„ 26 Feb. 1827.†
8. Gilbert,	„ 24 Dec. 1803.	„ 9 Oct. 1881.
9. Anne,	„ 12 Sep. 1805.	Still alive (1887) in Dublin.
10. Jean,	„ 8 June 1807.	Died 4 Jan. 1827.
11. Isabella,	„ 17 May 1809.	„ 3 July 1815.

CHILDREN OF BURNS'S SISTER, MRS. BEGG.

1. William,	born 29 July 1794.	Died 15 May 1864, in Canada.
2. John,	„ 27 April 1796.	„ 11 Oct. 1867, in Kilmarnock.
3. Robert Burns,	„ „ 1798.	„ 25 July 1876, in Kinross.
4. Agnes Brown,	„ 17 April 1800.	Survives at Bridgehouse, Ayr.
5. Gilbert,	„ 16 Feb. 1802.	Died at P., Jan'y 14th, 1885.
6. Jane Breckenridge,	„ 16 April 1804.	Died 7 July 1822, unmarried.
7. Isabella Burns,	„ 27 April 1806.	„ 27 Dec. 1886.
8. James Hope,	„ 2 Feb. 1809.	„ 2 Nov. 1840, at Chusan.
9. Edward Hamilton,	„ 12 Aug. 1811.	„ 2 May 1824.

Of the above named, the second son, JOHN BEGG, who married Agnes Wilson in 1817, had five sons and two daughters; some of their descendants are now in New South Wales.

The third son, ROBERT BURNS BEGG, after being educated at Wallace Hall Academy, Dumfriesshire, became a teacher, first at Bent, then at Dalmeny, and thereafter as parish teacher of Kinross, which latter office he held for more than half a century. In 1825, he married Grace Beveridge, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters.

Much interest has been taken in the two unmarried daughters of Mrs. Begg, who have continued to reside at Bridgehouse (till the decease of the younger, Dec. 1886) since their mother's death in 1858. Mainly through the kind exertions of the late Thomas Carlyle, and Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Hough-

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* The Rev. Thomas Burns joined the Free Church, Monkton, Ayrshire, at the time of the disruption, 1843. He subsequently emigrated to New Zealand, where several of his daughters married with families resident at Dunedin, N. Zealand.

† Lockhart in 1828 thus wrote in his *Life of Burns*:—"The interest excited in behalf of Gilbert Burns by the account of his personal character contained in Currie's Memoir proved of the highest advantage to him. He trained up a large family, and bestowed on all his boys what is called a classical education. The untimely death of one of these [John], a young man of very promising talents, when on the eve of being admitted to holy orders, is supposed to have hastened the departure of the venerable parent."

ton, and Robert Chambers, Mrs. Begg obtained in 1842 a pension from Government of £20 per annum, with reversion of £10 to each of the daughters. Mr. Carlyle, in announcing that to Mrs. Begg in a letter dated 7 June, 1842, thus concluded:—"Properly, however, you do not owe this to anybody but to your own illustrious Brother, whose noble life—wasted tragically away—pleads now aloud to men of every rank and place for some humanity to his last surviving sister. May God give you all good of this gift, and make it really useful to you! You need not answer this letter; it is a mere luxury that I give myself in writing it. T. CARLYLE."

It is right to record here that Messrs. William & Robert Chambers bestowed on Mrs. Begg the profits which flowed from the publication of their important edition, 1851–56, of the Life and Works of Burns. Between the interest consequent on the death of Mrs. Begg and the excitement caused by the preparations for the approaching Centenary Celebration of 25 January, 1859, a project was set afoot to raise about £1000, with the view of purchasing some small annuities for the Misses Begg. Thomas Carlyle again lent his services by addressing the following letter to the editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*:—

"CHELSEA, 2 *Jan.* 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—I very much approve your and Mr. Milnes's notion about the Misses Begg, and I hope you will not fail to get your plan executed with all the energy and skill that are possible, and with corresponding success. Could all the eloquence that will be uttered over the world on the 25th inst., or even all the tavern bills that will be incurred but convert themselves into solid cash for these two interesting persons, what a sum were there of benefit received, and of loss avoided to all parties concerned!—serving indigent merit on the one hand, and saving, on the other hand, what is truly a frightful (though eloquent) expenditure of *pavement* to a certain *locality* we have all heard of!

"In much haste, I remain yours truly,

"T. CARLYLE."



ISABELLA—Mrs. Begg, youngest sister of Robert Burns.

The subscription on this occasion realized . . £1072 15 8
which was distributed as follows:—

Two annuities of £20 each, for the Misses Begg, cost . . .	£540	0	0
A sum of £50 was voted to Mrs. Elizabeth Thomson of Crossmaloof, Pollockshaws, a natural daughter of Burns,	50	0	0
The balance, in form of a Bank Deposit Receipt in the joint names of Agnes and Isabella Begg, was handed to them,	482	15	8
	£1072	15	8

The two annuity bonds and the deposit receipt were transmitted to the beneficiaries by the Rev. William Buchanan, Secretary of the Subscription Committee, on 20th Jan. 1860.

GRANDCHILDREN OF MRS. BEGG.

JOHN BEGG, the eldest son of Robert Burns Begg and Grace Beveridge, died on 28 Sept. 1878. He was manager and one of the owners of Kinneil Iron-works, Linlithgow. He was twice married, and has left a numerous family.

ROBERT BURNS BEGG, fourth son of Robert Burns Begg and Grace Beveridge, was born 1 May, 1833, and is now in good practice as a Solicitor in Kinross. He has been twice married and has a numerous family.

We have not space to follow the remaining eight children of this branch.

THE POET'S ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.*

(1.) ELIZABETH, commonly called "Betty Burns," the daughter of Elizabeth Paton,† in Largieside, was born in November

* In order to prevent a mistake under this heading, it seems proper to note here that a person familiarly known as "a grandson of Burns the poet," died in Moorhead's Hospital, Dumfries, in July 1879. He was a natural son of Robert Burns, jun., referred to as "The Laird" at page 290, *supra*. His father named him Robert Burns, and sent him to a trade, which he abandoned and became a schoolmaster. He married a teacher's daughter named Mary Campbell, who predeceased him, and has left a son, also a namesake of the bard.

† [So recently as 1886, we noticed in the *Kilmarnock Journal*, in connection with a notice of the Centenary Celebration of the anniversary of the publication of the first edition of Burns's Poems, a letter from a Mr. Andrews from Indiana, U. S., claiming especial interest in the celebration as being a grandson of Betty Paton, who, it seems, after leaving the service of the Burns family, married a small farmer named Andrews, near Cessnock, Galston parish, by whom she had a family.—G. G.]

1784. She was tenderly reared and educated at Mossgiel, under the charge of Gilbert and his mother, and on arriving at her majority she received £200, as a marriage-portion, out of a fund which had been subscribed in London, under the fostering efforts of Mr. Alderman Shaw. She became the wife of John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and after bearing several children, died at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in the old churchyard of Whitburn. A monument there, in the shape of an ornamental cast-iron slab, records that it was erected "In affectionate regard to the memory of Elizabeth Burns, spouse of John Bishop, of Polkemmet, who died January 8, 1817, aged 32 years; and of his daughter Mary Lyon, who died 26th April, 1817, aged 1 year and 11 months."

On the occasion of the Poet's Centenary Celebration, on 25th January, 1859, "Thomas Bishop, Esq. (great-grandson of the poet)," was one of six hundred gentlemen who dined in the Merchant's Hall, Glasgow. (*See Centenary Chronicle*, p. 59.)

(2.) ELIZABETH BURNS, daughter of Ann Park, a niece of Mrs. Hyslop, landlady of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, was born 31st March, 1791. In consequence of the early death of the mother, she was nursed and brought up by Mrs. Burns, in family with her own children. On reaching the years of majority, she also received the sum of £200 as a marriage-portion, provided as above explained. She married, with the approval of Mrs. Burns, John Thomson, a retired soldier, who worked at the trade of weaving, and who resided in Pollockshaws, near Glasgow.

She bore him a family as follows:—

1. Jean Armour Thomson,
2. Robert Burns Thomson,
3. Agnes Thomson,
4. James Thomson,
5. Eliza Thomson,
6. Sarah Thomson,
7. Maggie Thomson.

At the Poet's Centenary Celebration in 1859, Robert Burns Thomson and his brother James Thomson sat on each side of the Chairman, Mr. Hugh Macdonald, in the King's Arms Hall, Glasgow. In course of the evening, Robert Burns Thomson, by request, sang his grandfather's "Bruce's Address at Bannockburn." (*See Centenary Chronicle*, p. 81.) We have seen excellent verses by Robert Burns Thomson, arranged and set to music by himself. Agnes became Mrs. Watson, Eliza became Mrs. M'Lellan; and in the *Scotsman*, 4th June, 1879, appeared the following:—

"POLLOCKSHAWS.—An interesting local event took place yesterday at Crossmaloof, Pollockshaws, where Miss M. Thomson [*Maggie*, we presume], daughter of Betty Burns, and granddaughter of the poet, was married to Mr. David Wingate, the well-known Scotch poet."

[Robt. Burns Thomson died April, 1887.]

In 1859, a subscription was raised for Mrs. Thomson's behoof in Glasgow and neighborhood, which, together with £50 voted by the Begg fund, as above noted, amounted to £263, 13s. 9d. This was invested with the City Corporation Water Company, at 4 per cent. interest, and her Trustees were enabled to pay her therefrom £30 per annum till her death on 13th June 1873.

LETTER OF GILBERT BURNS TO DR. CURRIE.

(*Referred to at page 282.*)

Dinning, Dumfries-shire, 24th Oct., 1800.

DEAR SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The story you have heard of the gable of my father's house falling down, is simply as follows:*—When my father built his 'clay biggin,' he put in two stone-jambs, as they are called, and a lintel, carrying up a chimney in his clay-gable. The consequence was, that as the gable subsided, the jambs, remaining firm, threw it off its centre; and, one very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before day-light a part of the gable fell out, and the rest appeared so shattered, that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbour's house, where they remained a week till their own dwelling was adjusted. That you may not think too meanly of this house, or my father's taste in building, by supposing the poet's description in *The Vision* (which is entirely a fancy picture) applicable to it, allow me to take notice to you, that the house consisted of a kitchen in one end, and a room in the other, with a fire-place and chimney; that my father had constructed a concealed bed in the kitchen, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials with the house; and, when altogether cast over, outside and in, with lime, it had a neat comfortable appearance, such as no family of the same rank, in the present improved style of living, would think themselves ill-lodged in. I wish likewise to take notice, in passing, that although the 'Cotter,' in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family-devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were ever 'at service out among the neebors round.' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue; and from this motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distresses.

When I threatened you in my last with a long letter on the subject of the books I recommended to the Mauchline club, and the effects of refinement of taste on the labouring classes of men, I meant merely, that I wished to write

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* Currie had heard a report that the poet was born in the midst of a storm which blew down a part of the house.

you on that subject with the view that, in some future communication to the public, you might take up the subject more at large; that, by means of your happy manner of writing, the attention of people of power and influence might be fixed on it. I had little expectation, however, that I should overcome my indolence, and the difficulty of arranging my thoughts, so far as to put my threat in execution; till some time ago, having finished my harvest, having a call from Mr. Ewart,* with a message from you, pressing me to the performance of this task, I thought myself no longer at liberty to decline it, and resolved to set about it with my first leisure. I will now therefore endeavour to lay before you what has occurred to my mind, on a subject where people capable of observation and of placing their remarks in a proper point of view, have seldom an opportunity of making their remarks on real life. In doing this, I may perhaps be led sometimes to write more in the manner of a person communicating information to you which you did not know before, and at other times more in the style of egotism, than I would choose to do to any person, in whose candour, and even personal good will, I had less confidence.

There are two several lines of study that open to every man as he enters life: the one, the general science of life, of duty, and of happiness; the other, the particular arts of his employment or situation in society, and the several branches of knowledge therewith connected. This last is certainly indispensable, as nothing can be more disgraceful than ignorance in the way of one's own profession; and whatever a man's speculative knowledge may be, if he is ill-informed there, he can neither be a useful nor a respectable member of society. It is nevertheless true, that 'the proper study of mankind is man:' to consider what duties are incumbent on him as a rational creature, and a member of society; how he may increase or secure his happiness; and how he may prevent or soften the many miseries incident to human life. I think the pursuit of happiness is too frequently confined to the endeavour after the acquisition of wealth. I do not wish to be considered as an idle declaimer against riches, which, after all that can be said against them, will still be considered by men of common sense as objects of importance; and poverty will be felt as a sore evil, after all the fine things that can be said of its advantages; on the contrary I am of opinion, that a great proportion of the miseries of life arise from the want of economy, and a prudent attention to money, or the ill-directed or intemperate pursuit of it. But however valuable riches may be as the means of comfort, independence, and the pleasure of doing good to others, yet I am of opinion, that they may be, and frequently are, purchased at too great a cost, and that sacrifices are made in the pursuit, which the acquisition cannot compensate. I remember hearing my worthy teacher, Mr. Murdoch, relate an anecdote to my father, which I think sets this matter in a strong light, and perhaps was the origin, or at least tended to promote this way of thinking in me. When Mr. Murdoch left Alloway, he went to teach and reside in the family of an opulent farmer who had a number of sons. A neighbour coming on a visit, in the course of conversation, asked the father how he meant to dispose of his sons. The father replied that he had not determined. The visitor said, that were he in his place he would give them all good education and send them abroad, without (perhaps) having a precise idea where. The father objected, that many young men lost their health in foreign countries, and many their lives. True, replied the visitor, but as you have a number of sons, it will be strange if some one of them does not live and make a fortune.

Let any person who has the feelings of a father, comment on this story; but though few will avow, even to themselves, that such views govern their conduct, yet do we not daily see people shipping off their sons (and who would do so by their daughters also, if there were any demand for them), that they may be rich or perish?

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* Dr. Currie's friend, Mr. Peter Ewart of Manchester.—E.

The education of the lower classes is seldom considered in any other point of view than as the means of raising them from that station to which they were born, and of making a fortune. I am ignorant of the mysteries of the art of acquiring a fortune without any thing to begin with; and cannot calculate with any degree of exactness, the difficulties to be surmounted, the mortifications to be suffered, and the degradation of character to be submitted to, in lending one's self to be the minister of other people's vices, or in the practice of fraud, oppression, or dissimulation in the progress; but even when the wished-for end is attained, it may be questioned whether happiness be much increased by the change. When I have seen a fortunate adventurer of the lower ranks of life returned from the East or West Indies, with all the *hauteur* of a vulgar mind accustomed to be served by slaves; assuming a character, which, from the early habits of life, he is ill-fitted to support: displaying magnificence which raises the envy of some, and the contempt of others; claiming an equality with the great, which they are unwilling to allow; inly pining at the precedence of the hereditary gentry; maddened by the polished insolence of some of the unworthy part of them; seeking pleasure in the society of men who can condescend to flatter him, and listen to his absurdity for the sake of a good dinner and good wine: I cannot avoid concluding, that his brother, or companion, who, by a diligent application to the labors of agriculture, or some useful mechanic employment, and the careful husbanding of his gains, has acquired a competence in his station, is a much happier, and, in the eye of a person who can take an enlarged view of mankind, a much more respectable man.

But the votaries of wealth may be considered as a great number of candidates striving for a few prizes: and whatever addition the successful may make to their pleasure or happiness, the disappointed will always have more to suffer, I am afraid, than those who abide contented in the station to which they were born. I wish, therefore, the education of the lower classes to be promoted and directed to their improvement as men, as the means of increasing their virtue, and opening to them new and dignified sources of pleasure and happiness. I have heard some people object to the education of the lower classes of men, as rendering them less useful, by abstracting them from their proper business; others, as tending to make them saucy to their superiors, impatient of their condition, and turbulent subjects; while you, with more humanity, have your fears alarmed, lest the delicacy of mind, induced by that sort of education and reading I recommend, should render the evils of their situation insupportable to them. I wish to examine the validity of each of these objections, beginning with the one you have mentioned.

I do not mean to controvert your criticism of my favourite books, the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, although I understand there are people who think themselves judges, who do not agree with you. The acquisition of knowledge, except what is connected with human life and conduct, or the particular business of his employment, does not appear to me to be the fittest pursuit for a peasant. I would say with the poet,

> How empty learning, and how vain is art,
> Save where it guides the life, or mends the heart.

There seems to be a considerable latitude in the use of the word taste. I understand it to be the perception and relish of beauty, order, or any thing, the contemplation of which gives pleasure and delight to the mind. I suppose it is in this sense you wish it to be understood. If I am right, the taste which these books are calculated to cultivate (besides the taste for fine writing, which many of the papers tend to improve and to gratify), is what is proper, consistent, and becoming in human character and conduct, as almost every paper relates to these subjects.

I am sorry I have not these books by me, that I might point out some instances. I remember two; one, the beautiful story of La Roche, where, beside the pleasure one derives from a beautiful simple story, told in M'Kenzie's hap-

piest manner, the mind is led to taste with heartfelt rapture, the consolation to be derived in deep affliction, from habitual devotion and trust in Almighty God. The other, the story of General W———, where the reader is led to have a high relish for that firmness of mind which disregards appearances, the common forms and vanities of life, for the sake of doing justice in a case which was out of the reach of human laws.

Allow me then to remark, that if the morality of these books is subordinate to the cultivation of taste, that refinement of mind and delicacy of sentiment which they are intended to give, are the strongest guard and surest foundation of morality and virtue.—Other moralists guard as it were, the overt act; these papers, by exalting duty into sentiment, are calculated to make every deviation from rectitude and propriety of conduct, painful to the mind,

> Whose temper'd powers,
> Refine at length, and every passion wears
> A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

I readily grant you, that the refinement of mind which I contend for, increases our sensibility to the evils of life; but what station of life is without its evils! There seems to be no such thing as perfect happiness in this world, and we must balance the pleasure and the pain which we derive from taste, before we can properly appreciate it in the case before us. I apprehend that on a minute examination it will appear, that the evils peculiar to the lower ranks of life, derive their power to wound us, more from the suggestions of false pride, and the 'contagion of luxury, weak and vile,' than the refinement of our taste. It was a favourite remark of my brother's, that there was no part of the constitution of our nature, to which we were more indebted, than that by which '*Custom makes things familiar and easy*' (a copy Mr. Murdoch used to set us to write), and there is little labour which custom will not make easy to a man in health, if he is not ashamed of his employment, or does not begin to compare his situation with those he may see going about at their ease.

But the man of enlarged mind feels the respect due to him as a man; he has learned that no employment is dishonourable in itself; that while he performs aright the duties of that station in which God has placed him, he is as great as a king in the eyes of Him whom he is principally desirous to please; for the man of taste who is constantly obliged to labour, must of necessity be religious. If you teach him only to reason, you may make him an atheist, a demagogue, or any vile thing; but if you teach him to feel, his feelings can only find their proper and natural relief in devotion and religious resignation. He knows that those people who are to appearance at ease, are not without their share of evils, and that even toil itself is not destitute of advantages. He listens to the words of his favourite poet:

> O mortal man that livest here by toil,
> Cease to repine and grudge thy hard estate!
> That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
> Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
> And, certes, there is for it reason great;
> Although sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
> And curse thy star, and early drudge, and late;
> Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
> Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale!

And, while he repeats the words, the grateful recollection comes across his mind, how often he has derived ineffable pleasure from the sweet song of 'Nature's darling child.' I can say, from my own experience, that there is no sort of farm-labour inconsistent with the most refined and pleasurable state of the mind that I am acquainted with, thrashing alone excepted. That, indeed, I have always considered as insupportable drudgery, and think the ingenious mechanic

who invented the thrashing machine, ought to have a statue among the benefactors of his country, and should be placed in the niche next to the person who introduced the culture of potatoes into this island.

Perhaps the thing of most importance in the education of the common people is, to prevent the intrusion of artificial wants. I bless the memory of my worthy father for almost every thing in the dispositions of my mind, and my habits of life, which I can approve of: and for none more than the pains he took to impress my mind with the sentiment, that nothing was more unworthy the character of a man, than that his happiness should in the least depend on what he should eat or drink. So early did he impress my mind with this, that although I was as fond of sweetmeats as children generally are, yet I seldom laid out any of my half-pence which relations or neighbours gave me at fairs, in the purchase of them; and if I did, every mouthful I swallowed was accompanied with shame and remorse; and to this hour I never indulge in the use of any delicacy, but I feel a considerable degree of self-reproach and alarm for the degradation of the human character. Such a habit of thinking I consider as of great consequence, both to the virtue and happiness of men in the lower ranks of life—And thus, Sir, I am of opinion, that if their minds are early and deeply impressed with a sense of the dignity of man, as such; with the love of independence and of industry, economy and temperance, as the most obvious means of making themselves independent, and the virtues most becoming their situation, and necessary to their happiness; men in the lower ranks of life may partake of the pleasures to be derived from the perusal of books calculated to improve the mind and refine the taste, without any danger of becoming more unhappy in their situation or discontented with it. Nor do I think there is any danger of their becoming less useful. There are some hours every day that the most constant labourer is neither at work nor asleep. These hours are either appropriated to amusement or to sloth. If a taste for employing these hours in reading were cultivated, I do not suppose that the return to labour would be more difficult. Every one will allow, that the attachment to idle amusements, or even to sloth, has as powerful a tendency to abstract men from their proper business, as the attachment to books; while the one dissipates the mind, and the other tends to increase its powers of self-government. To those who are afraid that the improvement of the minds of the common people might be dangerous to the state, or the established order of society, I would remark, that turbulence and commotion are certainly very inimical to the feelings of a refined mind. Let the matter be brought to the test of experience and observation. Of what description of people are mobs and insurrections composed? Are they not universally owing to the want of enlargement and improvement of mind among the common people? Nay, let any one recollect the characters of those who formed the calmer and more deliberate associations, which lately gave so much alarm to the government of this country. I suppose few of the common people who were to be found in such societies, had the education and turn of mind I have been endeavouring to recommend. Allow me to suggest one reason for endeavouring to enlighten the minds of the common people. Their morals have hitherto been guarded by a sort of dim religious awe, which from a variety of causes, seems wearing off. I think the alteration in this respect considerable, in the short period of my observation. I have already given my opinion of the effects of refinement of mind on morals and virtue. Whenever vulgar minds begin to shake off the dogmas of the religion in which they have been educated, the progress is quick and immediate to downright infidelity; and nothing but refinement of mind can enable them to distinguish between the pure essence of religion, and the gross systems which men have been perpetually connecting it with. In addition to what has already been done for the education of the common people of this country, in the establishment of parish schools, I wish to see the salaries augmented in some proportion to the present expense of living, and the earnings of people of similar rank, endowments, and usefulness in society; and I hope that the liberality of the present age will be no longer dis-

graced by refusing, to so useful a class of men, such encouragement as may make parish schools worth the attention of men fitted for the important duties of that office. In filling up the vacancies, I would have more attention paid to the candidate's capacity of reading the English language with grace and propriety; to his understanding thoroughly, and having a high relish for the beauties of English authors, both in poetry and prose; to that good sense and knowledge of human nature which would enable him to acquire some influence on the minds and affections of his scholars; to the general worth of his character, and the love of his king and his country, than to his proficiency in the knowledge of Latin and Greek. I would then have a sort of high English class established, not only for the purpose of teaching the pupils to read in that graceful and agreeable manner that might make them fond of reading, but to make them understand what they read, and discover the beauties of the author, in composition and sentiment. I would have established in every parish, a small circulating library, consisting of the books which the young people had read extracts from in the collections they had read at school, and any other books well calculated to refine the mind, improve the moral feelings, recommend the practice of virtue, and communicate such knowledge as might be useful and suitable to the labouring classes of men. I would have the schoolmaster act as librarian, and in recommending books to his young friends, formerly his pupils, and letting in the light of them upon their young minds, he should have the assistance of the minister. If once such education were become general, the low delights of the public-house, and other scenes of riot and depravity, would be contemned and neglected; while industry, order, cleanliness, and every virtue which taste and independence of mind could recommend, would prevail and flourish. Thus possessed of a virtuous and enlightened populace, with high delight I should consider my native country as at the head of all the nations of the earth, ancient or modern.

Thus, Sir, have I executed my threat to the fullest extent, in regard to the length of my letter. If I had not presumed on doing it more to my liking, I should not have undertaken it; but I have not time to attempt it anew; nor, if I would, am I certain that I should succeed any better? I have learned to have less confidence in my capacity of writing on such subjects.

I am much obliged by your kind inquiries about my situation and prospects. I am much pleased with the soil of this farm, and with the terms on which I possess it. I receive great encouragement likewise in building, enclosing, and other conveniences, from my landlord, Mr. G. S. Monteith, whose general character and conduct, as a landlord and country gentleman, I am highly pleased with. But the land is in such a state as to require a considerable immediate outlay of money in the purchase of manure, the grubbing of brush-wood, removing of stones, &c., which twelve years' struggle with a farm of a cold, ungrateful soil has but ill prepared me for. If I can get these things done, however, to my mind, I think there is next to a certainty that in five or six years I shall be in a hopeful way of attaining a situation which I think as eligible for happiness as any one I know; for I have always been of opinion, that if a man bred to the habits of a farming life, who possesses a farm of good soil, on such terms as enables him easily to pay all demands, is not happy, he ought to look somewhere else than to his situation for the causes of his uneasiness.

I beg you will present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Currie, and remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe, and Mr. Roscoe, junior, whose kind attentions to me, when in Liverpool, I shall never forget.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obedient, and
Much obliged, humble servant,
GILBERT BURNS.

To James Currie, M. D. F. R. S.,
Liverpool.

[WE promised at page 142, Vol. V., to give the following truly appreciative tribute to the memory of our bard:—]

AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF BURNS BY MARIA RIDDELL.

[SHORTLY after the death of our Author, Mrs. Maria Riddell, a lady of superior position and accomplishments, who, as the reader has seen, was at one period treated with savage severity by the bard, came generously forward in defence of his reputation. From her place of retirement in Annandale, she had noticed in the public prints several paragraphs concerning the illustrious deceased which seemed to her to be dictated by private animosity or deplorable envy. Impelled by consciousness of their injustice, she published in the *Dumfries Journal* a warmly-generous article on Burns, presenting at the same time a judicious estimate of his character and endowments. That kindly tribute of admiration was reprinted by Dr. Currie, and is here reproduced.

Chambers was correct in regarding the whole conduct of Mrs. Riddell respecting Burns as one of the most satisfactory testimonies in his favor. Forgiving and forgetting the ungallant squibs and satires which, under the irritation of wounded pride, he had thrown off against herself, she generously sympathized with him when he was laid low by personal suffering, and soothed his latter days by resuming her wonted friendly intercourse and correspondence with him. Some of his fair-weather friends and patrons had now abandoned, or stood aloof from him; but Mrs. Riddell, whose long intimacy with him afforded her the fullest knowledge of his transactions, "found in him no offences which a pure mind might not regard with leniency." Somewhat capricious the poet had experienced her to be, but "even with all her little caprices," he hailed her as the "first of his friends, and most accomplished of women." In the end, he might have applied to her similar language to that of a kindred minstrel's familiar apostrophe—

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But when Misfortune smites the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

How beautiful is the little anecdote of her at this juncture, as told by Chambers! "Several months prior to the death of Burns, Mr. Alexander Smellie, son of the rough old typographer and natural historian, had visited Mrs. Riddell, and found her talking of the poet in terms of indignation and opprobrium, only perhaps too well justified by his conduct towards herself. He revisited her shortly after Burns's funeral day, and found that all offence had been lost in admiration and regret. Attended by her young friend, the enthusiastic lady, after nightfall, clambered the Kirkyard stile and made her way to the poet's grave, which she planted with laurels and emblematic flowers."]

SKETCH OF THE LEADING FEATURES OF BURNS'S CHARACTER.

BY MARIA RIDDELL, *7th August*, 1796.

"THE attention of the public is much occupied at present with the irreparable loss it has recently sustained in the death of the Caledonian poet, Robert Burns. It is not probable that this mournful event, which is likely to be felt severely in the literary world, as well as in the circle of private friendship which surrounded him, shall fail to be attended with the usual profusion of posthumous anecdotes and memoirs that commonly spring up at the death of every rare and celebrated

personage. I shall not attempt to enlist with the numerous corps of biographers who may, without possessing a kindred genius, arrogate to themselves the privilege of criticising the character and writings of Burns. An 'inspiring mantle' like that thrown over him by the tutelary Muse who first found him 'at the plough' has been vouchsafed to few, and may be the portion of fewer still; and if it be true that men of genius have a claim, in their literary capacities, to the legal right of a British citizen in a court of justice—that of 'being tried only by his peers' (I borrow here an expression I have frequently heard Burns himself make use of), God forbid I should assume the flattering and peculiar privilege of sitting upon his jury! But the intimacy of our acquaintance for several years past, may perhaps justify my presenting to the public a few of those ideas and observations I have had the opportunity of forming, and which, to the day that closed for ever the scene of his happy qualities and of his errors, I have never had the smallest cause to deviate in, or to recall.

"It will be an injustice done to Burns's reputation in the records of literature, not only as respects future generations and foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and some of his contemporaries, that he is generally talked of and considered with reference to his poetical talents *only*. In regarding Burns as something more than a Poet, it must not be supposed that I consider that title as a trivial one; no person can be more penetrated with the respect due to the wreath bestowed by the Muses than myself; and much certainly is due to the merit of a self-taught bard, deprived of the advantages of classical tuition and the intercourse of congenial minds till that period of life when his native fire had already blazed forth in all its wild graces of genuine simplicity and energetic eloquence of sentiment. But the fact is, that even when all his honors are yielded to him, Burns will perhaps be found to move in a poetical sphere less splendid, less dignified, and less attractive, even in his own pastoral style, than some other writers have done. Nevertheless, I hesitate not to affirm—and in vindication of my opinion I appeal to all who had the advantage of personal acquaintance with him—that Poetry was actually not his *forte*. If others have climbed more successfully the heights of Parnassus, none certainly ever out-shone Burns in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation; the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee. His personal endowments were perfectly correspondent with the qualifications of his mind. His form was manly, his action energy itself, devoid in a great measure, however, of those graces, of that polish acquired only in the refinement of societies, where in early life he had not the opportunity to mix; but where—such was the irresistible power of attraction that encircled him—though his appearance and manner were always peculiar, he never failed to delight and to *excel*. His figure certainly bore the authentic impress of his birth and original station in life; it seemed moulded by Nature for the rough exercises of agriculture, rather than the gentler cultivation of *belles lettres*. His features were stamped with the hardy character of independence, and the firmness of conscious, though not arrogant, pre-eminence. I believe no man was ever gifted with a larger portion of the *vivida vis animi*: the animated expressions of his countenance were almost peculiar to himself. The rapid lightnings of his eye were always the harbingers of some flash of genius, whether they darted the fiery glances of insulted and indignant superiority, or beamed with the impassioned sentiment of fervent and impetuous affections. His voice alone could improve upon the magic of his eye; sonorous, replete with the finest modulations, it alternately captivated the ear with the melody of poetic numbers, the perspicuity of nervous reasoning, or the ardent sallies of enthusiastic patriotism.*

* No wonder that *Clarinda*, in writing to Mr. Syme, a few months after this article was published, thus expressed herself: "Mrs. Riddell is, in my estimation, the first female writer I ever knew; and, I am convinced, a good soul as ever was, from her uncommon attention to our friend Burns and his family. I am delighted with her letters, and reckon her correspondence a great acquisition."

"I am almost at a loss to say whether the keenness of satire was the *forte* or the foible of Burns; for though Nature had endowed him with a portion of the most pointed excellence in that 'perilous gift,' he suffered it too often to be the vehicle of personal, and sometimes unfounded, animosities. It was not always that sportiveness of humor—that 'unwary pleasantry,' which Sterne has described to us with touches so conciliatory; but the darts of ridicule were frequently directed as the caprice of the instant suggested, or the altercations of parties or of persons happened to kindle the restlessness of his spirit into interest or aversion. This was not, however, invariably the case; his wit (which is no unusual matter indeed) had always the start of his judgment, and would lead him to the indulgence of raillery uniformly acute, but often unaccompanied with the least desire to wound. The suppression of an arch and full-pointed *bon mot*, from dread of injuring its object, the sage of Zurich very properly classes as 'a virtue only to be sought for in the Calendar of Saints;' if so, Burns must not be dealt with unconscientiously for being rather deficient in it. He paid the forfeit of his talents as dearly as any one could do. 'Twas no extravagant arithmetic to say of him (as of Yorick), 'that for every ten jokes he got a hundred enemies;' but much allowance should be made by a candid mind for the splenetic warmth of a spirit 'which distress had often spited with the world,' and which, unbounded in its intellectual sallies and pursuits, continually experienced the curbs imposed by the waywardness of his fortune. His soul was never languid or inactive, and his genius was extinguished only with the last sparks of retreating life; but the vivacity of his wishes and temper was checked by constant disappointments, which sat heavy on a heart that acknowledged the ruling passion of independence, without having ever been placed beyond the grasp of penury.

"Burns possessed none of that negative insipidity of character whose love might be regarded with indifference, or whose resentment could be considered with contempt; so his passions rendered him—according as they disclosed themselves in affection or antipathy—the object of enthusiastic attachment or of decided enmity. In this respect, the temper of his companions seemed to take the tincture from his own; for *he* acknowledged in the universe but two classes of objects—those of adoration the most fervent, or of aversion the most uncontrollable. It has indeed been frequently asserted of him, that, unsusceptible of indifference, and often hating where he ought to have despised, he alternately opened his heart and poured forth the treasures of his understanding to some who were incapable of appreciating the homage; and elevated to the privilege of adversaries those who were unqualified in all respects for the honor of a contest so distinguished.

"It is said that the celebrated Dr. Johnson professed to 'love a good hater': a temperament that had singularly adapted him to cherish a prepossession in favor of our bard, who perhaps fell but little short even of the surly Doctor in this qualification, so long as his ill-will continued; but the fervor of his passions was fortunately corrected by their versatility. He was seldom—never indeed—implacable in his resentments, and sometimes (it has been alleged) not inviolably steady in his engagements of friendship. Much indeed has been said of his inconstancy and caprice; but I am inclined to believe they originated less in a levity of sentiment than from an extreme impetuosity of feeling, which rendered him prompt to take umbrage; and his sensations of pique, where he fancied he had discovered the traces of unkindness, scorn, or neglect, took their measure of asperity from the overflowings of the opposite sentiment, which preceded them, and which seldom failed to regain its ascendency in his bosom on the return of calmer reflection. He was candid and manly in the avowal of his errors, and *his avowal* was a *reparation*. His native *fierté* never forsaking him for a moment, the value of a frank acknowledgment was enhanced tenfold towards a generous mind, from its never being attended with servility. His mind, organized only for the stronger and more acute operation of the passions, was impracticable to the efforts of superciliousness that would have depressed it into humility, and

equally superior to the encroachments of venal suggestions that might have led him into the mazes of hypocrisy.*

"It has been observed that he was far from averse to the incense of flattery, and could receive it tempered with less delicacy than might have been expected, as he seldom transgressed extravagantly in that way himself; where he paid a compliment, it might indeed claim the power of intoxication, as approbation from him was always an honest tribute from the warmth and sincerity of his heart. It has been sometimes represented by those who, it would seem, had a view to depreciate, though they could not hope wholly to obscure, that native brilliancy which this extraordinary man had invariably bestowed on everything that came from his lips or pen, that the history of the Ayrshire ploughboy was an ingenious fiction, fabricated for the purpose of obtaining the interests of the great, and enhancing the merits of what in reality required no foil. But had his compositions fallen from a hand more dignified in the ranks of society than that of a peasant, they had perhaps bestowed as unusual a grace there as even in the humbler shade of rustic inspiration from whence they really sprung.

"That Burns had received no classical education, and was acquainted with the Greek and Roman authors only through the medium of translations, is a fact that can be indisputably proven. I have seldom seen him at a loss in conversation, unless where the dead languages and their writers were the subjects of discussion. When I have pressed him to tell me why he never took pains to acquire the Latin in particular (a language which his happy memory had so soon enabled him to be master of), he used only to reply, with a smile, that he already knew all the Latin he desired to learn, and that was *omnia vincit amor;* a phrase that from his writings and most favorite pursuits, it should undoubtedly seem he was most thoroughly versed in; but I really believe his classical erudition extended little, if any, further.

"The penchant uniformly acknowledged by Burns for the festive pleasures of the table, and towards the fairer and softer objects of Nature's creation, has been the rallying point where the attacks of his censors, both religious and moral, have been directed; and to these, it must be confessed, he showed himself no stoic. His poetical pieces blend, with alternate happiness of description, the frolic spirit of the joy-inspiring bowl, or melt the heart to the tender and impassioned sentiments in which beauty always taught him to pour forth his own. But who would wish to reprove the failings he has consecrated with such lively touches of nature? And where is the rugged moralist who will persuade us so far to 'chill the genial current of the soul,' as to regret that Ovid ever celebrated his Corinna, or that Anacreon sung beneath his vine?

"I will not, however, undertake to be the apologist of the irregularities even of a man of genius, though I believe it is as certainly understood that genius never *was* free of irregularities, as that their absolution may in great measure be justly claimed, since it is evident that the world must have continued very stationary in its intellectual acquirements, had it never given birth to any but men of plain sense. Evenness of conduct, and a due regard to the decorums of the world, have been so rarely seen to move hand in hand with genius, that some have gone so far as to say (though there I cannot wholly acquiesce), that they are even incompatible; but, be it remembered, the frailties that cast their shade over the splendor of superior merit are more conspicuously glaring than where they are the attendants of mere mediocrity. It is only on the gem we are disturbed to see the dust; the pebble may be soiled, and we do not regard it. The eccentric intuitions of genius too often yield the soul to the wild effervescence of desires, always unbounded, and sometimes equally dangerous to the repose of others as fatal to its own. No wonder, then, if Virtue herself be sometimes

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* The reader will perceive that, throughout this paragraph, Mrs. Riddell speaks from her own experience in the unhappy rupture that occurred between them, which lasted from January 1794 till the spring of the year following.

lost in the blaze of kindling animation, or that the calm admonitions of reason are not found sufficient to fetter an imagination which scorns the narrow limits and restrictions that would chain it to the level of ordinary minds. Burns, the child of nature and sensibility, unbroke to the refrigerative precepts of philosophy, makes his own artless apology in terms more forcible than all the argumentatory vindications in the world could do. This appears in one of his poems, where he delineates, with his usual simplicity, the progress of his mind, and its gradual expansion to the lessons of the tutelary Muse :—

'I saw thy pulse's madd'ning play
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven!'

"I have already transgressed far beyond the bounds I had proposed to myself on first committing to paper this sketch, which comprehends what I at least have been led to deem the leading features of Burns's mind and character. A critique, either literary or moral, I cannot aim at; mine is wholly fulfilled if in these paragraphs I have been able to delineate any of those strong traits that distinguished him, of those talents which raised him from the plough—where he passed the bleak morning of his life, weaving his rude wreaths of poesy with the wild field-flowers that sprung around his cottage—to that enviable eminence of literary fame, where Scotland shall long cherish his memory with delight and gratitude. Proudly she will remember that beneath her cold sky, a genius was ripened without care or culture, that would have done honor to climes more favorable to the development of those luxuriances of fancy and coloring in which he so eminently excelled.

"From several paragraphs I have noticed in the public prints, even since the idea was formed of sending this humble effort in the same direction, I find private animosities have not yet subsided, and that envy has not yet exhausted all her shafts. I still trust, however, that honest fame will be permanently affixed to Burns's character—a fame which the candid and impartial of his own countrymen, and his readers everywhere, will find he *has* merited. And wherever a kindred bosom is found that has been taught to glow with the fires that animated Burns, should a recollection of the imprudences that sullied his brighter qualifications interpose, let such an one remember the imperfection of all human excellence,—let him leave those inconsistencies which alternately exalted his nature into the seraph, and sunk it again into the man, to the Tribunal which *alone* can investigate the labyrinths of the human heart.

'In vain we seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.'

M. R."*

* The succeeding history of this interesting lady is as follows: Her husband, Mr. Walter Riddell, inherited, after his brother's death, in 1794, the distinctive title "of Glenriddell;" but his necessities compelled him to part with Woodley Park and Friar's Carse. He died about the close of last century, when Mrs. Riddell and two children, a son and daughter, removed to London, where she resided in apartments at Hampton Court. In 1804, her son, "Alexander Riddell, of Glenriddell," died at Hampton Court, and in 1807, she was married to a Welsh gentleman of property, named Philipps Lloyd Fletcher; but she survived that union only eight months, and was buried in the family vault at Chester.

A TABLE compiled from the *Record-heading* in this Edition, of each piece (Poetry and Letters) indicating by whom and when each piece was first published. This Table shows at a glance the gradual progress of collecting and publishing the works of Robert Burns. ☞ In this Table we record only those publications that have added to the completeness of the Poet's works.

NO.	DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHER.	EDITOR.	REMARKS.	SIZE.	VOLS.	NEW ADDITIONS. *No. of Pieces.* Poetry.	NEW ADDITIONS. *No. of Pieces.* Letters.	STEEL-PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.
1	1786	Kilmarnock .	John Wilson	Robert Burns	First edition	8vo. .	1	42	. . .	. . . . .
2	1787	Edinburgh . .	William Creech . .	Robert Burns	First Edinburgh edition	8vo. .	1	27	. . .	Portrait.
3	1787–1803	Edinburgh . .	James Johnson. . .	. . . . .	The Scots' Musical Museum	8vo. .	6	167	. . .	. . . . .
4	1793	Edinburgh . .	William Creech . .	Robert Burns	Second Edinburgh edit'n	8vo. .	2	19	. . .	Portrait.
5	1793–1818	Edinburgh . .	George Thomson .	. . . . .	The Melodies of Scotland	folio .	5	39	. . .	. . . . .
6	1800	London . . .	Cadell & Davies . .	Dr. Currie	First editi'n—poetry and letters	8vo. .	4	89	194	Portrait.
7	1801	Glasgow . . .	Thomas Stewart . .	Thomas Stewart	Unauthorized edition . .	12mo.	1	31	27	. . . . .
8	1808	London . . .	Cadell & Davies . .	R. H. Cromek	Reliques	8vo. .	1	35	69	Portrait.
9	1811	Edinburgh . .	James Morrison . .	Josiah Walker	Life and Poems	8vo. .	2	1	8	10 engravings.
10	1819	Ayr	Hamilton Paul . . .	Wilson, McCormick & Co.	Life and Poems	12mo.	1	1	. . .	. . . . .
11	1820	London . . .	Cadell & Davies . .	Dr. Currie's edition . . . Notes by G. Burns . .	G. Burns's edition, with Cromek's Reliques . .	8vo. .	5	2	5	20 engravings.
12	1828	Edinburgh . .	A. Constable	J. G. Lockhart	Life, and a few poems .	12mo.	1	5	2	Portrait.
13	1834	London . . .	J. Cochrane & Co. .	A. Cunningham	Complete edition	12mo.	8	39	43	16 vignettes.
14	1835	Edinburgh . .	A. Fullarton	Hogg & Motherwell . . .	Complete edition	12mo.	5	6	10	20 vignettes.
15	1838	Edinburgh . .	W. & R. Chambers	Robert Chambers	Complete edition	8vo. .	3	3	3	. . . . .
16	1839	London . . .	George Virtue . . .	A. Cunningham	Complete edition	8vo. .	2	1	. . .	58 engravings.
17	1839	London . . .	A. Pickering	Sir H. Nicholas	Aldine edition	12mo.	3	6	2	. . . . .
18	1840	Glasgow . . .	Blackie & Son . . .	R. Chambers and Prof. Wilson	Land of Burns, Poetry, Life, Notes	4to . .	2	2	2	81 engravings.
19	1843	Edinburgh . .	William Tait	W. C. McLehose	Clarinda Corresponde'ce	8vo. .	1	5	21	Portrait.
20	1846	Glasgow . . .	Blackie & Son . . .	A. Whitelaw	Complete edition.	8vo. .	2	2	2	81 engravings.
21	1856	Edinburgh . .	W. & R. Chambers	Robert Chambers	Complete edition.	8vo. .	4	12	45	Portrait.
22	1865	London. . . .	Macmillan & Co. .	Alexander Smith.	Complete edition	12mo.	2	3	. . .	Portrait.
23	1869	Glasgow . . .	David Wilson . . .	W. H. Waddell	Complete edition.	4to . .	2	2	30	20 engravings.
24	1874	Liverpool . .	H. Bright (private)	. . . . .	For private circulation. .	4to . .	1	7	1	. . . . .
25	1876	Kilmarnock .	James McKie . . .	Wm. Scott Douglas . . .	Poems and Life	12mo.	2	1	1	Portrait.
26	1877	Edinburgh . .	William Paterson .	Wm. Scott Douglas . . .	Complete edition.	8vo. .	6	11	71	12 engravings.
27	1886	Kilmarnock .	James McKie . . .	Wm. Scott Douglas, with additions	Poems and Life	12mo.	2	2	. . .	Portrait.
28	1887	Philadelphia .	Gebbie & Co. . . .	James Hunter and Geo. Gebbie (founded on . Douglas's 1877 edit'n)	Complete edition.	8vo. .	6	4	2	60 engravings.
								564	538	

THE LITERARY FAME OF BURNS.

WERE proof needed of the vitality of Burns's Literary Fame, it may be found in the record of the sale of his works, in the different editions of all sorts, shapes and sizes which have been published since his death. Judged by this estimate of popularity, he rivals even John Bunyan, who has always been classed next to the Bible and Shakespeare; and in the number and importance of critiques and biographies, he vies with Goethe, surpassing Byron, Scott, and all his contemporaries and successors; whereas for eulogy from the highest order of poets and literary and brainy men, universally, Burns stands (excepting Shakespeare) without a peer.*

Besides the twenty-eight Progressive editions of publications, contributing to the record of completeness of our poet's works, recorded on the opposite page, there are six single outside publications, each contributing *one* addition to the present perfection, viz.: The London Star (1), 1822; The New York Mirror (1), 1840; The Edinburgh Magazine (1), 1818; Lapraik's Poems (1), 1788; Sillar's Poems (1), 1789; E. Scott's Poems (1), 1801.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING TABLE.

Note.—The Nos. ( ) have reference to the TABLE.

THE thought that most forcibly strikes us on examining the above record is the fact that Burns, in his lifetime, knowing, as he surely did, the marketable value of his poetry, should have contented himself with publishing only 88 pieces out of the 562 of poetry here recorded; in other words, with over 450 unpublished songs and poems, the admiration of the age (and of all time), in his hands, worth more than ingots of gold; yet he allowed himself to suffer positive poverty, and never made an effort to turn them to marketable account.

* See Tables of Editions, opposite, and page 336, *infra*.

(1.) From the Kilmarnock (1786) edition, 42 pieces, Burns netted about £20 sterling. (2.) From the first Edinburgh (1787) edition, 27 pieces added to the Kilmarnock, he received, all expenses deducted, about £500 sterling. (4.) From the second Edinburgh edition (1793) which contained 19 new pieces, he received *a few complimentary copies*, and a few books for his library.* Yet among those 19 pieces there were included *Tam O'Shanter* (the greatest poem of three centuries), the *Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson*, the *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, the *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn*, and *The Whistle!!!*— and, this reckless squandering of his literary wealth seems to have been his accustomed rule. He does not appear, in all his correspondence, to indicate the slightest intention of making another shilling from his songs, poems, or letters, beyond the amount named received from the Kilmarnock and the first Edinburgh editions.

Burns had a passion for the company of, and correspondence with, musical composers, and evidently considered that having his songs married to music was an assurance of honor and immortality, beyond the chances of plain type. For this idea we find him (3.) *giving* to Johnson, for his *Museum*, over 150 of his finest songs, and to Thomson 100. At most, all he received from these two publishers was a few complimentary copies from each, and £10 from (5.) Thomson. And among these 250 songs were such gems as *My Love is like a red, red Rose; Of a' the Airts the wind can blaw; John Anderson my jo, John; To Mary in Heaven; Auld Lang Syne; Tam Glen; Willie brewed a peck o' Maut; What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man? Ae fond kiss, and then we sever; Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon; Flow gently sweet Afton; Comin' through the Rye; My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form; Duncan Grey; A man's a man for a' that; Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled; The Lass o' Ballochmyle; Logan Braes; Contented wi' little; My Love she's but a lassie yet*, &c., &c., &c.; indeed they are all gems. Besides those songs which he gave away, he had on hand, Poems, *The Jolly Beggars; The Lincluden Vision and Song of Liberty; Holy Willie's Prayer; Nature's Law; The Twa Herds; The Kirk's Alarm; Elegy on Miss Burnett; Address to Beelzebub; Epistles to Hugh Parker and J. Lapraik; Mary Morison; Address to the Toothache; Caledonia*, &c., and Songs, Epistles, Epigrams, and Epitaphs in great abundance; and yet, with all this literary wealth on hand, he made not an effort, neither did his friends counsel him, to turn it to commercial account.

* See page 297, Vol. IV.



BURNS' MAUSOLEUM—Dumfries.

In the days of Burns, the copyright law gave the author protection, on exclusive profits on his works, for only fourteen years, which, compared with the law in our times, which gives forty-two years, makes the consideration of value to Burns less worth looking at in his time than it would be now; but he could certainly have published two volumes of new pieces, double the bulk of what had already appeared; and, had he tried, he no doubt could have found a liberal publisher.

But he died so young, and so unexpectedly,* that we have only to proceed to notice the principal editions of his works published after his decease.

(6.) Dr. George Gilfillan says: "Dr. Currie,† who undertook, "for the benefit of the poet's family, the editorship of his "works, deserves the praise and the gratitude of all lovers of "our bard. Currie's Life of Burns is admirable. He went "from Liverpool, where he resided, to Dumfries, immediately "after the poet's death, and amid all sorts of contradictory "and exaggerated rumors about his character, and when his "MSS., like his character, were in a mass of confusion,—out "of this double chaos, the Liverpool doctor formed a cosmos, "treating Burns as a man with a mixture of truth and ten- "derness which is not yet fully appreciated, and praising his "genius with much eloquence, sincerity and discrimination." Currie's edition contained about 300 pieces in verse and 194 letters; and the publication netted for the family of Burns about £1400 sterling.‡ Currie's edition contained all the songs from the Thomson and Johnson publications that he deemed important or desirable to publish.

(7.) Thomas Stewart's edition, 1801 (issued for the benefit of said Thomas Stewart), was a reprint of the Kilmarnock and first Edinburgh editions (the fourteen years' copyright limit having been reached), with several important additions. In this edition was first published *The Jolly Beggars*, *The Kirk's Alarm*, *The Twa Herds*, *Holy Willie's Prayer and Epitaph*, *Welcome to an Illegitimate Child*, &c., and 24 of the Letters to Clarinda (see page 148, Vol. V.), which letters, he was subsequently forced to suppress.§ Stewart was a nephew of Richmond, the bosom crony of Burns at the time those pieces were written, and whether he possessed the only copy of *The Jolly Beggars*, has never been settled (see page 176, Vol. I.). Whether Currie would have published *The Jolly Beggars* and *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and one or two

* See page 212, *supra*.
† See page 275, *supra*.
‡ See page 280, *supra*.
§ See page 148, Vol. V.

others, is doubtful; but we are inclined to think that Burns left no copy of them among his personal papers; and, wonderful as it may appear, he seemed to have considered them of little permanent value. Stewart's publication of them, therefore, deserves the thanks of the public.

(8.) Cromek's "Reliques." R. H. Cromek, an engraver, born at Hull, England, was such an enthusiastic admirer of Burns that he travelled to every spot known to have been visited by the poet, and gleaned letters and poems from many who then held them as of little value. The result was that in 1808 he published "The Reliques of Burns," consisting of 35 pieces of poetry and 69 letters, beyond those published by Dr. Currie. This publication was for the benefit of R. H. Cromek.

(9.) Professor Walker's* edition calls for no particular mention. Poems only, and imperfect. He added one poem and eight letters.

(11.) Gilbert Burns's edition of Dr. Currie's edition. See page 283, *supra*. He added two poems and five letters.

(12.) Lockhart's "Life" is memorable, more because of the glorious essay it elicited from Carlyle than for any special excellence of its own, though he, like Cromek, made a pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and gleaned a few additional leaves (five poems and two letters) to add to the book.

(13.) Allan Cunningham's edition, with Life of Burns by the editor, was, till 1850, the best edition published. His "Life" of Burns, George Gilfillan says, "is a characteristic and able production, full of new facts in the poet's history, conceived in a spirit of brotherly appreciation worthy of a master mason and a double-dyed Scotchman; an interesting, genial book." Cunningham's edition added 39 pieces of poetry and 43 letters.

(14.) Hogg & Motherwell's edition, now considered only as a curiosity. Those two Scottish poets were expected to make an interesting edition of their brother bard's works; but Hogg's memoir of Burns is a strange compound, characteristic of unbounded vanity; so inartificial, however, as to be quite amusing. Poor Motherwell was deep in a consumption at the commencement of the work; therefore his share in the work must have been slight indeed. He died before it was finished, and Hogg also died before it was complete, in 1835. They added six poems and ten letters.

(15.) This was Chambers's first edition, in which he used the Life by Dr. Currie, and added six new pieces, three prose and three poetry.

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* See page 12, *supra*, for his knowledge of Burns.

(16.) Cunningham in this edition used Currie's Life with notes, for George Virtue, who illustrated the works with 58 steel plates; added one poem.

(17.) Sir Harry Nicholas's "Pickering Aldine" edition—poems only—was notable chiefly because of the "Life," which deals liberally, for an Englishman, with a Scotch subject. Through Mr. Pickering's aid, six poems and two letters were added.

(18.) Blackie's "Land of Burns," a pilgrimage, illustrated with portraits and small cloudy landscapes—making up in quantity what they lacked in quality. The text is well written, chiefly by Robert Chambers, and partly by Professor Wilson. They added four newly-discovered pieces.

(19.) The Burns and Clarinda Correspondence, edited by her grandson. See page 148, Vol. V.

(20.) Blackie's edition, 1846, edited by A. Whitelaw; illustrated with the plates from "The Land of Burns," after six years' wear, contained four newly-discovered pieces, and a good many spurious pieces referred to later on, in the article on "Fabricated Pieces." See page 323, *infra*.

(21.) Robert Chambers's edition, published in 1856, was, till that time, the best edition, and, on the first edition of it, the profits were given to Mrs. Begg and three daughters, the sister and nieces of the poet. See page 296, *supra*. "Robert Chambers," George Gilfillan says, "though his 'Life' of the poet is not lofty in its tone, nor its taste always the best, contains a vast amount of valuable materials, for it collects in four volumes, as in four baskets, almost all that can be gathered* of the prose, poetry and incidents of his story. His mode of estimating Burns was sound and judicious. . . . . Robert Chambers is a sincere lover of truth, and an eminently candid and conscientious man; but, apart from the want of much enthusiasm and of fine instinct, his temperament was entirely opposite to that of Burns. No one can doubt this who has seen him—the genuine 'auld-farrant, canny' Scotchman. . . . But we have always felt assured that he was not fitted to be the final thorough-going biographer of Burns—Burns, who would commit more natural follies in a week than Chambers could in a life-time. This vital divergency between the two men will for ever prevent Chambers's 'Life' from taking up the lofty and lonely place to which its elaborate pains-taking and its general fairness would have entitled it."†

* The reader will see 131 new discoveries, after this "*final gleaning*" of Chambers, and several of them of great importance.

† As will be seen in our notes, throughout the whole of this work, we have made the freest use of Chambers's carefully stated facts; but there is one state-

(22.) Alexander Smith's edition contains one of the best "Lives" of the poet ever penned. The only fault with the edition is the large number of spurious pieces which the editor has carelessly admitted. He added three pieces of poetry.

(23.) Dr. Waddell's edition. "The Rev. Dr. Hatley Waddell," George Gilfillan says, "goes as far beyond as Robert Chambers falls short of appreciation of his theme. His work is a long and powerful prize poem, written with feeling, energy and eloquence. It has been preceded by diligent and extensive

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ment made by him in his Vol. II., page 256, which we intended to have challenged, but omitted to do so, and we, therefore, take this opportunity of questioning both his fact and its probability. The passage, which we quote, is as follows :—

"Were consistency, indeed, one of the most notable features of human nature, as the reverse is the case, we might marvel a little at Burns, on the 2d of March (1788), meeting Clarinda in prayers at an appointed hour, and *next day* speaking with levity of his intercourse with Jean—vowing to love Clarinda 'to death, through death, and for ever,' in March, and before April was out giving another woman a permanent right to his affections, albeit for the time under secrecy. *Perhaps, after all, these revolutions in the ardent vivacious mind of Burns are less astounding than the fact (for it is one beyond all question) that the poet was not now, and never had been, exactly the favorite lover of Jean (Armour). There was, it seems, another person whom she fancied above him, though, as but too plainly appears, she had been unable to contend against the fascination of those dark eyes in which lay her fate.*"

Chambers does not state where he got this "*astounding*" information. We presume it must have been in his visits to Mauchline in 1838 or in 1848; but why he plumply states this "ASTOUNDING FACT," and emphasizes it as "*beyond all question*," without any comment thereon, is the part that bewilders us. WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT. A life-long study of all that has been written about Burns and we hope an appreciative knowledge of his character, prompts us to say,—IMPOSSIBLE!

The only foundation for such a statement is to be found in a note on page 149, Vol. II., and notes on page 53, Vol. IV., where a certain Robert Wilson is referred to as having paid Jean some attentions, when visiting Paisley, during the period of estrangement, between the poet and her, early in the summer of 1786.

But if the reader will for one moment consider the impetuous nature of Burns, and his unhappy state of mind during this period of estrangement, as portrayed in our first volume, from page 273 to 285, he will detect no fear or signs of a *rival* in the case, but every other phase of despairing love; and will any one believe that Burns had a serious *rival* in Jean's affections, and we not hear of it from himself? Burns was, in all his love affairs, as open as the day; and if the trifling attention of a townsman and school-fellow to Jean, under the circumstances above alluded to, provoked the two little ditties referred to above, what would have been his utterances had a *real rival* been in the case?

Chambers's being satisfied to believe this "astounding" statement, seems to confirm Gilfillan's opinion, quoted above, that with all his industry and careful collection and statement of facts, he was not fitted to be the final biographer of Burns. We class Burns with Shakespeare in matters of the heart, when he puts into the mouth of Othello the burning words of jealousy, "I had rather be a toad, and live upon the vapor of a dungeon, than keep a corner in the thing I love,"—and yet Chambers, unthinkingly we presume, would have us believe that Burns, in the case of Jean Armour! his "ain Jean!" was content with half a heart!! No true lover of Burns will believe it for a moment.—G. G.

personal enquiry,* and although you sometimes think of the philosopher who, when the facts were against his theory, said, 'So much the worse for the facts;' . . . and although some parts of his book are among the most eloquent of the present day, we cannot compliment Dr. Waddell either on the judgment which overruled the composition of the whole or arranged the order of the parts. . . . As a piece of hero-worship, it must hold its place as unique—eclipsing all others." Dr. Waddell added 32 pieces—2 of poetry and 30 letters.

(24.) The private publication of the Glenriddell MSS. (1874), by Henry Bright, of Liverpool, added 8 unpublished pieces, 7 of poetry and 1 letter.

(25.) James McKie's Kilmarnock edition (1876), edited by W. Scott Douglas, is, for those who care for the poetry and Life only, a very satisfactory edition.

(26.) The edition of W. Scott Douglas, 1877, which we have distinguished by using to build upon,—if ever an editor knew all about his subject, Mr. Douglas did in the case of Burns; and although he had to get his information second-hand, never having seen Burns, yet Boswell never loved his Johnson nor admired him more than Douglas loved and admired Burns. Mr. Douglas was known, all his literary lifetime, as an intelligent, enthusiastic and industrious student of the Scottish Bards; and on many occasions, both as editor and on the platform, gave evidence of his thorough knowledge of his subject. His association with Mr. William Paterson, of Edinburgh, the publisher, who, of all others, was best suited to publish a great edition of Burns, was a fortunate combination, because Mr. Paterson is liberal, and of known good taste as a publisher; besides, as a first-class bookseller, he had dealt considerably in Burns's MSS. for the previous fifteen years, and knew just where to put his hand on many unpublished pieces, prose and poetry. Moreover, he, as a friend of Mr. J. S. Watson, the well-known collector of Burns's MSS., could procure the use of pieces in Mr. W.'s collection that would probably have been denied to any one else. Mr. Douglas was, from the advantages indicated, able to add 9 new pieces of poetry and 81 unpublished letters. Mr. Douglas shows an earnest and well-balanced judgment all through his work, and though somewhat severe on Cunningham, and on Chambers, we cannot say that he is ever unjust. He deserves to be placed, as an editor, alongside of Charles Knight with his Shakespeare, and all lovers of Burns should

* Like Currie, Cromek, Lockhart, Cunningham, Chambers, and Douglas

gratefully revere his four great editors: Currie, Cunningham, Chambers, and Douglas.

(27.) Is a republication of No. 25, with two new Burns songs added.

(28.) Our own edition of Burns was started with the intention of making an edition from all preceding compilations on the subject; but we had not gone far before we discovered that, for the foundation, our best model would be Douglas; therefore we have used his work more than any other, and we have largely adopted his text and notes; comparing with all the other best editions named, adding the best notes of all previous editors and critics, and giving the English equivalent at the end of each line for the Scottish word. We have added a more comprehensive GLOSSARY than any ever before attempted. We give the entire MUSIC of the Burns contributions to the Thomson Collection, and the music of the chief of the Johnson Songs. We have discovered and published two important Letters (see page 383, Vol. III., and page 135, Vol. VI.). We publish for the first time (slightly abridged) his celebrated Poem, *The Court of Equity* (see page 400, Vol. I.), and we are proud to say we have made the discovery that *The Lincluden Vision* (song) is the prelude to the *Ode to Liberty* (or *Ode to Washington's Birthday*), which, for the first time, completed, we present to the public. (See pages 1 to 18, *supra*.) We have restored the *Tree of Liberty*, left out by Mr. Douglas, and we state our reasons for so doing. We print at pages 327, 328 and 329, *infra*, three poems recently added to the British Museum, formerly in the Pickering Collection; and we have most thoroughly discussed the doubtful and spurious Poems.

Our arrangement is, we think, superior to any before published. We arrange the Commentary chronologically throughout with the Poems, and in each volume the Letters corresponding in time with the Poems and Commentary, illustrate each other. The only exception to this is The Clarinda Correspondence and The Thomson Correspondence and Music, which are by themselves in Vol. V. Our ILLUSTRATIONS will speak for themselves; we may, however, say, FOR OUR SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS, THAT THEY ILLUSTRATE. No edition of Burns ever yet attempted is so complete, so carefully arranged, so intelligible to the English and American reader, and so elegant in every way. We have spent money liberally to make it what it is, and we hope it will meet the approbation of the public.—G. G.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL PIECES,

Or of which some editors and others have questioned the authenticity, but which we have included in our edition as probably genuine, giving our reasons for so believing.

1. Poem on Pastoral Poetry, page 47, Vol. IV.
2. Delia—an Ode, page 66, Vol. III.
3. The Ploughman's Song, page 15, Vol. I.
4. Peg-a-Ramsay, page 57, Vol. VI.
5. Pretty Peg, page 29, Vol. VI.
6. The Tree of Liberty, page 13, Vol. VI.
7. The Kiss, page 28, Vol. III.
8. Verses on the Destruction of the Woods at Drumlanrig, page 50, Vol. VI.
9. Elegy on Stella, page 96, Vol. II.
10. Epigram on Bad Roads, page 32, Vol. II.
11. Damon and Sylvia, page 56, Vol. IV.
12. Adam Armour's Prayer, page 137, Vol. I.
13. The Thorn, page 25, Vol. VI.
14. Epistle to a Tailor, page 24, Vol. II.

LIST OF PIECES,

Which we have left out, but which many editors have included. We state our reasons for exclusion.

I.—EVAN BANKS.

Johnson's Museum; Currie's first edition; Cromek's Reliques, and several editions since: was written by Helen Maria Williams.

II.—TO THEE, LOV'D NITH.

Cromek's Reliques and Blackie's edition, as a fragment: was written by Mrs. Walter Riddell, and sent to Burns.

III.—TO THE OWL.

Cromek's Reliques: by a certain John M'Creddie—possibly retouched by Burns.

IV.—THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

Hogg and Motherwell's edition: most probably by Motherwell himself.

V.—THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Johnson's Museum—reproduced in Cunningham: certainly not by Burns; may have been very slightly retouched by him; is vulgar and stupid.

VI.—SHELAH O'NEIL.

Cunningham's edition: was written by Sir Alexander Boswell, for a volume of Miscellaneous Poetry.

VII.—ON AN EVENING VIEW OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

Blackie's edition: is not by Burns—is not even a good imitation; prosy and weak: it was composed by W. Joseph Walter, Dumfries, about 1813.

VIII.—TO MY BED.

Blackie's edition: may be found *verbatim* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1759, with the initials "R. B." appended. This being the very year in which the Poet himself was born, and the initials of the writer being the same as his own, the curious coincidence may have induced him by and by to copy out the piece entire, which, being found in his handwriting and with his initials, would be accepted without inquiry as his own.

IX.—BURNS'S LAMENT FOR MARY.

These elegant verses, beginning—"O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying"—are the composition of John Burtt, who, in 1814, was a schoolmaster in Kilmarnock. He presented the MS., with the name of "Burns" attached, to Mr. Mathie, publisher, Kilmarnock, by whom it was sent to the *Ayr Advertiser*, and from which paper it was reprinted as a composition of Burns, first in the *Dumfries Weekly Journal*, and then in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for August, 1814. It took its place in almost every edition of the poet as an authentic work; but Mr. James Paterson, editor of a valuable work called "The Contemporaries of Burns," 1840, set the question of the authorship of the verses at rest, in an excellent memoir of Burtt, who was born about 1790, emigrated in 1816, and in 1835 was Professor in a Divinity College at Philadelphia.

X.—CASSILLIS' BANKS.—"NOW BANK AND BRAE," &C.

Here we have another song which, down to the present day, passed muster as a composition of Burns, bearing reference, like the former, to his *Highland Mary*. It was composed by Richard Gall, who died at Edinburgh in 1801, at the early age of 25. A neat edition of his poetical works was printed in 1819, by Oliver & Boyd, and the song in question is found there, as also the one we are to note as No. 11 of this list.

Cunningham, in 1834, keeps his readers in the hallucination that this piece is by Burns, who here "recalled a favorite haunt of his youth, and a form dear to his heart." One of the lines is both a history and a landscape,—

'Girvan's fairy-haunted stream.'"

Robert Chambers, also, so recently as 1840, in describing a *Scene on the Girvan* in Blackie's "Land of Burns," quotes four opening lines of Gall's song, keeping up the same notion in his own mind and that of his readers, whom he tells that "Burns, in one of his songs, has this verse:—

'Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.'"

XI.—FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.—"SCENES OF WOE," &C.

This lyric, also by Richard Gall, was composed and sent to Johnson, with Burns's name attached to it, purposely that it might pass—which for many years it did—as an authentic companion-song to Burns's own pathetic lyric, *The gloomy night is gathering fast.*

In a memoir of Gall, printed in the "Biographia Scotica," at Edinburgh, in 1805, the contributor, Mr. Stark, says, on the subject of this deception: "In publishing the song in this manner, Mr. Gall probably thought that, under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed 'to waste its sweetness on the desert air.'"

XII.—THE HERMIT OF ABERFELDY.

Blackie's edition; also Hogg & Motherwell's: was furnished the former by Peter Buchan, of Peterhead; but is certainly nothing like Burns's work.

XIII.—ADDRESS TO A POTATO.

These verses, beginning "Gude-e'en, my auld acquaintance cronie," were dug up from oblivion recently by a correspondent in a Canadian paper, and not a little noise was created about the *pomme du terre*, till some one skilled in old books showed that a collection of "Poems on various subjects, by Alexander Clerk, in Caulside, parish of Glencairn," published in Dumfries in 1801, contains the newly-discovered poem.

XIV.—THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

This song was, for nearly half a century, popularly believed to be an authentic production of Burns; and even yet, when it is known to have been an early lyric by Caroline, Baroness Nairne, composed without reference to Burns or his Jean, the public cling with fondness to the old legend of the heart, and love it sung in the form the authoress had sent it—anonymously—to the press, upwards of eighty years ago:—

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw in a thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal," &c.

XV.—A PRAYER FOR MARY.—"POWERS CELESTIAL, WHOSE PROTECTION EVER GUARDS THE VIRTUOUS FAIR," &C.

This fine composition has passed for a production of Burns since the beginning of the present century; but, in 1871, Mr. James Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution, announced to the world that he had discovered the verses in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774, where they are inserted as a translation from the Greek of Euripides. Burns had no doubt been struck with the beauty of the lyric, so applicable to his own position in 1786, and transcribed it for preservation, and forwarded the piece to Johnson, for his fifth volume.

XVI.—COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

This is another of the lyrics hitherto understood to have been composed by Burns in praise of his Mary; but, as in the case above referred to, Mr. Christie found it *verbatim* in the same old magazine, the only difference being the substitution of "Mary" for "Delia."

XVII.—GALA WATER.—"SAE FAIR HER HAIR," &C.

This is in Johnson's second vol., p. 131, copied *verbatim* from Herd's Collection, 1776 (Vol. II., p. 202); so that it is quite an error to include it in Burns's works, as some editors have done. Burns, in his notes, records a "concluding verse," which appears very like his own manufacture:—

'And ay she cam' at e'ening fa',
Amang the yellow broom, sae eerie,
To seek the snood o' silk she tint,—
She fand na that, but met her dearie."

XVIII.—WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

Was a favorite song before Burns was born; in many editions, as late as M'Kie, Kilmarnock, 1876.

XIX.—THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER BUSH.

There can be no doubt that this is older than the period of Burns. The public is indebted to Lady Nairne for the improved version, now so popular.

XX.—THE AULD MAN HE CAM' OVER THE LEA.

This is in Johnson's fifth vol., p. 429, and although picked up and transmitted by Burns, shows not a single mark of his hand.

XXI.—WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

This fragment of four lines has been again and again given as Burns's own; but he particularly marks it as a quotation from a long ballad in imitation of the old poets, well known among the country ingle-sides. Cromek, in printing it as part of the poet's First Commonplace Book, has very correctly marked it by quotation marks.

XXII.—THE VOWELS: A TALE.

[Cromek found *The Vowels*, and also *To the Owl*, in the poet's handwriting, among his papers, and we can only account for it by the fact that many "poets" of the period sent Burns their "poems" for criticism and correction, which he sometimes obligingly undertook by recopying and considerably altering their pieces for them.—G. G.]

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapor throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.—
First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*
Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name! that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd,
The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!
In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!
As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

XXIII.—FRAGMENT OF A REVOLUTION SONG.

[We might, while giving the *Ode to Liberty* and *The Tree of Liberty*, at the commencement of this volume (see note page 18, *supra*), have referred to this song, but we do not believe it to be the composition of Burns. Chambers, in his edition of 1838, introduces it in a foot-note, thus: "Burns unquestionably felt as a zealous

partisan of the French Revolution. That such was the case, his *Tree of Liberty*, his *Vision*,* and *Inscription for an Attar of Independence*, are sufficient proof, and more may be found in some specimens of an unpublished poem given by Mr. Cunningham,—'Why should we idly waste our prime,' &c." (See below.)

The present editor has little doubt that this production, if really taken from Burns's MS., has been merely *transcribed* by him from the pages of some radical magazine of the period, and may have suggested to him *The Tree of Liberty*.—G. G.]

SONG.

Why should we idly waste our prime
  Repeating our oppressions?
Come, rouse to arms, 'tis now the time
  To punish past transgressions.
'Tis said that Kings can do no wrong—
  Their murderous deeds deny it;
And, since from us their power is sprung,
  We have a right to try it.
Now each true patriot's song shall be,
"Welcome Death or Libertie!"

Proud Priests and Bishops we'll translate,
  And canonize as Martyrs;
The guillotine on Peers shall wait,
  And Knights shall hang in garters:
Those despots long have trode us down,
  And Judges are their engines;
Such wretched minions of a Crown
  Demand the people's vengeance.
To-day 'tis *theirs*,—to-morrow, we
Shall don the Cap of Libertie!

The golden age we'll then revive,—
  Each man will be a brother;
In harmony we all shall live,
  And share the earth together.
In virtue trained, enlightened youth
  Will love each fellow-creature;
And future years shall prove the truth
  That Man is good by nature.
Then let us toast, with three times three,
The reign of Peace and Libertie!

FABRICATED PIECES,

ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS IN "THE MERRY MUSES."

MR. DOUGLAS, in his Kilmarnock edition, 1872, says:—

It is unhappily notorious that several songs and poetical pieces were, from time to time, composed by Burns, which are too gross in subject and language to be allowed admission into a collection of his works intended for general perusal. These productions were never meant by the poet for the public eye, but dashed off unguardedly, while in "a merry pin," and exhibited only to a select coterie of his like-minded associates. In the affecting interview which took place betwixt

* His *Ode to Liberty* was not discovered till 1874.

Mrs. Maria Riddell and the poet, about a fortnight before he died, he said "he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, to the injury of his reputation; and that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, instead of being, as he earnestly wished, buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence to blast his fame, when no dread of his resentment could restrain them."

In Allan Cunningham's edition of Burns (1834, &c.), a number of wretchedly unmeaning "fragments of song" are introduced, which are admittedly his own fabrication, as may be inferred from the following passage. Speaking of some prose extracts from the poet's Edinburgh Commonplace Book, and the poetical fragments alluded to, he says: "The prose portion has been copied from Currie and from Cromek, with some slight additions, and the verses *from another source.* In several places *small but necessary liberties have been taken with the language, which would have offended many, had they appeared as they stand in the originals.*"

In order that our readers may know by head-mark, and give the go-by to such "fragments" as Cunningham here refers to, we purpose, instead of printing them in this edition, to record a table of their opening lines, accompanied by such remarks as may seem requisite. We could, *if we would*, give the "originals" alluded to; and if we dared do so, the reader would be surprised to find that the liberties taken by honest Allan are neither *small* nor *necessary*, for, indeed, every thing that is characteristic of Burns seems to have been rejected, and only the dry husks retained.

In December, 1793, we find from a letter in the poet's printed correspondence, that he lent to his friend John M'Murdo, Esq., Drumlanrig, for a few days, a MS. collection of merry songs, which for some years he had been making. "A very few of them," says Burns, "are my own; there is not another copy of the collection in the world."

The "Merry Muses" contains about ninety "Scots songs, ancient and modern, selected for the use of the Crochallan Fencibles." About one-third of them are certainly by Burns, in whole or in part, and of these the following seven are to be found—printed *verbatim*—in all modern editions of the poet's works:—

"Yestreen I had a pint o' wine" (with Postscript).
"We'll hide the cooper ahint the door."
"Wha is that at my bower door?"
"Oh wha my babie-clouts will buy?"
"I am a bard of no regard."
"Let me ryke up to dight that tear."
"I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when."

It is proper here to caution the curious, who may desire to become acquainted with the *Crochallan Song Book*, against being imposed on by a spurious, or pretended edition of it. This latter is merely a compilation of obscene rubbish, taken from Irish and other collections, and contains only a sprinkling from the work referred to.

FABRICATED FRAGMENTS AND SPURIOUS STANZAS.

I.—YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE.

This is the chorus, and last of three verses—with considerable verbal alterations—of a song at page 18 of the *Crochallan* volume.

II.—O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

This is the chorus, and one of five verses—greatly altered—of a song at page 38 of said work.

III.—LASS, WHEN YOUR MOTHER IS FRAE HAME.

This is a silly paraphrase of a song of two double-verses, at page 14 of the "mean-looking volume."

IV.—I MET A LASS, A BONIE LASS.

This is made up from two verses of a song at page 37 of the said volume; verse second is almost verbatim with the original.

V.—O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

This is almost every word Allan's own. It is suggested by one verse of a very wild song at page 65 of the *odd volume*.

VI.—O CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN?

This is a near approach to a verbatim copy of part of a song in the "mean-looking volume," at page 75 thereof.

VII.—JENNY M'CRAW SHE HAS TA'EN TO THE HEATHER.

The original song, at page 102 of the *Crochallan* volume, consists of three verses, to the tune of *The bonie moor-hen*, of which Allan's six lines are a weak travesty.

VIII.—THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL I WAS AT.

This is, in thought, word and deed, another of Allan's own—and what is the worth of it? It would seem to have been suggested by a clever song at page 95 of "the volume."

IX.—THERE CAM' A PIPER OUT O' FIFE.

This dirty little "fragment" will stand no comparison with the "original," at page 84 of "the book," beginning, "There cam' a cadger out o' Fife."

X.—THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

This is simply a verbatim copy of one verse of a clever political song by Burns, of eight bold verses, at page 80 of "our book." The poet, in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, dated 5th January, 1793, enclosed him a copy of it, with the following remarks: "A tippling ballad, which I made on the Prince of Brunswick breaking up his camp, and sung one convivial evening, I shall likewise send to you, *sealed up*, as it is not for everybody's reading."

XI.—DONALD BRODIE MET A LASS.

This is an extended version of fragment No. 4, from page 37 of the "volume." It first appeared in Motherwell's edition of Burns.

XII.—YOUR ROSY CHEEKS ARE TURNED SAE WAN.

This is an extended version of fragment No. 1, from page 18 of "the book." It first appeared in Motherwell's edition.

XIII.—COME REDE ME, DAME.

This is a wretched parody of a naughty song at p. 32 of the same collection.

[WHEN far into the work of editing our last volume, we received from Kilmarnock, Scotland, two volumes of Burns's Poems, published by James M'Kie, in celebration of the centennial publication of Burns's Poems from Kilmarnock, 1786, containing three poems of Burns published for the first time, which will now appropriately come here; but had we received the three poems given in full, in proper time, we would have placed them in their chronological place.—G. G.]

"PICKINGS FROM THE PICKERING MSS."

(M'KIE, KILMARNOCK, 1886.)

[WITH the object of obtaining materials for the *Aldine* editions of the Poems of Burns (1830–1839), the late Mr. Pickering, Publisher, London, purchased, from time to time, every scrap of the poet's handwriting that he could acquire at a reasonable rate. Many of these manuscripts were of considerable value, while others were merely early drafts of poems or prose memoranda, afterwards carefully recast by the author; besides which, that collection included not a few of those mirthful bagatelles usually reckoned too indecent for publication. Eventually the whole collection was brought under the auctioneer's hammer, and the several pieces were scattered as promiscuously as the various channels from which they were originally procured. Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness, writing on this subject in 1866, thus observed: "What a grief it is that out of 78 lots of the Pickering Collection of Burns's MSS., only ten should have been purchased for the British Museum! Some of the best went to America."

A goodly lot of the more objectionable of those manuscripts were procured by Mr. Greenshields of Kerse, Lesmahago, who kindly favored us with transcripts of some, and interesting information regarding others, with a view of helping the completeness of this edition. Many will consider it greatly to the credit of that gentleman that on our pressing him for the privilege of an inspection of the MSS., he not only declined to let them be seen, but afterwards (on 9th June, 1871) wrote to us as follows: "How much is it to be regretted that Burns prostituted his genius! On broad moral ground, I have just finished a bonfire of them;—so here ends the matter." We assume that only the more offensive portions would be thus dealt with; but for our part we cannot sympathize with the exceeding "breadth" of Mr. Greenshields's moral sense. Bogies are generally harmless, and not very frightful objects when dragged into daylight, and witchcraft has become defunct since it ceased to be the fashion to burn witches.—*M'Kie.*]

THE CONTRABAND MARAUDER.

(M'KIE, KILMARNOCK, 1886.)

[This early production of Burns, although not hitherto admitted into any collected edition of his poems, betrays its own parentage. Under a different title (which, together with the closing line of each verse, had to be altered to make it fit for publication), it is particularly known to the curious in such matters as being one of Burns's grosser songs. In that respect, however, we consider that it compares favorably with some of its fellows, admitted without scruple to this and other more circumspect editions.

The circumstance specially referred to in the song is the public admonition which the poet had to submit to receive in the kirk of Mauchline about the close of 1784, following on the birth of his "dear-bought Bess," so named after

her mother, Betsy Paton. This must have been the same occasion spoken of in Dr. Adair's account of his tour with the poet in October, 1787, when, on visiting Dunfermline, the doctor mounted the cutty-stool, and Burns from the pulpit administered to him a rebuke in imitation of the style in which he, along with seven other defaulters, had been admonished in Mauchline kirk three years before.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, in the memoir prefixed to his edition of Burns (1819), makes these remarks on this subject, referring to the *Epistle to a Tailor:* "Another practice in the Church of Scotland susceptible of great abuse, but now getting fast into disrepute, is that of placing transgressors, who are perhaps less guilty than nine-tenths of the congregation, on the stool of repentance, and giving them a rebuke—often couched in the most indecent language—in the presence of youth, beauty, and innocence. Several of Burns's happiest effusions are adapted to display this part of ecclesiastical discipline in all its abominable colors, and will, no doubt, co-operate with the improvements of the age to accomplish its disuetude."—*M'Kie.*]

*Ye jovial boys who love the joys—
The blissful joys of lovers,
And dare avow wi' dauntless brow
Whate'er the lass discovers;
I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
And welcome in a *frater*
Who's lately been on quarantine—
A contraband marauder!
Fa, la, la, la! &c.

Before the congregation wide
I pass'd the muster fairly;
My handsome Betsy by my side,
We gat our ditty rarely:
My down cast eye by chance did spy
What made my mouth to water—
Those hills of snow that wyled me so
At first to be a fau'ter.
Fa, la, la, la! &c.

Wi' ruefu' face and signs o' grace,
I paid the kirk its hire:
The night was dark, and through the park
I couldna but convoy her:

* The period of this production is evidently about the same as *The Court of Equity.* See page 400, Vol. I.; also page 156, Vol. I.—G. G.

A parting kiss—what could I less?
My vows began to scatter!
She was na' shy—nae mair was I,
A kirk-condemned defau'ter!
Fa, la, la, la! &c.

But by the sun and moon I swear—
And I'll fulfil ilk hair o't—
That while I own a single crown
She's welcome to a share o't:
My sweet wee girl, her mother's pearl,
And darling o' her *pater*,
For her dear sake the name I'll take—
A kirk-condemned defau'ter!
Fa, la, la, la! &c.

AUNTIE JEANIE'S BED.

(M'Kie, Kilmarnock, 1886.)

[The Solan geese that roost on Ailsa Craig furnish feathers sufficient to supply beds for all the West of Scotland. The poet's uncle, Samuel Brown, seems to have carried on a strong trade during the season of Ailsa fowling. In one of Burns's letters, dated 4th May, 1780, when preparing to leave Ayrshire for Ellisland, he commissions his uncle to procure for him three or four stones of feathers to make beds for his new farmhouse. As for the heroine of the present off-hand snatch of song, she seems to have been of the same class with a Forfarshire virago—

"Jenny Picken 's on the shore,
She has written on her door,
'Ony man a sixpence more'—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!" —*M'Kie.*]

My auntie Jean held to the shore
As Ailsa boats cam' back,
And she has coft a feather-bed
For twenty and a plack:

O' sic a noble bargain
Was auntie Jeanie's bed;
The feathers gained her fifty merk
Before a towmond sped!

THE JOLLY GAUGER.

(M'KIE, KILMARNOCK, 1886.)

[This parody of the well-known song, *The Jolly Beggar*,* whose authorship is attributed to one of the kings of Scotland, is here applied to some of the poet's adventures, while mounted on horseback pursuing his avocations among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, "his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moved along."—*M'Kie.*]

THERE was a jolly gauger,
And a gauging he did ride;
He met a bonie beggar lass
Doun by yon river side:
And we'll gang nae mair a roving
Wi' ladies to the wine:
A kintra lass without a plack
Can play the lady fine,—
And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

Amang the broom they set them doun,
Amang the broom sae green,
As he had been a belted knight,
And she had been a queen.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad!—
I like thy manners weel:
Wilt thou accept—it's a' my wealth—
My pock and pickle meal?
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

Sae blyth the beggar took the bent,
Like ony bird in spring,
Sae blyth the beggar took the bent,
And merrily did sing—
O we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

* For further reference to "The Merry Muses," see Vol. II., page 65, Vol. IV., pages 137, 375, 376.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad,
O' gaugers thou'rt the wale!
Wi' thee, the beggar's benison
I trow will never fail.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

THE ROBIN'S YULE SANG.

Taken from the recitation of Mrs. Begg, the sister of Burns. The poet was in the habit of telling the story to the younger members of his father's household at Mount Oliphant, and Mrs. Begg's impression was that he *made* it for their amusement.

[This little nursery tale was published by Robert Chambers in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." We insert it here through a desire to omit nothing in these volumes that can, more or less, be claimed as a production of Burns. It was also printed and published by itself, in a thin quarto form, beautifully illustrated by appropriate etchings, from designs furnished by the younger members of the family of Fairlie of Coodham.

The *Robin* was one of the poet's favorites among our song-birds. Not often, indeed, has he referred to him in verse; but where he has introduced him, this has been done *con amore*, thus:—

"Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the ROBIN'S whistling glee—
Proud o' the height of some bit half-lang tree."

And, better still, the poet has adopted the name, and his countrymen are fain to use it as an endearing diminutive of their own bard's Christian designation,—

"We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN!"

In his brilliant Election Ballad (p. 154, Vol. III.), addressed to Graham of Fintry, the poet winds up, and hushes the din of party strife with this fine image:—

"For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war—
A cool spectator purely;
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The ROBIN in the hedge descends
And sober chirps securely."]

ROBIN AND POUSSIE BAUDRONS.

There was an auld grey Poussie Baudrons, and she gaed awa' down by a waterside, and there she saw a wee Robin-Redbreast happin on a brier; and Poussie Baudrons says, "Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?" and wee Robin says, "I'm gaun awa to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:" and Poussie Baudrons says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonie white ring round my neck." But wee Robin says, "Na, na! grey Poussie Baudrons; na, na! ye worry't the wee Mousie; but ye'se no' worry me."

ROBIN AND GREY GREEDY GLED.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a fail fauld dyke, and there he saw a Grey Greedy Gled sitting; and Grey Greedy Gled says, "Where's tu gaun, wee

Robin?" and wee Robin says, "I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:" and Grey Greedy Gled says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonie feather in my wing." But wee Robin says, "Na, na! Grey Greedy Gled; na, na! ye pookit a' the wee Lintie, but ye'se no' pook me."

ROBIN AND SLEE TOD LOWRIE.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the cleuch o' a craig, and there he saw Slee Tod Lowrie sitting; and Slee Tod Lowrie says, "Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?" and wee Robin says, "I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:" and Slee Tod Lowrie says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonie spot on the tap o' my tail." But wee Robin says, "Na, na! Slee Tod Lowrie; na, na! ye worry't the wee Lammie, but ye'se no' worry me."

ROBIN AND THE WEE CALLANT.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a bonie burnside, and there he saw a wee Callant sitting; and the wee Callant says, "Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?" and wee Robin says, "I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:" and the wee Callant says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll gie ye a wheen grand moolins out o' my pooch." But wee Robin says, "Na, na! wee Callant; na, na! ye speldert the gowdspink, but ye'se no' spelder me."

ROBIN SINGING HIS YULE SANG.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the King, and there he sat on a winnock sole, and sang the King a bonie sang. And the King says to the Queen, "What'll we gie to wee Robin for singing us this bonie sang?" And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll gie him the wee Wran to be his wife." So wee Robin and the wee Wran were married; and the King and the Queen, and a' the Court, danced at the Wadding.

ROBIN'S AIN WATER SIDE.

Syne he flew awa' hame to his ain Water Side, wi' his wee Wifie, and happit on a brier.*

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* Burns communicated to Johnson, for the fifth volume of the *Museum*, the fragment of a nursery ballad on the loves of Robin and the Wren, taken from Jean Armour's singing. (See page 108, *supra*.)

[WHEN we widely advertised, in 1886, for unpublished MSS. of Burns, in connection with this edition, we received the following extract from the *Cork Weekly Herald*, of Sept. 5, 1885. We include it for what it is worth, merely drawing attention to the fact that it completes a picture of "Life," the other parts of which will be found at page 35, *supra*, *The Winter of Life*, and also at page 27, Vol. I., *Winter—A Dirge*.—G. G.]

YOUTH.

A heretofore unpublished Poem. (?)

["There is every reason to believe that the following charming little poem by Robert Burns has never until now been printed. In no edition of his works is it to be found. A correspondent copied it *verbatim*, some years ago, from a page of one of the poet's MS. Excise Books, which were then, and are doubtless still, preserved in the Burns Memorial in Edinburgh. It is unquestionably in Burns's own handwriting. Though this positive evidence were wanting, the authenticity of the verses would be sufficiently attested by the style. The pathetic grace of sentiment, the passionate love of nature, the surprising wealth of rural imagery, the elegant simplicity of diction, and even the occasional negligence of rhyme, so characteristic of his free, untutored Muse, all proclaim the author. The poem is an admirable example of Burns in his pensive vein. His death in 'the noon of life' gives a melancholy personal significance to the last two lines."—*Cork Weekly Herald.*]

Youth is the vision of a morn
  That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn,
  Which wild winds sweep away;
It is the image of the sky,
  In glassy waters seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
  Across the blue serene.
But, when the waves begin to roar
  And lift their foaming head,
The morning stars appear no more
  And all the heaven is fled.
'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
  Of bright electric fire
That flash about with sudden blaze
  And in that blaze expire.
It is the morning's gentle gale
  That as it swiftly blows
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale
  Or bend the blushing rose.
But soon the gathering tempests soar
  And all the sky deform;
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
  The sigh an angry storm;
For Care, and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
  And heart-corroding Strife,
And Weakness, pointing to the tomb,
  Await the Noon of Life.

[As an illustration of our sincere endeavor to gather all that it was possible to glean of the works of OUR BARD for this edition, the following correspondence is recorded. It may be of interest to some future editor to mark the place where one of his predecessors has inscribed on the record, "*Up to this point and date* I have done my best." GEO. GEBBIE.]

BURNS MANUSCRIPTS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *May 13th*, 1886.

To the Editor of the Scottish American Journal, New York:

DEAR SIR: About the middle of April the JOURNAL contained a report of a recent discovery and sale in Edinburgh of two collections of MSS. in the handwriting of Burns, which purported to be "*Commonplace Books*" hitherto unknown, and purchased by Mr. Carfrae and Mr. Thin, booksellers, at prices of 270 guineas for one and 310 guineas for the other. As I was exceedingly anxious to control these MSS. in connection with my new edition of the works of Burns, I immediately wrote to my agent in London to make an offer of 10 per cent. advance upon these prices, and I am very much pleased to be able to show to you, from the last number of the *Athenæum*, that the MSS. referred to were not the works of our national bard, but, as you will see, copies of pieces that had attracted his attention, and he had copied them into a MS. presentation collection for a young lady—Miss Mackenzie, of Mauchline. In your kindly review of my new edition of the poet you instanced as against my claim of COMPLETENESS this (mistaken) discovery, and I certainly felt very keenly the force of your logic (that is, presuming the discovery had been genuine) of the possibility of documents existing, and occasionally coming to light, defying the claims of any editor in the present century giving a complete edition of Burns; but, I have had time to consider it, and compare notes with my co-editor, Mr. Hunter, and we come to the conclusion that the lime light of unflinching curiosity has so laid bare the life of Burns that the probability of discovering any new MSS. *of any importance* must be very remote. Of course, I say this measuredly and guardedly. For the last twelve months I have devoted the whole of my time to this study, and more especially as I have been assisted by Mr. Hunter, and we, both enthusiastic admirers of our author, have looked for every possible indication that would trace to anything that is likely to exist of his poems or his important letters, and we do not believe that much will, in the future, be found. I would now most respectfully differ from the opinion which you expressed under the circumstances alluded to. I ought not to be misunderstood in this matter of completeness, of claiming the immense stride in that particular for my edition, because additions which I have been able to make to the popular edition of the works of the bard have been chiefly from the present position of the copyright law, being able to combine the discoveries of Robert Chambers, Alexander Smith, Dr. Waddell, George Gilfillan, and more especially the discoveries of W. S. Douglas, in Paterson's edition.

I have no wish to effect a gratuitous advertisement on the pretence of a correspondence on a subject which, of course, is interesting to all the readers of your *Journal*, but I think it due to me that you should briefly (or in any other way you please) correct the impression which your review proclaimed of the questionable foundation of my claim for completeness. That I have made some very valuable discoveries from American collections, the completion of my edition will satisfy you and all your friends. That I am both able and willing to beg, buy, or otherwise achieve the correctness of my claim, I think the fact of my offering $3,500 for those unpublished MSS. is sufficient proof.

I am yours, very sincerely, GEO. GEBBIE.

REPLY OF MR. STEWART, EDITOR OF THE SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

It was unfortunate for the sake of our argument that we selected as an illustration the Mackenzie MSS., which on the authority of our Scottish contemporaries we believed to be all original poems by our national bard. At the same time, all the poems in the Commonplace Books are not yet found to be copies.* Mr. Mackenzie always maintained that he had in his possession many poems by Burns which had never appeared in print, and he was not a man who would likely be deceived, or try to deceive others, on such a point. It is well known to many Burns students that a number of his poems and letters yet remain in manuscript, and will not be allowed to appear in print for some time yet, for various reasons, some of them simply the whims of the owners. Mr. W. S. Douglas was perfectly aware of this fact when he began his last edition of Burns, and he hoped ere he closed to have been able to present some of them at least to the world. But he failed. Mr. Gebbie, whose edition is based on Mr. Douglas's, and with its additions and improvements promises to be the finest edition ever published, will also fail in the same regard if a claim for perfect completeness is set up on its behalf. We do not desire to say a word against Mr. Gebbie's edition. We could not even if we would, for its many excellencies have disarmed criticism; but we merely desired to put on record the fact that it will be at least half a century yet before Burns's works, absolutely complete (as far as they are presentable), will be in the hands of the public.—ED. S. A. J.

[Regarding the statement of the editor of the *Scottish American Journal*, that Mr. Douglas was perfectly aware that many pieces of Burns's works existed which he could not reach, we think the editor has strangely misunderstood Mr. Douglas's statement on this subject, which we quote below. The reader will then judge for himself.

From the Preface to Vol. VI. of Douglas's edition, dated Edinburgh, October, 1879, we quote:—

"We cannot conclude without expressing our belief that, notwithstanding the exertions made to render this collection of the poet's letters complete, some of these are still hoarded in the cabinets of possessors. For instance, the world has not yet been permitted to see a letter which Burns wrote shortly after receiving Dr. Gregory's unceremonious criticism on the poem of *The Wounded Hare* (June, 1789). Only by means of Dr. Currie's foot-note to Gregory's communication are we made aware of such a letter, in which occurs this familiar and oft-quoted passage: 'Dr. Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me. I believe in the iron justice of Dr. G.; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble!' What has become of that letter? Currie did not publish more of it. This hint, we trust, will not be thrown away on manuscript-hunters and future editors of Burns. W. S. DOUGLAS.

"*Edinburgh, October*, 1879."

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Douglas, in a vague manner (unusual with him), refers to a single letter—as possibly existing,—but no more special indications are named; therefore, Mr. Douglas most certainly is no witness against our claim. That some letters or poems may be discovered in the next fifty or one hundred years, we believe; but, certainly, the works of Burns, nor his life, as read by us, do not point to any missing important poem or letter, such as all former editors referred to in the missing *Liberty Ode*, and which the best editor of them all (Mr. Douglas) did not know he had discovered when he first published it in his Kilmarnock edition of 1876, as *An Ode to Washington's Birthday*.—G. G.]

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* In May, 1886, when the above correspondence occurred, it was not fully known whether the MSS. did not contain some original Burns works, but it has been since decided that they were *all copies*.—G. G.



MRS. BURNS.

ONE LAST WORD.

In sending forth this edition of the complete life and works of Robert Burns, we have to record our regret that we did not more fully elaborate the expression of our belief that Jean Armour was the best wife Burns could have married, under all the circumstances.

That random word of doubt (which we believe was an error) written by Robert Chambers, referred to by us at page 316, *supra*, stating that Burns was not now, and never had been, exactly the favorite lover of Jean, seems to have been accepted by recent essayists, and it certainly has helped to spoil an essay on Burns by Mr. Thos. Stevenson, who repeats it (improved) in these words. In speaking of Burns's first acquaintance with Jean, he says: "Had he known the truth, this facile and empty-headed girl had nothing more in view than a flirtation; and her heart from the first, and on to the end of the story, *was engaged by another man.*" Another essayist, in 1886, Mr. William Henry Thorne, of Philadelphia, in a volume entitled "Modern Idols," treats Burns from the same standpoint, and seems to have fallen, from his cruel and mistaken abuse of poor Jean, into the same rut. Indeed, both these men show a very imperfect knowledge of their subject.

Had either of these gentlemen carefully read Professor Shairp's masterly essay on Burns, which they both profess to review, it should have saved them the error, and the friends of Burns the pain of correcting it.

We repeat what we have already said, that Jean Armour never had the serious pre-engagement of heart alluded to by Chambers, and she was the best wife Burns could have married, when we consider his education and early associations, and all the circumstances surrounding him. She was good-looking, healthy, industrious, thrifty. She was, moreover, what Burns wanted most in a wife, FORGIVING, and he must have a strange mind who says, that she didn't love him with a devotion undivided and unwavering. Had Burns been born, reared and educated otherwise than as he was, it might have been allowable to suppose that a better wife than Jean Armour could have been selected for him; but, as circumstances found him, we say, she was the best for him. Had he married "Clarinda" or Margaret Chalmers, both of whom could appreciate him as a poet, there would have been some congenial days and weeks, perhaps, but in the long run we do not believe that they could have controlled the wayward "Son of Song" any more than Jean did, especially when we remember the Scotland of the days of Burns. True, a woman of strong character would have *tried* to correct him and keep him straight, and there is just where the trouble would have come in. Burns would have kicked over the traces, the harness would have been broken, and mending it would only have more rapidly hastened the catastrophe which was fated to occur. Jean had advantages of position which others had not,—the association of local acquaintance between herself and her husband, and all the glamour of an early and fervent love between the two. Then, their children existed, and her appreciation of him (we have his own statement for it) was unbounded; and we also know from his own letters that in music she was a kindred spirit, as his frequent references to her "wood-notes wild" bear ample witness.

Mr. Thorne, referred to above (and Stevenson seems of the same kidney), finishes his essay with a verse of his own "poetry,"—meant, we suppose, as a moral,—which will best show what we might expect from such a man's essay on Burns:—

> "I say 'tis lust's, not error's hand,
> That cuts life's heart in twain;
> And wouldst thou in God's daylight stand,
> Pluck passion from thy brain."—*Thorne.*

Just so, good man Thorne. You mean, rake out the fire, eh? But, then would the kettle boil?—G. G.

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE OF ALL KNOWN EDITIONS OF BURNS.

Editions without dates are placed about the supposed year of publication.

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1786	Kilmarnock	John Wilson	Author	First Edition	1	8vo
1787	Edinburgh.	William Creech	Author	Second Ed., Port.	1	8vo
1788	Philadelphia.	Stewart & Hyde		1st American Ed.	1	12mo
1788	New York.	J. & A. M'Lean			1	12mo
1789	Dublin.	William Gilbert		Pirated	1	12mo
1790	Edinburgh.	William Creech		2nd Ed., 2 vols.	2	8vo*
1790	Belfast	William Magee		Pirated	1	12mo
1790	Dublin	William Gilbert		Portrait, pirated	1	12mo
1793	Edinburgh	William Creech	Author	2nd Ed., enlarged	2	8vo †
1793	Belfast	William Magee		Pirated	2	12mo
1794	Edinburgh	William Creech	Author	New Ed., enlarged	2	8vo ‡
1799	New York	John Tiebout		Portrait	1	12mo
1800	Edinburgh	William Creech		Portrait	2	8vo
1800	London	Cadell & Davies	Jas. Currie, M.D.	First Edition	4	8vo
1800	London	Cadell & Davies		New Ed.	2	8vo
1800	Belfast	William Magee		Portrait	2	12mo
1801	Edinburgh	Oliver & Co.		Engravings	2	18mo
1801	Edinburgh	J. Hamilton		Cuts	2	18mo
1801	Glasgow	Chapman & Lang		Portrait	1	12mo
1801	Glasgow	Thomas Stewart			1	8vo
1801	Edinburgh	J. & J. Scrymgeour.		Engravings	2	16mo
1801	London	Cadell & Davies	Jas. Currie, M. D.	Second Edition	4	8vo
1801	Glasgow	William M'Lellan			1	12mo
1801	Berwick-on-Tweed	J. Taylor		Vignette Portrait	2	12mo
1801	Edinburgh	David Forbes		Illustrated Titles	2	12mo
1801	Glasgow	David Duncan			1	12mo
1801	Philadelphia	Thomas Dobson			4	12mo
1802	Edinburgh	Oliver & Co.		Portrait	1	24mo
1802	London	Cadell & Davies	Jas. Currie, M.D.	Third Edition	4	8vo
1802	Glasgow	Thomas Stewart			1	18mo
1802	Glasgow	Thomas Stewart		Clarinda Letters	1	18mo
1802	Edinburgh	James Robertson		Vignettes	2	48mo
1802	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	M. Angus & Son		Vignette	1	12mo
1802	Dundee	F. Ray			1	16mo
1802	Paisley	R. Smith		Port. & Vignette	2	24mo
1802	Kirkcaldy	J. Crerar		Engravings	2	18mo
1803	London	Cadell & Davies	Jas. Currie, M.D.	Fourth Edition	4	8vo
1803	Arbroath	J. Findlay			1	12mo
1803	London	A. Cleugh			1	12mo
1803	Dublin	N. Kelley		Wood Cuts	2	24mo
1803	Dublin	Gilbert & Hodges		Heron's Life	2	12mo
1804	London	Cadell & Davies	Alex. Chambers	Portrait	3	12mo
1804	Edinburgh	John Turnbull		Portrait	1	18mo
1804	Cork	A. Edwards		Heron's Life	2	12mo
1804	Philadelphia	W. Fairbairn			3	12mo
1804	Wilmington	Bonsal & Co.		Portrait	1	12mo
1804	Cupar-Fife				1	12mo
1804	Philadelphia	B. J. & R. Johnson.			2	18mo
1804	Glasgow	Cameron & Co.		Portrait	1	18mo
1805	Belfast	Archer & Ward	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Fifth Edition	4	12mo
1805	Edinburgh	Denham & Dick		Portrait	1	18mo
1805	Edinburgh	J. Johnstone		Portrait	1	64mo
1805	Edinburgh	Thomas Turnbull			1	18mo
1806	London	Cadell & Davies	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Fifth Edition	4	8vo
1806	Belfast	Archer & Ward		Clarinda Letters	1	12mo
1807	Belfast	Simms & M'Intyre	Dr. Currie's Ed.		4	12mo
1807	London	W. Suttaby	Thos. Park, F.S.A.	Stanhope Press	2	16mo

* See Burns's letter to Hill, page 384, Vol. IV., Oct., 1791.

† See Burns's letter to Creech, April 16th, 1792, page 298, Vol. IV.

‡ See Burns's letter to Creech, May 30th, 1795, page 164, Vol. VI.

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1807	Edinburgh	John Johnstone		Frontispiece	1	64mo
1807	Glasgow	Robert Hutchison		Portrait	1	18mo
1807	Philadelphia				1	18mo
1807	Stirling	W. Anderson			1	18mo
1807	Edinburgh	Oliver & Boyd		Vignette	1	48mo
1808	Alnwick	Catnach & Davison.		Bewick's Cuts	2	12mo
1808	Alnwick	W. Davison		Bewick's Cuts	2	12mo
1808	London	Cadell & Davies	R. H. Cromek	Reliques, 1st Ed.	1	8vo
1809	London	Cadell & Davies	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Sixth Edition	4	8vo
1809	Edinburgh	Oliver & Boyd		Vignette	1	48mo
1809	London	Prout			1	12mo
1810	London	S. A. Oddy		Engravings	2	12mo
1811	Edinburgh	Morison's Trustees	Josiah Walker	Engravings	2	8vo
1811	London	J. Goodwin		Engravings	2	12mo
1811	Philadelphia	R. Chapman			1	12mo
1811	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	M. Angus & Son		Vignette	1	12mo
1812	Baltimore	A. Miltenberger		Portrait	1	18mo
1812	London	J. Goodwin		Engravings	2	12mo
1812	London	Hamilton			2	12mo
1812	Edinburgh	Oliver & Boyd		Vignette	1	48mo
1812	Alnwick	W. Davison		Bewick's Cuts	2	12mo
1813	London	Cadell & Davies	Alex. Chalmers	Front. & Vignette	1	24mo
1813	London	Cadell & Davies	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Seventh Edition	4	8vo
1813	London	Cadell & Davies	R. H. Cromek	2nd Ed. (Reliques)	1	8vo
1813	Edinburgh	Macredie & Co.	Alex. Peterkin		4	8vo
1813	London	Walker			1	24mo
1813	Perth	R. Morison		Life of Burns	1	12mo
1814	London	Cadell & Davies	R. H. Cromek	3rd Ed. (Reliques)	1	12mo
1814	London	Cadell & Davies	Dr. Currie's Ed.	8th Ed. (Reliques)	5	12mo
1814	London	John Bumpus		Vignette and Front.	1	18mo
1814	Edinburgh	Oliver & Boyd		Vignette and Front.	1	18mo
1814	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	J. Marshall		Portrait	1	8vo
1814	Edinburgh	Don & Grant		Portrait	1	12mo
1814	Belfast	L. Rae		Clarinda Letters	1	12mo
1815	Edinburgh	Macredie & Co.	Alex. Peterkin	Vignettes	4	8vo
1815	Edinburgh	Gale & Fenner	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Portrait	4	18mo
1815	Edinburgh	Don & Grant		Portrait	1	12mo
1815	Edinburgh	Doig & Stirling		Vignette	1	24mo
1815	Edinburgh	W. Aitchison			1	24mo
1815	Edinburgh	James Sawers		Vignette	1	18mo
1815	New York	J. P. Reynolds			2	24mo
1815	Baltimore	F. Lucas, Jr., & Co.			4	18mo
1815	Baltimore	F. Lucas, Jr., & Co.			1	18mo
1816	Baltimore	F. Lucas, Jr., & Co.			1	8vo
1816	Montrose	Smith & Hill	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Portrait	4	12mo
1816	London	W. Lewis & Co.		Engravings	2	12mo
1816	Dublin	J. Findlay		Army Edition	1	16mo
1816	Glasgow	Somerville & Co.		First No. Edition	1	12mo
1816	Edinburgh	J. Dick		Engravings	1	12mo
1816	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	J. Marshall		Prose Works	1	8vo
1816	Glasgow			Letters	1	8vo
1816	Belfast	Alex. M'Donald		Woodcut Portrait	1	12mo
1816	Belfast	L. Rae		Clarinda Letters	1	12mo
1817	London	Cadell & Davies	Alex. Chalmers	Vignette	1	24mo
1817	Edinburgh	Doig & Stirling		Vignette	2	16mo
1817	London	Cadell & Davies	R. H. Cromek	4th Ed. (Reliques)	1	8vo
1818	Edinburgh	W. Sawers	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Portrait	4	12mo
1818	Belfast	Joseph Smyth		Front. and Portrait	1	18mo
1818	Philadelphia	Benjamin Warner			2	18mo
1818	Sunderland	T. Rae			1	8vo
1818	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Mackenzie & Dent		Engravings	1	8vo
1818	Edinburgh	Thomas Nelson	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Portrait	4	12mo
1818	Dunbar	G. Miller		Vignette	1	24mo
1819	London	W. Allason	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	4	8vo
1819	Edinburgh	James Robertson	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	4	8vo
1819	Montrose	David Hill	Dr. Currie's Ed.		2	24mo
1819	London	James Thomson		Vignettes	2	32mo

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1819	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Mackenzie & Dent.	. . . . .	Engravings	1	8vo
1819	London	John Bumpus . . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Vignettes	2	18mo
1819	Ayr	Wilson & M'Cormick	Rev. H. Paul . .	Front. and Vignette.	1	12mo
1819	London	S. Walker	. . . . .	. . . . .	2	48mo
1819	London	John Sharpe . . .	. . . . .	Letters	2	18mo
1819	Falkirk	T. Johnston . . .	. . . . .	Very coarse	1	18mo
1820	London	Cadell & Davies . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Eighth Edition . .	4	8vo
1820	Boston	Wells & Lilly . . .	. . . . .	Letters	2	18mo
1820	Edinburgh	John Orphoot . . .	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	3	18mo
1820	Edinburgh	Ogle, Allardice & Co.	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	. . . . .	4	12mo
1820	Edinburgh	Thomas Nelson . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1820	Glasgow	R. Chapman . . .	. . . . .	Letters	1	12mo
1821	London	Richards & Co. . .	. . . . .	Portrait	4	18mo
1821	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Mackenzie & Dent.	. . . . .	Engravings	1	8vo
1821	London	C. Baynes	. . . . .	Engravings	2	12mo
1821	London	R. Jennings . . .	Chiswick Press .	Vignettes	2	16mo
1821	Edinburgh	W. Aitchison . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	24mo
1822	London	Cadell & Davies . .	Alex. Chalmers .	Front. and Vignette.	1	24mo
1822	London	John Bumpus . . .	. . . . .	Vignettes	2	12mo
1822	Philadelphia . . .	M'Carty & Davis .	. . . . .	. . . . .	2	18mo
1822	Belfast	Simms & M'Intire .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	18mo
1822	London	The Booksellers .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1823	Philadelphia . . .	R. Chapman . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	8vo
1823	London	W. T. Sherwin . .	. . . . .	Portrait	2	24mo
1823	London	T. Cadell	Alex. Chalmers .	Engravings	3	12mo
1823	Edinburgh	Thomas Turnbull .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1823	Montrose	David Hill	. . . . .	Front. and Vignette.	2	24mo
1823	London	William Clark . .	. . . . .	Portrait	1	18mo
1824	New York	S. King	A. Peterkin's Ed.	Engravings	4	24mo
1824	New York	W. A. Bartow . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	4	18mo
1824	London	Jones & Co	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Portrait	1	8vo
1824	London	John Sharpe . . .	. . . . .	Songs, Plates . . .	1	12mo
1824	London	John Sharpe . . .	. . . . .	Poems, Plates . . .	1	12mo
1824	London	T. & J. Allman . .	. . . . .	Portrait and Vignette	2	18mo
1824	London	J. White	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1824	Edinburgh	W. Aitchison . . .	. . . . .	Front. and Vignette.	1	24mo
1824	London	Thomas Tegg . . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Portrait	2	8vo
1824	London	Jones & Co. . . .	. . . . .	Diamond Classics .	2	32mo
1825	New York	D. Mallory	. . . . .	Portrait	2	24mo
1825	London	T. & J. Allman . .	. . . . .	Vignette	1	18mo
1825	Aberdeen	George Clark . . .	. . . . .	Portrait and Vignette	2	18mo
1825	London	Jones & Co. . . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Portrait	1	8vo
1825	London	Jones & Co. . . .	. . . . .	Diamond Classics .	2	32mo
1825	London	Jones & Co. . . .	Dr. Currie's Life .	Portrait	1	8vo
1825	London	John Sharpe . . .	. . . . .	Songs, Vignette . .	1	18mo
1826	London	J. F. Dove	. . . . .	Eng. Classics, Vig. .	1	24mo
1826	New York	W. Borradaile . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1826	London	Jones & Co. . . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Portrait	1	8vo
1828	Alnwick	W. Davison	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	1	24mo
1828	Dublin	M. C. Warren . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	24mo
1828	London	Joseph Smith . . .	. . . . .	Vignette	2	24mo
1828	Glasgow	Richard Griffin & Co.	. . . . .	Letters	1	12mo
1829	London	Thomas Tegg . . .	Chiswick Press .	Vignette	2	18mo
1829	London	Jones & Co. . . .	. . . . .	Diamond Cabinet .	1	12mo
1829	London	Jones & Co. . . .	Dr. Currie's Life .	Portrait	1	8vo
1830	London	Joseph Smith . . .	. . . . .	Portrait and Vignette	2	24mo
1830	London	William Pickering .	Sir H. Nicolas .	Aldine Edition . . .	2	12mo
1830	New York	S. & D. A. Forbes .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Vignette	1	12mo
1831	Glasgow	Richard Griffin & Co.	. . . . .	Prose Works. . . .	1	8vo
1831	London	Jones & Co. . . .	. . . . .	Diamond Cabinet .	1	12mo
1831	New York	S. King	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1831	London	William Clark . .	. . . . .	Portrait	1	12mo
1831	Philadelphia . . .	J. Crissy & J. Grigg.	. . . . .	Portrait and Vignette	1	8vo
1831	Glasgow	R. Griffin & Son .	. . . . .	Songs	1	32mo
1831	Edinburgh	T. Nelson & P. Brown	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	. . . . .	1	8vo
1832	London	Jones & Co. . . .	Dr. Currie's Ed. .	Portrait	2	8vo
1832	Edinburgh	T. Nelson & P. Brown	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	18mo

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1832	New York	Booth & Son	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings, Dia. Ed.	1	8vo
1833	Edinburgh	James Chambers		Engravings	1	18mo
1833	London	Joseph Smith		Portrait	2	24mo
1834	Dunbar	W. Miller		Frontispiece	1	18mo
1834	London	Cochrane & M'Crone	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	8	8vo
1834	Boston	Hilliard, Gray & Co.	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	4	18mo
1834	Boston	James S. Dow			2	18mo
1834	London	Scott & Webster		Vignettes	1	18mo
1834	Dundee	D. Hill	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	2	18mo
1834	London	William Clark		Songs	1	48mo
1835	New York	William Pearson		Portrait	1	8vo
1835	Philadelphia	J. Crissy				
1835	Glasgow	A. Fullarton & Co.	Hogg&Motherwell	Engravings	5	12mo
1835	Edinburgh	Stirling & Kenney			2	
1835	Edinburgh	T. Nelson & P. Brown	Dr. Currie's Ed.		1	8vo
1835	London	Allan Bell & Co.	4th Diamond Ed.	Engravings	1	18mo
1835	Liverpool	T. Kerr		Songs	1	32mo
1836	Hartford	Judd, Loomis & Co.	Currie & Lockhart	American Edition	1	8vo
1836	London	W. M. Clark		Magnet Edition	1	12mo
1836	Edinburgh	T. Nelson & P. Brown		Portrait	1	18mo
1836	London	Allan Bell & Co.	5th Diamond Ed.	Engravings	1	18mo
1836	New York	C. Wells	Dr. Currie's Ed.		1	24mo
1836	Edinburgh	T. Nelson & P. Brown	Dr. Currie's Ed.		1	8vo
1837	Belfast	Simms & M'Intyre			1	18mo
1837	Edinburgh	Peter Brown	Dr. Currie's Ed.		1	8vo
1837	Edinburgh	Peter Brown			1	24mo
1837	Philadelphia	J. Crissy	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Portrait	1	8vo
1838	London	Allan Bell & Co.	6th Diamond Ed.	Illustrations	1	18mo
1838	London	C. Daly	A. C. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1838	Edinburgh	Thomas Nelson	Dr. Currie's Ed.		1	8vo
1838	Edinburgh	W. & R. Chambers.	Robert Chambers.	People's Edition	3	8vo
1838	London	George Virtue	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	2	4to
1838	London	William Smith		Standard Library	1	8vo
1839	New York	Robinson & Franklin	Lockhart's Life		1	8vo
1839	London	W. Pickering	Sir H. Nicolas	Aldine Edition	3	12mo
1839	London	C. Daly	E. Cunningham	Vignette	1	32mo
1839	London	William Smith		Frontispiece	1	12mo
1839	London	George Virtue	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	2	4to
1840	Glasgow	Blackie & Son	Wilson&Chambers	Engravings	2	4to
1840	London	Trade Edition for	the Booksellers		1	12mo
1840	London	George Virtue	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1840	London	Thomas Tegg	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1840	Newcastle-on-Tyne	W. & T. Fordyce		Vignette	1	32mo
1840	Montrose	James Watt		Songs	1	32mo
1840	Halifax	W. Milner	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Plates	1	32mo
1840	London	Trade Edition for	the Booksellers	Cuts	3	18mo
1840	Glascho			Gaelic Edition	1	12mo
1841	New York	J. & H. G. Langley.	Allan Cunningham	Carlyle's Essay	1	12mo
1841	Newcastle-on-Tyne	W. & T. Fordyce		Vignette	1	32mo
1842	London	A. Moffat	7th Diamond Ed.		1	18mo
1842	Halifax	W. Milner	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Vignette	1	8vo
1842	London	George Virtue	Allan Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1843	London	J. Cornish	Reprint of Clark	Portrait	1	12mo
1843	London and Derby	Richardson & Son		Vignette	1	32mo
1844	London	Sherwood & Boyer		English Classics	1	32mo
1844	Mauchline	W. & A. Smith		Scottish Keepsake	1	24mo
1844	Montrose	James Watt		Ridiculous Cuts	1	32mo
1845	Glasgow	R. Griffin & Co.		Engravings	1	8vo
1845	Glasgow	F. Orr & Sons			1	24mo
1846	Glasgow	Blackie & Son	Alex. Whitelaw	Engravings	2	8vo
1846	London	Adam Scott		Vignette and Front.	1	24mo
1846	Belfast	John Henderson			1	32mo
1846	Glasgow	F. Orr & Sons			1	24mo
1846	London	C. Daly	A. Cunningham	Vignette	1	48mo
1846	Philadelphia	John Locken			1	24mo
1847	Stokesley	J. S. Pratt		Vignette and Front.	1	32mo
1847	Edinburgh	Martin			1	

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1847	Cincinnati		Currie's Edition	Portrait	1	8vo
1847	Manchester	Thomas Johnson	10th Diamond Ed.	Engravings	1	12mo
1847	Halifax	W. Milner	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Vignette	1	8vo
1848	Glasgow	F. Orr & Sons			1	18mo
1848	Aberdeen	George Clark & Son.	Dr. Currie's Life	Frontispiece	1	12mo
1848	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo		Frontispiece	1	18mo
1848	London	Chapman & Hall	Cabinet Classics	Frontispiece	1	12mo
1848	Dumfries	David Halliday		Songs	1	18mo
1850	London	Henry G. Bohn		Engravings	1	8vo
1850	Halifax	William Milner		Vignettes	1	32mo
1850	Manchester	Thomas Johnson			1	18mo
1851	Philadelphia	G. S. Appleton	A. Cunningham		1	8vo
1851	Edinburgh	W. & R. Chambers	Robert Chambers.		4	12mo
1851	Halifax	Milner & Sowerby	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Vignette	1	8vo
1851	London	Charles Knight			1	18mo
1851	London	Henry G. Bohn			1	8vo
1852	Edinburgh	A. Fullarton & Co.	Hogg & Motherwell	Engravings	5	12mo
1852	New York	Harper & Brothers	Robert Chambers.		4	12mo
1852	New York	Leavitt & Allan		Currie's Life	1	32mo
1853	Boston	Phillips, Sampson & Co.	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1853	London	W. S. Orr & Co.			2	64mo
1853	London	Adam Scott		Portrait and Vignette	1	18mo
1853	New York	D. Appleton & Co.		Currie's Life	1	18mo
1855	New York	W. H. Murphy	A. Cunningham		1	18mo
1855	New York	Edward Kearney	Dr. Currie's Ed.		2	24mo
1855	Hartford	W. J. Hammersley	A. Cunningham	American Edition	1	8vo
1855	New York	D. Appleton & Co.	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	1	12mo
1855	Glasgow	R. Griffin & Co.	Universal Library.	Wood Cuts	1	8vo
1856	Philadelphia	W. P. Hazard	A. Cunningham		1	12mo
1856	Edinburgh	James Nichol	George Gilfillan		2	8vo
1856	Glasgow	John Cameron		Vignette	1	18mo
1856	Edinburgh	W. & R. Chambers	Robert Chambers.	Library Edition	4	8vo
1857	London	Thomas Allman		Vignette	1	48mo
1857	London	Groombridge & Son		Engravings	1	8vo
1857	Glasgow	John Cameron		Wood-cut Portrait	1	18mo
1858	Manchester	Ireland & Co.		Wood-cut	1	8vo
1858	New York	D. Appleton & Co.		Engravings	1	4to
1858	London	Bell & Daldy	Drawing-room Ed.	Engravings	1	4to
1858	New York	Leavitt & Allen			1	12mo
1858	New York	D. Appleton & Co.			1	4to
1858	Boston	Phillips, Sampson & Co.	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1858	Philadelphia	E. H. Butler & Co.	A. Cunningham		1	8vo
1858	Cincinnati	W. P. James			1	8vo
1858	London	G. Routledge & Co.	R. A. Wilmott	Illustrations	1	12mo
1859	Glasgow	George Cameron	J. & A. Macpherson	Illustrations	1	12mo
1859	Halifax	Milner & Sowerby	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Vignette	1	8vo
1859	London	Houlston & Wright.	David Jack	Songs with Music	1	16mo
1859	London	Groombridge & Sons		Engravings	1	12mo
1859	Glasgow	John Cameron		Songs and Ballads	1	32mo
1859	New York	S. A. Rollo & Co.	A. Cunningham		1	8vo
1859	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo			1	12mo
1859	London	Geo. Philip & Son		Frontispiece	1	12mo
1860	Philadelphia	James B. Smith & Co.		A. Cunningham	1	12mo
1860	London	W. Kent & Co.	Drawing-room Ed.	Engravings	1	4to
1860	London	Ward & Lock		Wood-cut Frontis.	1	18mo
1860	London	Geo. Philip & Son		Wood-cut Frontis.	1	18mo
1860	Halifax	Milner & Sowerby		Vignette	1	32mo
1861	London	Griffin, Bohn & Co.	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1861	Glasgow	George Cameron		Songs, with Music	1	18mo
1862	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	Alex. Leighton	Medieval Latin	1	4to
1862	London	Henry G. Bohn	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1863	Edinburgh	Inglis & Jack	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1863	Boston	Little, Brown & Co.		Portrait	3	12mo
1863	London	Bell & Daldy	Elzevir Edition	Songs and Poems	1	24mo
1864	Glasgow	John S. Marr		Wood Cuts	1	12mo

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1864	London	C. Griffin & Co.	Emerald Series	Engravings	1	12mo
1864	Edinburgh	A. Hutchinson & Co.	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1864	Edinburgh	James Nichol	C. Cowden Clark	Gilfillan's Edition	2	8vo
1865	Edinburgh	James Inglis	A. Cunningham	Engravings	1	8vo
1865	Halifax	Milner & Sowerby	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	1	12mo
1865	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	Life by Gunnyon	Illustrations	1	8vo
1865	Liverpool	Geo. Philip & Son	. . . . .	Illustrations	1	12mo
1865	Edinburgh	Gall & Inglis	Purged Edition	Engravings	1	12mo
1865	Edinburgh	Alexander Gunn	Diamond Edition.	. . . . .	1	18mo
1865	Halifax	Milner & Sowerby	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	1	12mo
1865	London	Macmillan & Co.	Alexander Smith	Golden Treasury	2	12mo
1865	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	John S. Roberts	Illustrations	2	12mo
1865	London	Routledge, Warne & Co.	R. A. Wilmott	Illustrated	1	8vo
1865	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	. . . . .	Prose Works	1	8vo
1866	London	C. Griffin & Co.	. . . . .	Burns & Scott	1	8vo
1866	London	Routledge, Warne & Co.	R. A. Wilmott	Portrait	1	16mo
1866	Glasgow	William Mackenzie.	Family Edition	Engravings	1	4to
1866	Glasgow	William Mackenzie.	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	8vo
1866	New York	American News Co.	J. S. Roberts	. . . . .	1	12mo
1866	Boston	Ticknor & Fields	. . . . .	. . . . .	2	18mo
1866	Glasgow	William Mackenzie.	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	8vo
1867	Glasgow	W. Collins, Sons & Co.	. . . . .	Engravings	2	8vo
1867	Philadelphia	J. B. Lippincott & Co	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	8vo
1867	New York	James Miller	. . . . .	Portrait	2	24mo
1867	New York	Virtue & Yorston	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	12mo
1867	New York	W. J. Pooley	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	12mo
1867	Glasgow	John Cameron	Dr. Currie's Ed.	. . . . .	1	12mo
1867	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	. . . . .	Fac-simile, 1st Ed.	1	8vo
1867	Glasgow	David Wilson	P. H. Waddell	Illustrated	2	4to
1867	London	G. Routledge & Sons.	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	4to
1868	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	C. Cowden Clark.	Gilfillan's Edition	2	8vo
1868	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	Edina Burns	Engravings	1	4to
1868	London	MacMillan & Co.	Alexander Smith	Globe Edition	1	8vo
1868	Glasgow	Cameron & Ferguson	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	1	8vo
1868	London	John Dicks	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	1	8vo
1868	Halifax	W. Nicholson & Son.	. . . . .	Vignette	1	32mo
1869	New York	D. Appleton & Co.	Dr. Currie's Ed.	Engravings	1	12mo
1869	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	. . . . .	Portrait	3	8vo
1869	London	Richardson & Son.	Pocket Library Ed.	Vignette	1	32mo
1869	Edinburgh	Gall & Inglis	Family Edition	Illustrated	1	12mo
1870	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	Fac-simile, 1st Ed.	American Edition	1	8vo
1870	Glasgow	W. R. M'Phun	Gertrude	Engravings	2	8vo
1870	Glasgow	Jno. S. Marr & Sons.	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	1	12mo
1870	Glasgow	T. Murray & Sons	. . . . .	Universal Library	1	16mo
1870	Glasgow	Cameron & Ferguson	. . . . .	Wood Cuts	1	12mo
1871	London	E. Moxon & Co.	W. M. Rossetti	Illustrated	1	8vo
1871	London	Bell & Daldy	Sir H. Nicolas	Aldine Edition	3	12mo
1871	Glasgow	M. Ogle & Co	. . . . .	Burns & Tannahill	1	12mo
1871	London	Fred. Warne & Co	Chandos Classics	Illustrated	1	12mo
1871	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	W. S. Douglas	Popular Edition	2	12mo
1871	Philadelphia	Porter & Coates	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	48mo
1872	Glasgow	Jno. S. Marr & Sons.	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	12mo
1872	London	Jas. Blackwood & Co	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	12mo
1873	London	Cassell, Petter & Co.	. . . . .	Gilfillan's Edition	2	8vo
1873	London	Cassell, Petter & Co.	. . . . .	Gunnyon's Life	1	12mo
1873	London	Fred. Warne & Co.	. . . . .	Landsdowne Poets	1	12mo
1873	Wakefield	W. Nicholson & Sons	. . . . .	Colored Frontis.	1	48mo
1873	London	Milner & Sowerby	. . . . .	Portrait	1	8vo
1874	London	Milner & Sowerby	. . . . .	Illustrated	1	12mo
1875	Edinburgh	W. P. Nimmo	. . . . .	Poems and Songs	1	12mo
1876	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	W. S. Douglas	Poems & Songs, with notes.	2	8vo
1877	Edinburgh	Robert Paterson	W. S. Douglas	Complt. Works, with notes & 12 illustra's.	6	8vo

CHRONOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1878	London	Cassell & Co.	C. C. Clark	Portrait	1	8vo
1879	London	Simpkin & Co.	. . . . .	With memoir	1	8vo
1879	London	Ward & Locke	Wm. M. Rossetti.	Portrait	1	8vo
1880	Glasgow	Wm. MacKenzie	Geo. Gilfillan	Illus., wood cuts	2	4to
1883	London	Routledge & Son	Chas. Kent	. . . . .	1	12mo
1884	London	Simpkin & Co.	. . . . .	Pearl Ed., Poems	1	64mo
1884	London	Simpkin	. . . . .	Poems, chronologically arranged	2	12mo
1885	London	W. Scott	J. Skipkey	Poems and memoir.	2	12mo
1886	London	Cassell & Co.	. . . . .	Poems and Songs	2	12mo
1886	Kilmarnock	James M'Kie	W. S. Douglas, with additions.	Poems & Songs, containing Kilmarnock Ed.	2	12mo
1887	Philadelphia	Gebbie & Co.	Geo. Gebbie and James Hunter.	Complete Ed., with illustrations, commentary and life.	6	8vo

We might have nearly doubled our list had we recorded every reprint of some of the above—where publishers merely alter the date on title-page and call it a new edition. In every instance we have tried to escape such record, and have given place only to *bona fide* new editions.

FRENCH AND GERMAN EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FRENCH.

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1826	Paris	Ferra Jeune	Aytoun & Mesnard	. . . . .	1	. . .
1843	Paris	Charpantier	M. Lion de Wally.	. . . . .	1	8vo
1857	Paris	Adolphe Delahays	M. Lion de Wally.	. . . . .	1	8vo

GERMAN.

DATE.	PLACE OF PUBLICATION.	PUBLISHERS.	EDITORS.	REMARKS.	VOLS.	SIZE.
1831	Ansbach	Dollfus	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	8vo
1834	Ansbach	Dollfus	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	8vo
1835	Leipzig	Frederick Fleischer	Adolphus Wagner.	Portrait	1	8vo
1839	Stuttgardt	J. G. Gotta Schen	Philipp Kaufmann.	. . . . .	1	8vo
1840	Stuttgardt	J. G. Gotta Schen	Philipp Kaufmann.	. . . . .	1	8vo
1840	Braunschweig	Geo. Westermann	Herr Jul Heintz	Portrait	1	12mo
1840	Leipzig	Joh. Umbr Barth	W. Gerhard	. . . . .	1	8vo
1841	Berlin	Ad. M. Schesinger	. . . . .	Portrait	1	12mo
1843	Nuremberg	Fr. Campe	Cunningham's Ed.	. . . . .	1	12mo
1845	Leipzig	Bernhard Tauchnitz.	. . . . .	Portrait	1	12mo
1845	Leipzig	Winter	. . . . .	. . . . .	1	18mo
1846	Braunschweig	Geo. Westermann	Herr Jul Heintz	Portrait	1	12mo
1859	Leipzig	Carl Fr. Fleischer	Herr Jul Heintz	. . . . .	1	12mo
1859	Leipzig	C. F. Wintersche	Albert Fraeger	Portrait	1	12mo
1869	Berlin	Robt. Oppenheim	. . . . .	. . . . .	.	. . .
1869	Uebertragen	. . . . .	Herr J. Heintz	Portrait	1	8vo
1871	Leipzig	Philipp Reclam, Jr.	L. G. Silbergleit	. . . . .	1	12mo
1872	Leipzig	Philipp Reclam, Jr.	Universal Library.	. . . . .	1	18mo

GLOSSARY OF SCOTS WORDS,

WITH EXAMPLES FROM BURNS'S WORKS.

A.

A', all.

Aback, away, aloof, backwards.

O would they stay aback frae courts!

Abeigh, or *abiegh*, at a shy distance.

Gar't puir Duncan stand abeigh.

Aboon, above, up.

Abread, *abreed*, abroad, in sight, spread out, in breadth.

Acquent, acquainted.

When we were first acquent.

A' day, all day.

Continued, a'-day rains.

Adle, or *aidle*, putrid matter, liquid manure.

Deal brunstane like adle.

Advisement, advice.

O guid advisement comes nae ill.

Ae, one; usually *pron.* yae.

Aff, off.

Aff-hand, at once, right away, extemporaneously.

. . . Turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Aff-loof, off-hand, unpremeditated.

A-fiel, in the field.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Against, before. "Against he reached the middle of the arch."

Agee, or *ajee*, on one side.

Come na unless the back-yett be ajee.

Agley, off the right line, wrong, awry.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley.

Ahin', or *ahint*, behind.

My fur-ahin's a wordy beast.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Aik, an oak.

He leaned him to an ancient aik.

Aiken, oaken.

She'll wander by the aiken tree.

Ain, own (sometimes spelled *awn*).

Air, early.

I'm weary sick o't, late or air.

Airles, earnest-money.

An' name the airles an' the fee.

Airl-penny, or *arle-penny*, a silver penny given as airles.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny.

Airn, iron, a mason's chisel.

Airt, point of the compass, direction; as a verb, to direct, to guide.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west.
Her kind stars hae airted till her.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats, generally *pron.* yits.

Aiver, an old horse.

Aft a ragged cowt's been known
To mak' a noble aiver.

Aizle, a hot cinder, an ember of wood.

An aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron.

Ajee, to the one side.

His bonnet he, a thocht ajee,
Cock'd sprush.

Alake, alas.

Alane, alone.

Amaist, almost.

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.

Amang, among.

An', and.

An, if. See *gif*, *gin*.

Anana, pine-apple.

Where rich ananas blow.

Anathem, a curse.
Ance, once; usually *pron.* yince.
Ane, one; usually *pron.* yin.
Anent, concerning, about, opposite.
Aneth, or *aneath*, beneath.
Anither, another.
An's, and is.

An's thankfu' for them yet.

Aqueesh, between.
Ase, ashes, remains of a peat or wood fire.

Till white in ase they're sobbin'.

Asklent, aslant, obliquely.

Looked asklent and unco skeigh.

Aspar, with legs apart.

Gar the lasses lie aspar.

Asteer, abroad, stirring in a lively manner.

And wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night?

A'thegither, altogether.

I'll frankly gie her't a'thegither.

Athort, athwart.

Athort the lift, they start and shift.

Attour, moreover, besides. See *by attour.*
Atweel, indeed, certainly; as, "atweel I was there." *No atweel*, by no means.
Atween, atweesh, between.

How the collie-shangie works
Atween the Germans and the Turks.

Aught, to own; as, who aughts this? As a noun, possession: in my aught.
Aught, eight.

In aught hours' gaun.

Aughteen, eighteen.
Aughtlins, anything, in the least, in any degree.

The hizzies, if they're aughtlins faws'nt.

Auld, old.

'Twas in that part o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' auld King Coil.

Auld-farran', or *auld-farrant*, like a sage, old person, sagacious, prudent, cunning.

And ane, a chap that's d—d auld-farran'.

Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.

For auld lang syne, my dear.

Auld-shoon, old shoes, a discarded lover.
Auld-warl, or *auld-warld*, old-world, antique.
Aumous, gift to a beggar, alms.
Aumous-dish, in which *aumous* or alms are received.

While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumous-dish.

Ava, at all.

I've aften wondered . . .
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Awa, away, begone.
Awauken, to waken.
Awe, to owe.

Deevil a shilling I awe man.

Awee, a little time.

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for awee.

Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.

An' aits set up their awnie horn.

Ay, always.

An' ay was guid to me an' mine.

Ayont, beyond.

The wee short hour ayont the twal.

B.

Ba', ball.
Bab at the bowster, a dance.
Babie-clouts, child's first clothes.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?

Backets, buckets for removing ashes, or for holding salt, &c.
Backlins-comin, coming back, returning.
Back-yett, private gate.

Come na unless the back-yett be gaee.

Bad, bade, did bid.
Baggie, the belly.

Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie.

Baide, or *bade*, endured, did stay.

Yet teuchly doure he baide an unco bang.

Bailie, the Scotch equivalent of an alderman.

Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a bailie.

Bainie, with large bones, stout.
Bairin, laying bare.
Bairn, a child.
Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood.

The bonie bairn-time Heaven hath lent.

Baith, both.
Baiveridge, hansel drink.
Bake, a biscuit or cracker.

Bakes an' gills.

Ballets, ballants, ballads.
Ban, to swear, or curse.

Ban', band.
Goun, an' ban', an' douce black bonnet.
Bane, bone, a small tooth comb; *banie*, see *bainie*.
Bang, to drive, to excel; to beat: as a noun, a sudden bounce, an effort.
Bannet, bonnet.
Bannock, flat, round, soft cake.
Hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks.
Barefit, barefooted.
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang.
Barkin, barking.
Barkit, barked.
Till I wi' joy hae barkit wi' them.
Barley-bree, *barley-broo*, juice of barley, malt liquor.
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.
Barm, yeast.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels.
Barmie, like barm, yeasty, quick-tempered.
My barmie noddle's workin' prime.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
And there, a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock.
Batts, botts, a disease in horses.
Bauckie-bird, or *barkie-bird*, the bat.
Wavering like the bauckie-bird.
Baudrons, a cat.
Just like a winkin' baudrons.
Bauk, a cross beam to hang scales on.
Bauks, beams of a house, rafters.
Darklins grapet for the bauks.
Bauld, bold.
Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie.
Baumy, balmy.
Like a baumy kiss o' her ain sweet mou'.
Bawk, an open space in a corn-field, generally a ridge left untilled.
A corn-enclosed bawk.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face—of horses, dogs, and cattle.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face.
Bawtie, a familiar name for a dog.
My auld teethless Bawtie's dead.
Be, or *bee*, to let be; give over, cease.
Bear, or *bere*, barley.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak' us.
Bearded-bear, barley with its bristly head.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beck, a curtsey.
Beef, body.
Beek, bask.
Beet, to add fuel to a fire, to warm.
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame.
Befa', to befall or happen.
Behadden, beholden.
Behint, behind.
A blackguard smuggler right behint her.
Beld, bald.
But now your brow is beld, John.
Bellum, attack, onset.
He who could brawly ward their bellum.
Bellys, bellows.
Belyve, by and by, presently, quickly.
Belyve the elder bairns cam' drapping in.
Ben, in, into the spence or parlor; *ben-end*, the inner room or spence of a house.
Benmost, innermost; *benmost bore*, the inmost hole or corner.
Frighted rattons backward look,
And seek the benmost bore.
Benorth, north of.
Bent, the bare, open field, coarse grass.
Bent, stretched.
Are bent like drums.
Besouth, south of.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
The auld guidman maist like to rive
Bethankit hums.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a drinking-vessel.
In cog or bicker.
Bicker, a short, rapid race, a lurch to the side, a wrangle or fight.
Against my will I took a bicker.
Bickering, hurrying, quarrelling.
Bide, to stay, to abide, to endure.
Bide ye yet.
Slighted love is sair to bide.
Biel', or *bield*, shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a field.
Hap him in a cozie biel'.

Bieldy, sheltered; as, a bieldy spot.

Bien, wealthy, plentiful, snug.

That live sae bien an' snug.

Big, to build.

Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke.

Biggin', a building, a house.

The auld clay biggin'.

Biggit, built.

Bill, a bull.

Here's to the guidman an' the bill.

Billie, a brother, a young fellow, a companion.

Thae frank, rantin', rambling billies.

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

Birdie, a young woman.

Birdie-cocks, young cocks, still belonging to the brood.

Birk, birch.

Birken, birchen.

To wander in the birken shade.

Birkie, a clever, forward, conceited fellow.

But faith! the birkie wants a manse.

Birl, to club, to combine.

Birnie, lively.

Birring, the noise of partridges, &c., when they rise.

Rejoice ye birrin' paitricks a'.

Birses, bristles.

Bit, crisis, nick of time, place.

Bizz, a bustle: as a verb, to buzz.

Bizzard-gled, a kite, a falcon.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard-gled.

Bizzie, or *bizzy*, busy.

Between themsel's they were sae bizzy.

Black-bonnet, an elder.

A greedy glow'r black-bonnet throws.

Black's the grun, as black as the ground.

Blae, livid, blue; sharp, keen.

Made us black and blae.
How do you this blae eastlin win'?

Blastit, blasted, worthless.

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt: as an adjective, full of mischief.

A d—d, red-wud kibbirnie blastie.

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

And, faith, thou'se neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate, nor scaur.

Blather, bladder; windy nonsense.

Blathrie, idle talk and nonsense, flattery.

Blaud, a flat piece of anything, a slap: as a verb, to slap.

And he's the boy will blaud her.

Blaudin-shower, a heavy driving rain.

To shun the bitter blaudin-shower.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleer't, *Bleerit*, bedimmed eyes inflamed with weeping.

Grat himsel' baith bleer't an' blin'.

Bleer my een, dim, or inflame my eyes.

Bleeze, flame; *bleezin*, flaming.

Blellum, a noisy "*bletherin*" fellow, a blusterer.

A bleth'rin, blustering, drunken blellum.

Blether, to talk idly: as a noun, windy speech; pl. nonsense.

Bleth'rin, talking idly.

Ye ne'er took sic a bleth'rin bitch
Into your dark dominions.

Blink, a smiling glance, a glimpse, an instant, a moment: as a verb, to shine fitfully, to look kindly.

Gie me a blink o' your bonie black e'e.
Ae blink o' the bonie burdies.
Sae I gat paper in a blink.
Love blinks, wit slaps.
May the pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er would blink on mine.

Blinker, a term of contempt; also a lively enticing girl.

The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers,
They put me hyte.

Blinkin, smirking, smiling with the eyes.

Are blinkin at the entry.

Blirt and blearie, outburst of grief, with wet eyes.

Blithe, or *blythe*, cheerful, happy.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she.

Blitter, or *blutter*, the mire snipe.

The blitter frae the boggie.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.

It's just the Blue-gown badge and claithing
O' Saunts.

Bluid, or *blude*, blood.

Blume, bloom.

How can ye blume sae fresh and fair?

Bluntie, a soft or stupid person, a sniveller.

And gar me look like bluntie.

Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin'.

Bobbit, the obeisance made by a lady, danced.
When she cam ben she bobbit.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Or through the mining outlet bocked.

Bocket, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots.

Boggle, to fear to go forward.

Bogie, a morass, boggy ground.
The blitter frae the bogie.

Bogle, a hobgoblin.
Lest bogles catch him unawares.

Bole, a hole or recess in the wall.
The bole ayont the ingle-lowe.

Bonie, *bonnie*, *bonny*, handsome, beautiful, sweet-looking.
Bonie lassie, will ye go?

Bonnock, or *bannock*, a kind of thick cake of bread.
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's.

Boord, a board. "*Boord-en*," head of the table.

Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards; literally a bower-tree.
Rustlin' through the boortrees comin'
Wi' heavy groan.

Boost, behoved, must needs.
Or faith! I fear that wi' the geese
I shortly boost to pasture.

Boot, the balance in value in barter.

Bore, a hole in a wall, or in the clouds. To wick a bore, in the game of curling, to cause your stone to pass through an opening by striking another obliquely.
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin'.

Botch, an angry tumour.

Bother, same as *bather*, to make a fuss, to teaze or trouble.

Bousing, or *bowsing*, drinking, sitting to drink.
While we sit bousin' at the nappy.

Bouk, body, bulk.

Bow-hough'd, out-kneed, crooked thighs.

Bow-kail, cabbage.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd thro' the bow-kail.

Bowd, bended, crooked.

Brackens, ferns.

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon.

Braid, broad.
In plain, braid Scotch, hold forth a plain, braid story.

Braik, a harrow to break clods.
An' pownies reek in plow or braik.

Braindge, to run rashly forward, to churn violently.

Braindg't, "*the horse braindg't*," plunged and fretted in the harness.
Thou never braindg't and fetched and flisket.

Brak, broke, became insolent.

Brankie, gaudy, spruce.

Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
As thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

Brany, brandy.
Brany, feckless trash.

Brash, a sudden, transient illness water-brash.

Brats, coarse clothes, rags; children.
Wi' sowpes o' kail and brats o' claes.

Brattle, a short race, a skurry, hurry.
Might aiblins waur'd thee for a brattle.

Braw, gallant, handsome, fine, expensively dressed.

Brawly, or *brawlies*, perfectly.
Tam ken't what was what fu' brawly.

Brawnie, of brawn and muscle, muscular.
The brawny, banie ploughman chiel.

Braws, fine clothes.

Braxy, a sheep that has died of disease.
Moorland herds like gude, fat braxies.

Breast, to spring up or forward, to oppose.

Breastet, or *breastit*, sprung up or forward.
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit.

Breastie, diminutive of breast.

Brechame, a horse-collar.
Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride.
And eke a braw new brechame.

Breckan, or *brechan*, fern or ferns.
Dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan

Bree, juice, liquid.

How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!

Breef, an irresistible spell, a short writing.

Breeks, breeches reaching to a little below the knees.

The very grey breeks o' Tam Glenn.

Brent, smooth and clear, burnished.

Your bonie brow was brent.

Brent-new, brand-new, in fashion.

Brewin, brewing, gathering.

Brief, a writing.

King David o' poetic brief.

Brig, a bridge.

Brisket, the breast, the bosom.

And spread abreed thy weel-filled brisket.

Brither, a brother.

Brock, a badger.

They gang as saucy by puir folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

Brogue, a hum, a trick, an affront.

An' play'd on man a cursed brogue.

Broo, broth, liquid, water.

Broose, a race at country weddings, the prize given to the winner of the race; *pron.* bruize.

At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow.

Brose, a dish made of oatmeal, seasoned with butter, &c.

Brownie, a spirit that attached itself to houses, and helped forward the work.

Browst, ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.

She wad na' trowt, the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

Browster-wives, ale-house wives.

Browster-wives an' whisky-stills,
They are the Muses.

Bruckit, freckled.

The bonie bruckit lassie,
She's blue below the e'en.

Brugh, a burgh; also a lunar halo indicating foul weather.

Bruilyie, a broil, combustion.

I hope we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic bruilyie.

Brunstane, brimstone, burning stone.

Brunt, did burn, burnt: as an adjective, burnished; hence, best-looking.

Stand out the brunt side o' my shin.

Brust, to burst, burst.

Buchan-bullers, the commotion of the sea on the coast of Buchan.

Bucht, a sheepfold: *Buchtin-time*, the time for collecting the ewes in the bucht to be milked.

Buchtin-time is near, my jo.

Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.

Buckskin kye, Virginia's negro slaves.

Though I should herd the buckskin kye
For't in Virginia.

Buff and blue, the Whig livery.

Buff our beef, thrash us soundly.

Bught, same as *Bucht*.

Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built.

Buirdly chiels and clever hizzies.

Bum, to hum, as bees: *Bumming*, humming, buzzing.

Aft yont the dyke, she's heard thee bumming:

Bum, the buttocks.

Bum-clock, the humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.

Bummin, humming as bees, buzzing.

Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin.

Bummle, to blunder, to drone.

Bummle, or *bummler*, a blunderer, impotent.

Bunker, a window-seat, or chest; table-land beside a hollow.

A winnock bunker i' the east,
There sat Old Nick in shape o' beast.

Bunter, a worthless woman.

Burdies, birdies, damsels, girls.

For ae blink o' the bonie burdies.

Bure, did bear.

Burn, *burnie*, water, rivulet, small stream.

Burn, a name given to water used in brewing.

An' just a wee drap spiritual burn in.

Burn-e-win', burn the wind, the blacksmith.

Burn-e-win' comes on like death
At every chaup.

Burr-thistle, the thistle of Scotland.

The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear.

Busk, to dress, to decorate: *Buskit*, dressed.

New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat.

Buskie, bushy.
Buss, a bush.
But, without, void of.
Butch, to kill.
Butt and ben, the country kitchen and parlor, "by out and by in;" *outby* and *inby*. *Butt the house*, in the kitchen.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills.
I pray and ponder butt the house.

By, beyond; "*by himsel'*," lunatic, distracted, beside himself.
By attour, besides, over and above.

By attour my gutcher has
A heigh house and a laigh ane.

Byke, a bee-hive, a wild bee-nest, a swarm, as of bees.

Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,
Frae toun to toun I draw that.

Bypast, past.
Byre, a cow-house, or stable for cows.

C.

Ca', to call, to name.

I think we'll ca' him Robin.

Ca', or *caw*, to drive.

He's coopered and caw'd a wrang pin in.

Ca', to calve.

New-ca'd kye rowte at the stake.

Cadger, one who carries goods about for sale on a cart or in panniers.

Ilk smack still, did crack still
Just like a cadger's whip.

Cadie, or *caddie*, a young fellow, a message-goer.

Gie 'em't het, my hearty cocks,
E'en cure the cadie.

Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker, a maker of horn spoons; to heckle or comb wool.

Yill an' whisky gie to cairds.

Cairn, loose heap of stones on a grave.
Calf-ward, an enclosure for calves.

His braw calf-ward where gowans grew.

Calimanco, a certain kind of thick cotton cloth worn by ladies.
Callan, or *callant*, a boy.
Caller, or *cauler*, fresh and cool.

I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

Callet, a loose woman, a follower of a camp.

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet.

Cam, came.
Canker't, cankered.

Nor conscious fear, nor canker't care.

Cankrie, cankering.

The croon o' cankrie care.

Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous, quiet; uncannie means supernatural.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en.

Cannilie, dexterously, gently.

Cannilie he hums them.

Cantharidian, made of cantharides, or Spanish fly.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell as an adjective, magic.

By some devilish cantraip slight.

Cap'rin', capering.

Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin'.

Cap-stane, a cape-stone, key-stone.
Car, a rustic cart with or without wheels.
Careerin, moving without impediment.
Care na bye, do not care.
Caressin, caressing.
Cark, painful anxiety.
Carl, or *carle*, an old man.

A grey-hair'd carl.

Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior stature, and being without seed.
Carlin, or *carline*, a stout old woman.

Can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet?

Cartes, cards.

He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes.

Castock, the stalk of a cabbage.
Cast out, disagree.
Cattle, used in reproach of human beings.
Caudron, a cauldron.

To fry them in his caudrons.

Cauf, a calf.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a half.

Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.

And wow! he has an unco slight o' cauk and keel.

Cauld, cold.

Caup, a wooden drinking vessel, a cup, a quaich.

How drink gaed roun' in cogs and caups.

Causey-cleaner, a scavenger.

To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners.

Cavie, a hen-coop.

Certes, certainly.

Cham'er, chamber.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er.

Change-house, tavern, public-house.

Now but an 'ben the change-house fills.

Chanter, drone of a bagpipe.

Chantin, chanting.

Chap, a person, a fellow.

Ane, a chap that's d—d auld farran.

Chapman, a pedlar, a merchant.

When chapman billies leave the street.

Chaup, a stroke, a blow.

Comes on like Death at every chaup.

Cheeket, cheeked.

Cheek for chow, side by side, close and united, brotherly.

An' cheek for chow a chuffie vintner.

Cheep, a chirp: as a verb, to chirp.

Come screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep.

Chiel, *chield*, or *cheel*, a young fellow. Cognate with childe in "Childe Harold."

Buirdly chiels and clever hizzies.

Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, fire-place.

Here ambush'd by the chimla-cheek.

Chimla-lug, the fireside.

Chirps, cries of a young bird.

Chittering, shivering, trembling with cold.

Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing?

Chockin, choking.

Chow, to chew.

Chow, the jole. See *cheek-for-chow*.

Christendie, Christendom.

Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna' find in Christendie.

Chuck, or *chuckie*, a brood-hen, an old matron.

My compliments to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie.

Chuffie, fat-faced. "Cheek for chow a chuffie vintner."

Clachan, a small village, a hamlet.

The clachan yill had made me cantie.

Clag, a charge or impeachment; a mortgage.

Claise, or *claes*, clothes.

Made auld claise look amaist as weel's the new.

Claith, cloth.

Claithing, clothing.

Claivers, or *clavers*, idle stories.

Clamb, climb.

Clap, *clapper*, the clapper of a mill.

And still the clap plays clatter.

Clark, clerkly.

But tell him he was learned and clark,
Ye roos'd him then!

Clarkit, wrote.

Clartie, dirty, filthy.

That clartie barm should stain my laurels.

Clash, an idle tale.

Clatter, to tell little idle stories.

Clatty, dirty, nasty.
as a noun, an idle story.

Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.

The carlin claught her by the rump.

Claut, a clout or patch.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't.

Claut, to clean, to scrape, to rake together: as a noun, a hoard.

She has gotten a cuif wi' a claut o' siller.

Clauted, scraped clean or hoarded.

Claver, clover.

Clavers and havers, silly nonsense.

Claw, to scratch, to thrash.

Ne'er claw your lug and fidge your back.

Clean, entirely, quite.

An' garrin lassies cowp the cran
Clean heels ower body.

Cleck, to cluck, to hatch.

Cleckin, a brood of chickens, or ducks.

Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin,
By hoody-craw.

Cleed, to clothe.

An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean
In mourning weed.

Cleeding, clothing.

Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes.

Cleek, hook, to snatch, to link.

Cleekit, linked arm-in-arm.

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit.

Clegs, the gad flies.

Clink, a sharp blow or sound; coin, from its sound, cash: as a verb, to rhyme.

An' aye enough o' needfu' clink.
An' if ye winna mak' it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it.

Clinkin' down, sitting down suddenly.

Comes clinkin' down beside him.

Clinkum-bell, he who rings the church bell.

Now Clinkum-bell wi' rattlin' tow
Begins to jow and croon.

Clips, wool-shears, gardener's shears.

A bonier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips.

Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clitter-clatter, idle talk, palaver.
Clock, a beetle, a bug.
Clock, to cluck, to hatch.
Clockin, hatching, clucking of a hen.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,
And the wee pouts begin to cry.

Clomb, did climb.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, a familiar name for the devil.

Auld Hornie Satan, Nick, or Clootie.

Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow.

Frae words an' aiths to clours and nicks.

Clout, a rag, a patch, a blow: as a verb, to patch, to repair; as, "clout the caudron."

Frae words and aiths to clouts and nicks.

Clud, a cloud: in the pl., multitudes.

Ye curlews calling thro' a clud.
To see the cluds o' clans frae woods.

Clue, a certain quantity of yarn.

Could stow'n a clue wi' onybody.

Clunk, the sound of liquor issuing from a bottle, or being shaken in a cask.

And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

Coaxin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cock, to set up, to erect.

Proudly cock your cresting cairns.

Cock, the point aimed at in the game of curling, the tee; a good fellow.

Wha will they station at the cock?
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin'.

Cockernony, a lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.
Cod, a pillow.

A cod she laid below my head.

Coft, bought.

That sark she coft for her wee Nannie.

Cog, a wooden dish; *coggie*, diminutive of *cog*.
Coggie, diminutive of cog.

I hae seen their coggie fou',
Wha yet hae tarrow't at it.

Coila, Kyle, a district in Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a sheep dog, a country cur.

The tither was a ploughman's collie.

Collie-shangie, a quarrel among dogs, a row.

Or how the collie-shangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks.

Comin, coming.
Commans, or *commauns*, commandments.

Hae gien the feck o' the ten commans
A screed some day.

Convoyed, accompanied lovingly.
Cood, the cud; *pron.* cuid.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood.

Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.

While coofs on countless thousands rant.

Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits, coquetted.

Whiles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel.

Cool'd, in her linens, in her dead-clothes.
Cooser, a stallion.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ancle, a species of water-fowl.
Cootie, a wooden dish, a pail.

Spairgies about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches.

Cootie, having legs covered with feathers.

Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw.

Corbies, carrion crows.

Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle.

Core, corps, party, regiment.
Cork-rumps, a dress improver.
Corn, oats, to feed with oats.
Corncraik, the landrail.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cors, or *corss*, cross.

Mauchline corss.

Cotter, or *cottar*, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.

Court-day, rent-day.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Some kindle, couthie, side by side.

Cove, a cave.

Cow, to cut or clip.

They cow'd him shorter by the head.

Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop: as a noun, a fright.

New-light herds got sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick an' stowe.

Cowp, to barter, to tumble over.

Cowpet, tumbled over.

Cowp the cran, to tumble over, to give birth to a child.

Garrin lasses cowp the cran.

Cow'r, or *cour*, to cower.

While at the stook the shearers cow'r.

Cowrin, cowering.

Wee sleekit, cow'rin, timorous beastie.

Cowte, a colt.

Forby a cowte, o' cowtes the wale.

Cozie, *coziely*, snug, snugly.

Some are cozie in the neuk.

Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.

Crack, conversation: as a verb, to converse a short time.

Crackin, conversing.

Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house, in old husbandry.

Craig, the throat.

The knife that nicket Abel's craig.

Craig, *craigie*, a high rock.

Craigy, craggy.

Beneath a craigy steep.

Craik, to cry or call incessantly: as a noun, an incessant cry; a bird, the corn rail from its cry.

Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.

A' ye who live by crambo-clink.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.

Crankous, fretful, captious.

This while she's been in crankous mood.

Cranreuch, the hoar-frost.

In hoary cranreuch drest.

Crap, a crop: as a verb, to crop.

Ye grouse that crap the heather-bud.

Craw, to crow: as a noun, a crow of a cock, a rook or crow.

Creel, a basket, "to have one's wits in a *creel*," to be crazed to be fascinated.

Creepie-chair, the chair or stool of repentance.

Whan I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?

Creeshie, greasy.

Kilmarnock wabsters fidge and claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations.

Crock, an old sheep.

O, wha will tent the waifs and crocks?

Cronie, a friend, a gossip.

His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie.

Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.

Croon, a hollow and continued moan: as a verb, to make a noise, like the low roar of a bull, to hum a tune.

The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up and ga'e a croon.

Crooning, humming.

Crouchie, crooked-backed.

Crouchie Merran Humphie.

Crouse, cheerful, courageous.

The cantie auld folks crackin crouse.

Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.

Crowdie, properly a *brose* made of oatmeal and cold water; sometimes made from the broth of beef or mutton; food of the brose or porridge kind, in general.

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man.

Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time.

Crowlin, crawling hatefully.

Crummie's nicks, marks on cows' horns.

Crummie or *crombie*, a cow with crooked horns.

Crummock, a staff with a crooked head. See *Cummock*.

Lowping and flinging on a crummock.

Crump, crisp.

Farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

Crump-crumpin, hard and brittle, spoken of shortbread and of frozen snow.

Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.

An' monie a fallow got his licks
Wi' hearty crunt.

Crushin, crushing.

Cuddie, an ass.

Cuddle, to clasp fondly under cover.

Cuif. See *coof.*

Cummock, or *crummock*, a staff with a crooked head.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock.

Curch, or *curchie*, a covering for the head, a kerchief.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean.

Curchie, a curtsey, female obeisance.

An' wi' a curchie low did stoop.

Curler, a player at curling.

Curling, a well-known game on the ice.

Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.

A country Laird has taen the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts.

Curpin, the crupper, the rump.

The graip he for a harrow takes,
An' haurls at his curpin.

Curple, the rear of a person or animal.

Douce hingin' o'er my curple.

Cushat, the dove or wood-pigeon.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail.

Custock, the heart of a cabbage-stalk.

And gif the custock's sweet or sour.

Cut, a lot determined by drawing cut straws; a certain quantity of yarn; also, fashion shape.

The cut of Adam's philabeg.

Cutty, or *cuttie*, short: as a noun, a short spoon or tobacco-pipe broken in the stalk; also, a half-reproachful, half-affectionate name for a little girl.

Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn.

Cutty-stool, or *creepie-chair*, the seat of shame, stool of repentance.

Of a' the numerous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools.

D.

Dadie, or *daddie*, father.

Daez't, stupefied.

I've seen me daez't upon a time.

Daffin, merriment, foolishness.

Until wi' daffin weary grown.

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.

In a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft.

Daft-buckie, mad fish.

Daidle, to saunter about purposely.

A puir daidlin' body.

Dails, deals.

Daimen, rare, now and then.

Daimen-icker, an ear of corn occasionally.

A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request.

Dainty, pleasant, good-humored, agreeable, rare.

Dancin, dancing.

Dander, or *dauner*, to wander saunteringly.

Dandered, wandered.

Danton, to subdue, to cowe.

Shall ever danton me or awe me.

Dang, overcame, knocked, pushed, drove.

That dang her tapsalteerie.

Dappl't, dappled.

Darklins, darkling, without light.

Darklins grapit for the bauks.

Daud, or *dawd*, the noise of one falling flat, a large piece of bread, &c.: as a verb, to thrash, to abuse.

Bread and cheese frae women's laps
Was dealt about in lunches,
And dawds that day.
And set the bairns to daud her.

Daudin-showers, rain urged by wind.

Dauntingly, defiantly.

Sae dauntingly gaed he.

Daur, to dare; *daur't*, dared; *daurna*, dare not.

Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labor.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought.

Daut, or *dawt*, to fondle, to caress.

I fatherly will kiss and daut thee.

Dautet, *dawtit*, fondled, caressed.

Davie, King David.

And snugly sit amang the saints
At Davie's hip yet.

Daviely, spiritlessly.

How dowff and daviely they creep!

Davoc, diminutive of David.

Daw, dawn.

The day may daw.

Dawin, dawning of the day.

I could na' get sleeping till dawin for greetin.

Dead-sweer, very loath, averse.

In baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't.

Dearies, diminutive of dears, sweethearts.

Dearthfu', dear, expensive.
Deave, to deafen.
If mair they deave us wi' their din.
Dee, to die.
Deil haet, devil a whit.
Deil haet ails them.
Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that.
Deilsticket, not one.
Deils yeld-nowte, sheriff officers.
Deil take the hindmost, each for himself.
Deleerit, delirious.
Mony a ane has gotten a fright,
And liv'd and died deleerit.
Delve, to dig.
Delver, a digger, a day-laborer.
Delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle.
Delvin', digging.
Gumblie dubs of your ain delvin'.
Den, a narrow vale, a dell or dean.
Dern, to hide.
Descrive, to describe, to perceive.
Deuk, a duck.
The deuk's dang o'er my daddie.
Devle, or *devel*, a stunning blow.
Death's gi'en the Lodge an unco devel.
Diddle, jog backwards and forwards.
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle.
Differ, difference.
What maks the mighty differ?
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Let me ryke up to dight that tear.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight.
Dimpl't, dimpled.
Din, dun, sallow.
Had a wife was dour and din.
Din, noise.
Dine, dinner-time, noon.
Frae mornin' sun till dine.
Ding, to push, to knock, to worst, to surpass, to excel.
Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse.
Dink, neat, lady-like.
Dinna, do not.
Dinner, to eat dinner, to dine.
I dinner'd wi' a lord.
Dint, a blow, a push.
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint.
Dinted, struck, impressed.
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted.
Dirl, to vibrate, to resound tremulously: as a noun, a sudden tremulous stroke.
Roof and rafters a' did dirl.
It just play'd dirl on the bane.
Disgeested, digested.
Disrespecket, disrespected.
Distain, stain.
Dizzen, or *dizz'n*, a dozen.
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel.
Dochter, daughter.
Doited, or *doiten*, stupefied, silly from age.
Thou clears the head o' doited lear.
Dolt, stupefied, crazed: as a noun, a fool.
Donsie, unlucky, affectedly neat and trim; pettish, mischievous.
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes.
Doo, dove, pigeon.
Doodle, to dandle.
Dooked, ducked.
Had in many a well been dooked.
Dool, sorrow; to "*sing dool:*" as a verb, to lament, to mourn.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Wha doucely manage our affairs.
Dought, was or were able.
Doughty, powerful and valiant.
The doughty Douglas.
Doup, backside, the buttocks, the end of a candle.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the breech.
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph.
Dour, sullen, obdurate, severe.
Biting Boreas, fell and dour.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Some swagger hame the best they dow.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force, destitute of feeling or spirit.
Her dowff excuses pat me mad.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c., spiritless, melancholy; as, "*dowie dens o' Yarrow.*"
Mak' our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
They downa' bide the stink o' powther.

Doxy, or *doxie*, mistress.
His doxy lay within his arms.

Doylt, or *doylte*, stupefied, crazed.
He's doylt and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen.

Dozen, stupefied, the effects of age: as a verb, to benumb.

Drab, a young female beggar.

Draiglet, draggled, dirtied and wet.
She's draiglet a' her petticoatie.

Drants, humors, tricks.
Well-tochered aunts to wait on their drants.

Drap, a drop: as a verb, to drop.

Drappin, dropping.

Drauntin, drawling, speaking with a sectarian tone.
To plague you wi' this drauntin drivel.

Drave, drove.

Dree, to suffer, to endure.

Dreep, to ooze, to drop.

Dreigh, tedious, long about it, lingering.
Stable-meals at fairs were dreigh.

Dress, to chastise.

Dribble, drizzle, slaver.
To thole the winter's sleety dribble.

Driddle, to play uncertainly on the violin, to totter.
A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at fairs and trysts to driddle.
Until you on a crummock driddle.

Drie, or *dree*, to endure.
And dree the kintra clatter.

Drift, a drove, snow moved by the wind. *Fell aff the drift*, wandered from his companions.
Havrel Will fell aff the drift.

Drinkin, drinking.

Droddum, the breech, end.
I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't
Wad dress your droddum.

Drone, part of a bagpipe, the chanter.
Caledon threw by the drone.

Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
The sma', droop-rumpl't hunter cattle.

Drouk, to drench: *drouket*, or *droukit*, drenched.
To drouk the stourie tow.

Drouth, thirst, drought.
Tell him o' mine, and Scotland's, drouth.

Drouthy, thirsty.
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.

Drucken, *druken*, drunken.

Drumly, muddy.
Then bouses drumly German water.

Drummock, or *drammock*, oat meal and cold water mixed
To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a belly fu' o' drummock.

Drunt, pet, sour humor.
And Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt.

Dryin, drying.

Dub, a small pond, a hollow filled with rain water.

Duddies, clothes, duds, rags.
To drink their orra duddies.

Duds, rags, clothes.

Duddie, ragged.
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie.

Dung, knocked, pushed, stricken, worsted.
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in staves.

Dunsh, a heavy push, like a butt from a ram.

Dunted, throbbed, beaten.
While my heart wi' life-blood dunted.

Durk, a dirk.
Durk an' pistol at her belt.

Dusht, overcome with fear, attacked.
I glower'd as eerie's I'd been dush't.

Dwalt, dwell.

Dwyne, to decline.

Dyke, a stone fence without mortar.

Dyvor, bankrupt, so called from being compelled by ancient law to wear divers colored hose.
Rot the dyvors in the jails.

E.

Earn, an eagle.
Cliffs, the haunts o' sailin' earns.

Eastlin, eastern, eastward.
Bitter eastlin win'.

E'e, or *ee*, the eye.

Een, the eyes.

E'e-bree, the eyebrow.
My blessin's upon thy bonie e'e-bree.

E'en, *e'enin*, the evening.

E'en, as; *e'en's*, even as.

Eerie, frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie.

Eild, old age.
Wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful, elvish.
His eldritch squeel and gestures.
Ell, a Scotch ell is 37 inches.
Eller, an elder.
Me, the eller's dochter.
Elshin, an owl.
Embryoth, unformal.
En', end.
Enbrugh, or *Embrugh*, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, and *eneuch*, enough.
Enfauld, enfold.
Engine, genius.
Ensuin, ensuing.
Erse, Gælic.
Wad ding a Lallan tongue or Erse.
Especial, especially.
Ether-stone, stone formed by adders, according to old superstition.
When Politics came there to mix,
And make his ether-stane, man.
Ettle, to try, to attempt, to aim; intent.
And flew at Tam in furious ettle.
Eydent, diligent, constant, busy.
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand.

F.

Fa', to fall, to befal: as a noun, fall, lot, fate. "*Fair fa'*," blessings on. "*Fa' that*," attempt that, reach or attain that.
Nae farther can we fa'.
Black be your fa'.
Fair fa' your honest sonsie face.
Guid faith she mauna fa' that.
Fac't, faced.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Faes, foes.
Faem, foam of the sea.
Faiket, forgiven or excused.
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket.
Fain, desirous of, overcome with joy, fond.
Fair fa', good luck to you.
Fair fa' your honest sonsie face.
Fairin, fairing, a present bought from a fair, deserts.
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin!
Fallow, fellow.
Fan', found.
A' the faut I fan' wi' him
He couldna' labor lea.
Fand, did find.
Faran, *farand*, or *farrant*, seeming; as, "fair-farand," having a goodly appearance; "auld-farrant," having an old, sagacious look.
Fareweel, fareweel, adieu.
Farl, a cake of oat-meal bread; fourth part of a cake.
An' farls baked wi' butter.
Fash, trouble, care: as a verb, to trouble, to care for.
For me, an aim I never fash,
I rhyme for fun.
Fasheous, troublesome.
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fasheous.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasten e'en, Fasten's even, Shrove Tuesday.
On Fasten e'en we had a rockin.
Fathrals, or *fatt'rels*, ribbon ends.
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight.
Faugh, fallow.
Faught, fight.
Fauld, and *fald*, a fold for sheep: as a verb, to fold.
Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld.
Faulding-slap, the gate of a sheep-fold.
The shepherd steeks his faulding-slap.
Faun, fallen.
An angel form's faun to thy share.
Fause, false.
Mean revenge and malice fause.
Fause-house, an empty space in a stack of grain for drying.
Her tap-pickle maist was lost
While kintlin' in the fause-house.
Faut, or *faute*, fault.
Fautor, person in fault, transgresser.
Altho' he be the fautor.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Decent, honest, fawsont folk
Feal, loyal, steadfast.
Fearfu', fearful, frightful.
Fear't, affrighted.
Feat, neat, spruce, clever.
The lasses feat, and cleanly neat.
Fecht, to fight.

Fecht'n, fighting.

Feck, number, quantity, the most part.

Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
Of a' the ten commauns,
A screed, some day.

Fecket, an under-waistcoat.

Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket.

Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.

Feckless, puny, weak, silly.

As feckless as a wither'd rush.

Feckly, mostly.

Fee, servants' wages.

Feg, a fig.

Fegs, faith, an exclamation.

Feide, feud, enmity.

Coward Death behind him jumpit
Wi' deadly feide.

Fell, cruel, smart, pungent.

Biting Boreas, fell and doure.
Her weel hain'd kebback fell.

Fell, the skin under the scurf-skin, the inner skin, the hide.

See how he peels the skin an' fell.

Fell, upland or hill country, a hill.

By flood an' fell.

Felly, relentless.

Fen', a successful struggle, a shift.

In poortith I might mak' a fen'.

Fend, *fen'*, to make a shift, contrive to live.

Till they be fit to fend themsel's.

Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder: as a noun, a wonder, a term of contempt.

Ferlie at the folks in Lon'on.
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?

Fetch, to pull by fits, to make convulsive movements.

See, how she fetches at the thrapple.

Fetch't, pulled intermittently.

Fey, strange; one marked for death, predestined.

Till fey men died away, man.

Fidge, to fidget; *fidgin*, fidgeting.

Fidgin-fain, tickled with pleasure.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't.

Fiel, soft, smooth, comfortable.

It haps me fiel and warm.

Fien-ma-care, the devil may care.

Fient, fiend, a petty oath. *Fient a hæt*, deuce a particle.

Fier, sound, healthy.

As lang's we're hale and fier.

Fier, or *fiere*, comrade, friend, brother.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere.

Fierrie, fiery, bustling, active.

Fissle, to make a rustling noise, rouse up, to fidget with joy: as a noun, a bustle.

Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle.

Fit, foot or footstep; *fitt*, a canto or division of a poem.

Fittie-lan, the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan.

Fizz, to make a hissing noise. *O rare! to see thee fizz and fraith.* As a noun, fuss.

Flae, a flea.

Flaffin, the motion of wings, or of rags in the wind.

Flaffin wi' duds and grey wi' beas'.

Flaite, did flyte or scold.

Flandrekins, natives of Flanders.

Flang, threw with violence; danced.

Flannen, flannel.

Flee, a fly.

Flee, to fly.

Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner; *fleechin*, supplicating.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd.

Fleesh, a fleece.

A bonnier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips.

Fleg, a fright, a random blow.

She's gi'en me mony a jirt and fleg.

Flether, to decoy by fair words, to flatter.

Flethrin, flattering, wheedling words.

Flewit, a sharp blow.

A hearty flewit.

Fley, to scare, to frighten.

Fley'd, scared, frightened.

My name is Death:
But be na' fley'd.

Flichter, *flichtering*, to flutter as young nestlings do when their dam approaches.

Meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.

'Twill mak' her puir auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee.

Fling, to leap, to caper, to dance; to throw.

Lowping and flingin' on a crummock.

Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree.

Flisk, to fret at the yoke.

Flisket, fretted; *flisky*, skittish.

Thou never braindg't, and fetch'd, and flisket.

Flit, to remove from one place to another.

I'll flit thy tether.

Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.

Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.

Flunkie, a servant in livery.

Flyte, *flyting*, scold, scolding.

E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

Focks, folks.

Fodgel, short and plump.

A fine, fat, fodgel wight.

Foggage, rank grass.

Foor, hastened, progressed.

Foord, a ford.

Foorsday, Thursday.

Forbears, forefathers.

Like their great forbears.

Forby, or *forbye*, besides.

Forbye some new, uncommon weapons.

Fore, alive; to the fore.

Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.

Wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn.

Forfoughten, exhausted.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.

O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop.

Forgie, to forgive.

Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.

Forjeskit sair, with weary legs.

Forniawed, worn out.

Forrit, forward.

Come forrit, honest Allan.

Fother, fodder.

Hauds the nowte in fother.

Fou, or *fu'*, full, drunk.

We are na' fou, we're nae that fou.

Foughten, *forfoughten*, troubled, fatigued.

Foul-thief, the devil, the arch-fiend.

Founder (a horse), to override, spoil him carelessly.

Four gill chap, a pewter measure containing one pint.

Foursom, composed of four.

There's foursom reels.

Fouth, or *fowth*, plenty, enough, or more than enough.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets.

Fow, a measure, a bushel, also a pitchfork.

Frae, from.

Fraith, or *freath*, froth, the frothing of ale in the tankard.

O rare! to see thee fizz and freath!

Fremit, or *fremmit*, strange, foreign.

Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

Frien', friend.

Fu', full.

Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.

Ye maukins, cock ye're fud fu' braw.

Fuff, to blow intermittently.

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt.

Fu'han't, full-handed; rich.

Fulyie, foul matter.

Fumble, to potter awkwardly and ineffectively.

Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble.

Fumblin', awkward and ineffective, imbecile, pottering.

Fumblin' cuifs wha slight their dearies.

Funnie, full of merriment.

Fur, a furrow.

Fur-ahin, the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.

My fur-ahin's a wordy beast.

Furder, further, succeed: as a noun, prosperity.

Good speed and furder to you, Johnie.

Furm, a form, a bench.

How drink gaed roun' in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms and benches.

Fusionless, spiritless, without sap or soul.

He's but a fusionless carlie, O.

Fy, an exclamation of haste.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright.

Fyfteen, fifteen.

Fyke, trifling cares: as a verb, to be in a fuss about trifles, to potter ineffectively, to trifle.

Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble.

Fyle, to soil, to dirty.

Her face wad fyle the Logan water.

Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

Ga', gall.

Gab, the mouth: as a verb, to speak pertly.

O could I like Montgomerie's fight,
Or gab like Boswell.

Gaberlunzie, a beggar, or *caird* with wallets at his loins.

Gadsman. Same as *gaudsman*.

Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gane* or *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

Gaet or *gate*, way, manner, road.

And may they never learn the gaets
Of other vile, wanrestfu' pets.

Gairs, colored insertions *slashed* into wearing apparel.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't.

Gang, to go, to walk.

Gangrel, a wandering person.

Randie, gangrel bodies.

Gar, to make, to force to; *gar't*, forced to.

Ye'll gar the lasses lie aspar.

Garten, a garter.

Wooer-babs weel-knotted in their garten.

Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke.

Gashin', conversing.

She leas them gashin' at their cracks.

Gat, got.

Wi' you mysel' I gat a fright.

Gate. See *gaet*.

Gatty, paunchy, fat.

Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty.

Gaucy, or *gawcie*, jolly, large, plump.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife.

Gaud, and *gad*, a rod or goad.

Gaudsman, one who drives the horses at the plough.

A gaudsman ane, a thresher t'other.

Gaunt, to yawn, to long: as a noun, a yawn.

This mony a day I've grained and gaunted.

Gawkie, a thoughtless person, and something weak.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools.

Gaylies, and *gaylins*, pretty well.

Gear, riches, goods of any kind.

Are we so foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

Geck, to toss the head in wantonness.

Adieu, my Liege, may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection.

Ged, a pike; *Ged's hole*, a pool frequented by pike; metaphorically the grave.

Wae's me for Johnie Ged's hole now.

Gentles, great folks.

Wi' gentles thou erects thy head.

Gentoo, a native of Hindoostan.

Genty, elegant, well-bred.

Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist.

Geordie, George, a guinea stamped with the head of King George.

Germin, sprouting.

Get, a child, a young one.

She was nae get o' muirland tups.

Ghaist, a ghost.

Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.

Gif, if; see *gin*, also *an*.

And gif the custock's sweet or sour.

Giftie, diminutive of gift.

Giga, musical term.

Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

Giglets, laughing maidens, or young lads.

As round the fire the giglets keckle.

Gillie, diminutive of gill.

Gillie, the Gælic name for a servile retainer or follower.

Gilpey, a half-grown boy or girl.

I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na' past fifteen.

Gimmer, a ewe two years old.

For twa guid gimmer pets was Laird himsel.

Gin, if, by.

I'll aulder be gin summer, Sir.

Gin-horse, engine horse, mill horse.

Gipsey, a young girl.

Girdle, a round iron plate on which cakes are fired.

The verra girdle rang.

Girn, a snare for birds.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.

It maks guid fellows girn and gape.

Girnin, grinning.

Girr, a hoop.

The cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa,
And ca'd the girrs out o'er us.

Girran, a "*poutherie girran*," a little vigorous animal; a horse rather old, but yet active when heated; a pimple.

Gizz, a periwig, the face.
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz.

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish, giddy.
Glaikit folly's portals.

Glaive, a sword.

Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass.

Glaum'd, grasped, snatched at eagerly.
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

Gled, a species of hawk.

Gleed, or *glede*, a live coal.
An' cheerily blinks the ingle-gleed.

Gleg, sharp, ready, keen.
Unskaithed by Death's gleg gullie.

Gleib o' lan', a portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the gleib," or "glebe."
A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear.

Gley, a squint: as a verb, to squint.

Gleyde, an old horse.

Glib-gabbit, that speaks smoothly and readily.

Glimmer, to look unsteadily.
I glimmer a little into futurity.

Glint, to peep, as light: as a noun, a glance or quick view, an instant.
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth amid the storm.

Glintin, peeping.

Glinted by, went brightly past.

Gloamin, the twilight.
An' darker gloamin' brought the night.

Gloamin-shot, twilight musing; a shot in the twilight.

Gloom, to frown.

Glow'r, to stare, to look: as a noun, a stare, a look.

Glowrin, amazed, looking suspiciously, gazing.
But, Homer-like, the glowrin byke
Frae town to town I draw that.

Glum, displeased.

Glunch, a frown: as a verb, to frown.
What twists his gruntle wi' a glunch?

Goavan, walking as if blind, or without an aim; gazing around stupidly.
Goavan as if led wi' branks.

Gomeral, a foolish person.

Gor-cocks, the red-game or moor cock.

Gos, the goshawk.
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare.

Gowan, the daisy.
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen.

Gowany, covered with daisies, daisied.

Gowd, gold.

Gowdspink, the goldfinch.

Gowff, the game of golf: as a verb, to strike as the club does the ball at golf.

Gowk, term of contempt, the cuckoo.
Conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride.

Gowl, to howl; *gowling*, howling
Misfortune's gowling bark.

Graff, a grave.
Cauld in his graff.

Grain, or *grane*, a groan: as a verb, to groan; *grainin*, groaning.

Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
The graip he for a harrow taks,
And haurls't at his curpin.

Graith, or *graithing*, accoutrements, furniture.
Plowmen gather wi' their graith.
Gudes and gear, and a' my graith.

Graizle, to move like unoiled machinery.

Grannie, or *graunie*, grandmother.

Grape, to grope; *grapet*, groped.

Grat, did greet, or shed tears.
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'.

Great, grit, intimate, familiar.

Gree, pre-eminence, superiority, supremacy. "To bear the gree," to be pre-eminent, to be victor.
Glorious Wallace aft bare the gree
Frae Southron billies.

Gree, to agree: *gree't*, agreed.
To try to get the twa to gree.

Green-graff, green grave.

Greens, colewort.

Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet?

Greetin, weeping.

Grey-nick-quill, a bad quill, unfit for a pen, the nick or split being *grey* and uneven.

Grien, to long, to desire.
That griens for the loaves and fishes.

Grieve, steward, overseer.
Grippet, seized, catched.
Grissle, gristle, or stump.
Grizzie, familiar for Grace or Griselda.
Groanin-maut, drink for the *cummers* at a lying-in.
Wha will buy my groanin'-maut?

Groat, "to get the whistle of one's groat," to play a losing game; to pay or make expiation for one's folly.
Groset, *grozet* or *grosel*, a gooseberry.
As plump and grey as ony groset.

Grousome, loathsome, grim.
Ae day as Death, that grousome carl.

Grumph, a grunt: as a verb, to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
And wha was it but grumphie?

Grumphin, the snorting of an angry pig.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
And haud their noses to the grunstane.

Gruntle, the snout, a grunting noise.
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch.

Grunzie, a pig-shaped snout or nose.
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.

Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Grushie weans and faithfu' wives.

Grutten, wept.
E'mburgh wells are grutten dry.

Gude, the Supreme Being.
Gude auld-has-been, was once excellent.
Gude or *guid*, good, excellent, kind.
Gudes or *guids*, commodities or stock.
Gude or *guid e'en*, good evening.
Gude-e'en, quo' I, friend, hae ye been mawin?

Gude or *guidfather*, and *gudemother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Sin' thou was my gude-father's meere.

Gudeman and *gudewife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young gudeman*, a man newly married.
Gude-willie, hearty, with a will.
We'll take a richt gude-willie waught.

Guid-faith, truly.
Guid-faith he mauna fa' that.

Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
I red ye weel tak' care o' scaith,
See there's my gully.

Gulravage, running wild with joy.
Or in gulravage rinnin, scour.

Gumlie, muddy, drumly.
And dash the gumly jaups up to the pouring skies.

Gumption, discernment, knowledge, talent.
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her.

Gusty, *gustfu'*, tasteful. "Gusty sucker."
Gut-scraper, a fiddler.
Gutcher, grandsire.
My gutcher has a heigh house and a laigh ane.

Gutty, fat, paunchy.
Till ye forget ye're auld and gutty.

H.

Ha', hall, kitchen.
Ha'-Bible, the great Bible that lies in the Hall in mansion-houses.
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride.

Haddin, house, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
And he getna' hell for his haddin,
The Deil gets nae justice ava.

Hae, to have, to accept.
Haen, had.
Haet, a whit, the smallest quantity. "Deil haet," "Fient haet," not a particle.
The deil haet ails them, yet uneasy.

Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare.

Haffet-locks, locks or ringlets at the temples.
Her haffet-locks as brown's a berry.

Hafflins, half, partly: as an adj., not fully grown.
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak,

Hafflins-wise, almost half.

Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him.

Ha'-folk, servants of a great house, servants' hall.

Ev'n the ha'-folk fill their pechan.

Hag, a scar, a gulph in mosses and moors, moss-ground.

O'er mony a weary hag he limpit.

Haggis, an oatmeal pudding, boiled in the skin of the stomach of a cow or sheep.

Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware,
But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis.

Hail, small shot.

An' by my powder and my hail.

Hain, to spare, to save; *hain'd*, spared.

Chiels who their chanters winna hain.

Hain'd gear, hoarded money.

Hairst, harvest.

Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor.

Haith, a petty oath.

Haivers, thoughtless or senseless talk, nonsense.

Wi' claivers and haivers
Wearing the day awa'.

Hal', or *hald*, a hold, an abiding place.

Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble
But house or hald.

Hale, whole, tight, healthy.

Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill.

Hallan, an outer partition wall in a cottage, a rustic porch, a threshold.

That yont the hallan snugly chews the cood.

Hallion, a coarse common fellow, or clown, a reprobate.

Tirl the hallions to the birses.

Hallowe'en, Hallowmas eve.

Hallowmass, Hallow-eve, 31st October.

Haly, holy; "*haly-pool*," holy well with healing qualities.

Hame, home; *hamely*, familiar.

Hammer'd, made a noise like the din of hammers, as with the feet, knocked in.

An' stumping on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlor hammer'd.

Han'-afore, the foremost horse on the left hand on the plough; *han'-ahin*, the hindmost horse on the left hand.

My han'-afore's a guid auld has-been.
My han'-ahin's a weel-gaun fillie.

Han'-darg, hand-work, daily labor.

Nought but his han'-darg to keep them.

Hand-waled, selected by hand, specially chosen.

My hand-waled curse.

Hangie, a name for the devil.

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee.

Hanks, thread as it comes from the measuring reel, quantities, &c.

Han's breed, hand's breadth.

Hansel, a gift for a particular season, or the first money on any particular occasion.

A blast o' Jan'war win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

Hansel-throne, throne when first occupied.

Young kings upon their hansel-throne
Are no sae blest as I am.

Hantle, a considerable quantity.

Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, covering, &c.: as a verb, to cover.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap.

Hap, to hop.

Tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!

Ha'pence, half-pence.

Weel heapit up in ha'pence.

Hap-shackled, bound fore and hind foot.

Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip and leap.

Happer, a hopper, the hopper of a mill. *Happer-meal*, oatmeal.

The heapit happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Happin, hopping.

Harigals, heart, liver and lights of an animal.

Harkit, hearkened.

Harn, a very coarse linen.

Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn.

Har'st, harvest.

Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools.

Hash, a talkative fellow who knows not how to speak with propriety, term of contempt.

Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash
O' half his days.

Haslock, noting the finest wool, being that which grows on the sheep's hals or throat.

I coft a stane o' haslock woo'.

Hastit, hastened.

Haud, to hold.

Hauf, the half; *hauf-mutchkin*, two gills.

Ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime.

Haughs, low-lying, rich land, holmes.

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn.

Haurl, to drag, to pull violently.

The muckle devil wi' a woodie,
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie.

Haurlin, tearing off, pulling roughly.

Haver-meal, or *hauver-meal*, coarsely ground meal.

O, where did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?

Haveril, *haverel*, or *hav'rel*, a quarter-wit: as an adj., half-witted.

Puir hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd through the bow-kail.

Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.

Pit some havins in his breast.

Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.

Dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

Healsome, healthful, wholesome.

The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food.

Heapit, heaped.

Hear't, hear it.

Hearse, hoarse, nearly "roupit."

Alas! my roupit Muse is hearse.

Heartie, dim of heart, willing, courageous.

Heather, or *hether*, heath.

Hech, oh strange! a sigh of weariness.

Hecht, promised; to foretell, foretold.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving.

Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp steel prongs upright for dressing hemp, flax, &c.

I wish a heckle were in their doups.

Hee balou, words used to soothe a child.

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald.

Heels-owre-gowdie, topsy-turvy, turned the bottom upwards.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs.

Heeze, to elevate, to raise, to lift.

Heft, the haft.

The gray hairs yet stack to the heft.

Heich, or *heigh*, high.

My gutcher has
A heigh house and a laigh ane.

Hein-shinned, having large projecting shin bones.

She's bough-houghed, she's hein-shinned.

Hellim, the rudder or helm.

Hen-broo, hen-broth.

Kate sits i' the neuk, suppin' hen-broo.

Herd, to tend flocks: as a noun, one who tends flocks.

Hern, a heron.

Herrin, herring.

Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.

Yet while they're only poind't and herri't,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit.

Herryment, plundering, devastation.

The herryment and ruin of the country.

Hersel, herself.

Het, hot, heated.

Heugh, hollow under a crag, a ravine; *coal-heugh*, a coal-pit; *lowan-heugh*, a blazing pit.

Though yon lowan-heugh's thy hame.

Heuk, a reaping-hook.

Fient a heuk had I.

Hide and hair, the whole.

Hie (*pron.* he), high.

Hilch, to halt; *hilchin*, halting.

And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp.

Hiltie-skiltie, helter-skelter.

Hiltie-skiltie me gae scrievin'.

Hiney, honey; also a term of endearment.

Hing, to hang; *hang*, hung.

Hirple, to walk with difficulty.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow.

Hirplin, limping.

Hirsel, so many cattle or sheep as one person can attend.

Histie, dry, chapt, barren.

Adorns the histie stubble-field.

Hitch, a loop, a stop, a knot.

Hither-and-yont, disorderly.

Hizzie, huzzy, a wild young girl.

Buirdly chiels and clever hizzies.

Hoast, a cough: as a verb, to cough.

Colic-grips, and barkin' hoast.

Hoddin, hobbling like a country farmer on an old horse.

Here farmers gash in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters.

Hoddin-grey, woollen cloth of a coarse quality, made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.

Hoggie, a young sheep two years old.

What will I do gin my hoggie die?

Hog-score, the distance-line in curling.

But now he lags on Death's hog-score.

Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder; to justle.

Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strine.

Hoodie-craw, a carrion crow, corbie.

Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw.

Hoodock, miserly, a greedy bird.

The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race.

Hool, outer skin, nutshell or husk.

Puir Leezie's heart maist lap the hool.

Hoolie, or *hooly*, slowly, leisurely.

Something cries "Hoolie,"
I red ye, honest man, tak' tent.

Hoord, a hoard: as a verb, to hoard.

Hoordet, hoarded.

The auld gude-wife's weel-hoordet nits.

Horn, a drinking tumbler, spoon, or comb made of horn.

Sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in.
Then horn for horn they stretch and strive.

Horn-book, a sheet containing alphabet, &c., in large type, in wooden frame, glazed with horn to preserve it from injury by young scholars.

Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.

Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
Mang sons o' God present him.

Host, or *hoast*, a cough: as a verb, to cough roughly.

May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And host up some palaver.

Hostin, coughing.

Hotch'd, moved excitedly.

And hotched and blew wi' might and main.

Hotch-Potch, hodge-podge, a miscellaneous mixture; a favorite Scotch dish of the soup kind.

Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither.

Houghmagandie, fornication.

An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie.

Houlet, or *howlet*, an owl.

Some auld houlet-haunted biggin'.

Housie, diminutive of house.

Hove, to heave, to swell; *hoved*, swollen.

Some ill-brew'n drink had hov'd her wame.

Howdie, a midwife.

Nae Howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.

It spak right howe—"My name is Death."

Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse.

Howff, a house of resort, especially a favorite tavern.

Howk, to dig.

Howkin, digging deep.

Howket, digged.

Whyles mice and moudieworts they howket.

Hoy, to urge; *hoy't*, urged.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice.

Hoyse, to pull upwards: as a noun, a pull, &c.

Hoyte, motion between a trot and gallop.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobble.

Huchall'd, moving with a hilch.

Hughoc, or *Huoc*, diminutive of Hugh.

Hums and hankers, mumbles and hesitates.

Hunders, hundreds.

Hunkers, the hams.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended.

Hurcheon, a hedgehog.

Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie
O'er hurcheon hides.

Hurchin, an urchin, a boy.
Hurchin Cupid shot a shaft.

Hurdies, the crupper, the hips.

Hurl, to ride in a cart, to cast headlong.

Hushion, a stocking wanting the foot, worn on the arm.
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion.

Hyte, mad, crazy.
The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte.

I.

I', in.

Icker, an ear of corn.
A daimen icker in a thrave.

Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
His wee, curlie John's ier-oe.

Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
While faithless snaws ilk step betray.
His honest, sonsie, bawsn't face
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.

Ill-deedie, mischievous.

Ill o't, awkward at it.

Ill-willie, malicious; opposite of *Gude-willie*.
Your native soil was right ill-willie.

Indentin, indenting, bargaining.

Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
A' that kenn'd him roun' declared
He had ingine.

Ingle, fire, fireplace.
His wee bit ingle blinking bonnilie.

Ingle-cheek, the fireside.
There lanely by the ingle-cheek.

Ingle-gleed, live coals on the fire.
Cheerily blinks the ingle-gleed.

Ingle-lowe, light from the fire, flame from the hearth.

I rede ye, I advise ye, I warn ye.

I'se, I shall or will.

Isna', is not.
Ah, Nick! ah, Nick! it isna' fair.

Ither, other, one another.

J.

Jad, jade; also a familiar term for a giddy young woman.
Zipporah, the scauldin jad.

Jag, to prick, as with a needle: *Jag-the-flae*, a contemptuous term applied to tailors.
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
An' jag-the-flae.

Jan'war, January.

Jauk, to dally at work, to trifle.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play.

Jaukin, trifling, dallying.

Jauner, idle talk, slaek-jaw.
O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner.

Jauntie, gay; a short journey.

Jaup, a jerk of any liquid: as a verb, to jerk, as agitated water.
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.

Jaw, coarse talk or raillery: as a verb, to pour out, to jerk as water. *Jaw-hole*, a sink for foul water.
Deil may care about their jaw.

Jee, to move.

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
A jillet brak his heart at last.

Jimp, slender-waisted, handsome.
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean.

Jimps, a kind of stays or corset.
Jenny's jimps and jirkinet.

Jimpy, neatly, so as to be slender.
Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist.

Jingle, rhyme.
Hamely, westlin jingle.

Jinglin, jingling.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner: as a noun, the sudden turning of a corner.
Whither through wimplin' worms thou jinks.

Jink an' diddle, moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow, here and there with a tremulous movement.
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle.

Jinker, one that turns nimbly, a sprightly person or animal, a wag, a gay, sprightly girl.
That day ye was a jinker noble.
Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers.

Jinkin, dodging.

Jirkinet, an outer jacket or jerkin worn by women.
Jenny's jimps and jirkinet.

Jirt, a jerk, to squirt.

Jo, a sweetheart, a lover.
Thou can'st love another, jo.

Jocteleg, a kind of knife, so named from its maker, Jacques de Liege.

And gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' Joctelegs they taste them.

Johnny-Ged's-Hole, the grave-digger.

Waes me for Johnie-Ged's-Hole now.

Jokin, joking.

Jorum, jug of hot drink.

Push about the jorum.

Jow, to swing and sound.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattling tow,
Begins to jow and croon.

Jow, the jole.

Jowler, fox-hound.

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head, to hide as in sport, to turn nimbly, to evade, to dodge.

I jouk beneath misfortune's blow.

Jumpin, jumping.

Jundie, to justle: as a noun, a push with the elbow.

Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strine.

K.

Kae, a daw.

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.

Sowps o' kail and brats o' claes.

Kail-blade, the leaf of the colewort.

Just . . . in a kail-blade and send it.

Kailrunt, the stem of colewort.

Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

Kain, fowls, cheese, &c., paid as rent.

His coals, his kain, and a' his stents.

Kebars, rafters. See *Bauks*.

He ended, and the kebars sheuk.

Kebbuck, a cheese; *kebbuck-heels*, the fag-end of a cheese.

Weel-hained kebbuck, fell.

Keckle, cackle, joyous cry: as a verb, to cackle as a hen, to laugh merrily.

As round the fire the giglets keckle.

Keek, a peep, a sly look: as a verb, to peep, to peer.

The gossip keekit in his loof.

Keekin'-glass, a looking-glass.

My face was but the keekin'-glass,
And there ye saw your picture.

Keel, red chalk.

Kelpie, a sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Fays, spunkies, kelpies.

Ken, to know; *kenn'd*, known; *ken't*, knew.

Kennin, knowledge, a small matter.

Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

Kenspeckle, easily known or identified.

Kep, to catch, as when falling.

Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear.

Ket, a hairy, matted fleece of wool.

Wi' tawted ket and hairy hips.

Key, a pier or harbor.

Kiaugh, carking anxiety.

Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile.

Kilbagie, a kind of whisky made at Kilbagie distillery.

And by that dear Kilbagie.

Killie, Kilmarnock.

Canter through the streets o' Killie.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes: as a noun, a philabeg.

Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers.
Despite the kittle kimmer, I, Rab, am here.

Kin, or *kith*, kindred.

Kin', kind.

Kind, sort, nature.

King's-hood, part of the entrails of an ox, the "honey-comb" part of tripe.

Deil mak his kingshood in a spleuchan.

Kintra, *kintry*, country.

Though he was bred to kintra work.

Kipper, cured.

Kirn, a churn.

May plunge and turn the kirn in vain.

Kirn, a harvest-home.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns.

Kirsen, to christen, to baptize.

The four-gill chap we'll gar him clatter,
And kirsen him wi' reekin water.

Kist, chest, a shop counter.

Kitchen, anything eaten as relish with plain bread: as a verb, to give relish to.

His wee drap parritch or his bread,
Thou kitchen's fine.

Kith, or *kin*, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle: as an adjective, ticklish, dangerous, riskish, likely, apt. "*I wad be kittle to be mislear'd.*"

Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle.

Kittlen, a young cat.

Kiutlin, cuddling, fondling.

Her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin i' the fause-house.

Kiutle, to cuddle, to fondle.

Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks; having bones protruding, as an old horse.

Knap, to strike or break.

Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knurl, a miserable creature, a churl.

The laird was a widdifu' bleerit knurl.

Knurlin, crooked but strong, knotty: as a noun, a misshapen dwarf, a hard, mean creature.

Wee Pope, the knurlin.

Knowe, a small round hillock, a knoll.

Kye, cows, kine.

Kyle, the central portion of Ayrshire.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to show one's self, to appear.

Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin'.

L.

Labor, or *labour*, toil: as a verb, to thrash or plough.

Laddie, diminutive of lad.

Lade, a load.

I bear alane my lade o' care.

Laggen, the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.

The laggen they hae clauted.

Laigh, low.

Swith, to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a'.

Laik, lack.

For laik o' gear ye lightly me.

Lair, a burial-place or grave.

Here Robin lies in his last lair.

Lair, learning, lore.

It kindles wit, it waukins lair.

Lairin, *lairie*, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.: as an adj., miry.

Thro' the drift deep-lairin', sprattle.

Laith, loath.

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish, abstemious.

Blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave.

Lallans, Scots dialect, the Lowlands.

Guid, braid Lallans.

Lambie, diminutive of lamb.

Lammas moon, harvest moon.

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpet.

Lan', land, estate.

Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough, walking on the unploughed land — the other horse walks in the furrow.

Lan'-ahin, the hindmost horse in the plough.

Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, myself alone, thyself alone.

Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long: as a verb, to long, to weary.

Lang hame, the grave.

Langsyne, long ago, time long past.

Lan'-louper, a vagabond.

Lap, did leap.

To sing how Nannie lap and flang.

Late and air, late and early.

Laughin, laughing.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others, the leavings.

What's aft mair than a' the lave.

Lav'rock, the lark.

The lav'rocks, they were chantin'.

Lawin, score, reckoning, tavern-bill.

Gudewife, count the lawin!

Lawlan', lowland, Scotland south and east of the Grampian hills.

The Lawlan' lads he held in scorn.

Lay my dead, attribute my death.

Lea, unploughed land; *lea-rig*, land at one time ploughed, but now in grass.

O can ye labor lea, young man?
Meet me on the lea-rig.

Lea'e, or *lea'*, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin'.

Lear (*pron.* lare), learning, lore.
Thou clears the head o' doited lear.

Lee, a lie.

Lee-lang, live-long.
The lee-lang day.

Leesome, pleasant, gladsome; also lawful, loyal.
The tender heart o' leesome love.

Leeze me on, a phrase expressive of desire or endearment: literally loose me on, and meaning commend me to, grant me.
Leeze me on thee, Robin.
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn.

Leister, a three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.
A three-taed leister on the ither.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look: as a verb, to look.

Ley, lea; *ley-crap*, lea-crop.
Waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till't again.

Lib, to geld.

Libbet, castrated.
How libbet Italy was singin'.

Lick, to beat; *licket*, beaten.

Licks, a beating a spanking.
Mony a fallow gat his licks.

Lift, sky, firmament.

Lightly, sneeringly: as a verb, to make light of.
Whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee.

Lightsome, light, free from care, happy.
The lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie.

Like, to please, to love.

Lilt, a ballad, a tune: as a verb, to sing.
Lilt wi' holy clangour.

Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.

Limp't, limped, hobbled.

Lingo, language.

Link, to trip deftly; *linkin*, tripping along.
And linket at it in her sark.

Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.
Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays.

Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.

Lintwhite, *Lintie*, a linnet.
Linties sang and lambkins played.

Lint-white, flaxen.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks.

Lippen, to trust.
I lippen'd to the chiel, in troth.

Livin, living.

Loan, a lane, a narrow way between hedges or low dykes.
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan.

Loch, a lake.
Marjory o' the mony lochs.

Lo'e, contra. to love.

Loof, the palm of the hand.
Heaved on high my waukit loof.

Loosome, lovesome.
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers.

Loot, did let.
I never loot on that I kenned or I cared.

Loove, or *luve*, love; to *lo'e*, to love.

Losh, *man!* rustic exclamation, modified from "Lord, man!"

Loun, or *loon*, a low fellow, a ragamuffin; a strumpet.

Loun, sheltered, calm.
Some loun spot.

Loup, or *lowp*, to leap.
Spak o' louping o'er a lin.

Louper, like *lan'-louper*, a stranger of a suspected character.

Lout, or *loot*, to stoop down.

Lowin, flaming.
Boundless pit,
Filled fu' o' lowin brunstane.

Lowin-drouth, burning desire for drink.

Lowe, a flame.

Lowrie Burn, the St. Lawrence River.

Lowrie, or *tod lowrie*, the fox, abbreviations of Lawrence.

Lowse, to loose; *lowsed*, unbound, loosed.
An' lowsed his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl.

Luckie, mistress, matron, gudewife.
Haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing.

Lug, the ear; to drag out.
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired!

Lug of the law, at the ear of the judge, or near the court.

Lugget, having a handle or handles; dragged.

Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle, or two handles if large.

On the clean hearth-stone
The luggies three are ranged.

Lum, chimney; *lum-head*, chimney-top.

Till fuff! he started up the lum.

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lunt, flame, light, aroma; energy; as, "give me a lunt for my pipe."

Butter'd so'ns wi' fragrant lunt.
She puff'd her pipe wi' sic a lunt.

Luntin', in fire, glowing, smoking.

Wi' luntin' pipe and sneeshin' mull.

Luppen, leaped.

Lyart, of a mixed color, grey.

Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining.

M.

Mae, and *mair*, more.

Mony mae we hope to be.

Maggot's-meat, food for the worms.

Mahoun, Satan, false Prophet.

Ilka auld wife cries auld Mahoun!
I wish ye luck o' ye'r prize, man.

Mailen, a farm.

A weel-stockit mailen, himsel' for the laird.

Maist, most: as an adv., almost.

Maistly, mostly, for the greater part.

Mak, to make; *makin*, making.

Mally, Molly, Mary.

Mang, among.

Manse, the residence of a Presbyterian minister, a parsonage-house.

But faith, the birkie wants a manse.

Manteele, a mantle.

Mark, *merk*, a Scottish coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence. This, like many other Scotch words signifying money, weight or measure, is the same singular and plural, like English *sheep*, *deer*, &c.

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark.

Marled, party-colored.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare.

Mar's year, the year 1715. Called Mar's year from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.

Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire.

Martial chuck, the soldier's camp-follower.

Mashlum, mixed corn, messlin.

I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks.

Mask, to mash, as malt, &c., to infuse, as tea.

Maskin-pat, teapot.

And up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man.

Maukin, a hare.

Hunger'd maukins taen their way
To kail-yards green.

Maun, must; *maunna*, must not.

Maut, malt.

Mavis, the thrush.

The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest.

Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing.

Mawn, a basket without a handle, used for holding seed, &c.

We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn.

Maybe, perhaps.

Maybe in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais tak's a waft.

Meere, or *meare*, a mare.

Meikle, much.

And twice as meikle's a' that.

Melder, a load of corn, &c., sent to the mill to be ground.

Ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller.

Mell, a mallet.

Mell, to be intimate, to meddle.

Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell.

Melvie, to soil with meal.

Melvie his braw claithing.

Men', to mend.

Mense, good manners, decorum.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense.

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.

Merle, the blackbird.

Messan, or *messin*, a small dog, a mongrel.

A tinkler-gipsey's messin.

Middin, a dunghill.

Better stuff ne'er clawed a middin.

Middin-creels, panniers to carry manure in.

Middin-hole, the hollow or hole at the bottom of a dunghill.

Midge, a gnat.

By a thievish midge,
They had been nearly lost.

Milkin-shiel, a place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked, a shed, a sheltered place.

Mill, or *mull*, a snuff-box.

Luntin' pipe and sneeshin' mull.

Mim, prim, affectedly meek.

Up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim he's view'd it.

Mim-mou'd, gentle-mouthed, affectedly precise in speech.

Min', to remember: as a noun, remembrance.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brocht to min'?

Minawae, minuet.

Mind't, mind it: as a participle, minded, resolved, remembered.

Minnie, mother, dam.

When first I gaed to woo my Jennie,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie.

Mirk, dark: as a noun, darkness.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour.

Misca', to abuse, to call names.

Misca'd, abused in wrong language, slandered.

Russell sair misca'd her.

Mishanter, misadventure.

Thou's welcome wean! mishanter fa' me.

Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.

I wad be kittle to be mislear'd.

Miss, a lewd woman, a kept mistress.

Mis't, missed.

But mis't a fit, and in the pool,
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit.

Misteuk, mistook.

Mither, mother.

Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.

Mizzled, muzzled.

Nae hand-cuffed, mizzled, hap-shackled Regent.

Moistify, to moisten, to soak.

Mons-meg, a large piece of ordnance at the Castle of Edinburgh, composed of iron bars welded together and then hooped.

Mony, or *monie*, many.

Mools, earth, mold.

Worthy friends rak'd i' the mools.

Moop and mell, keep company with, associate with.

But ay keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'.

Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.

Morn, the next day, to-morrow.

Moss, a morass.

Moss-traversing spunkies.

Mottie, full of motes.

Mou', the mouth.

Rob, stowlins pried her bonnie mou'.

Moudiewort, a mole.

Whiles mice and moudieworts they howkit.

Mousie, diminutive of mouse.

Muckle, or *meikle*, great, big: as a noun, much.

Muir, a moor.

Munnig Begum, East Indian.

Muses'-stank, muses'-rill, or fountain.

Musie, diminutive of Muse.

Muslin-kail, broth composed of water, barley, and greens without butcher meat.

I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail.

Mutchkin, an English pint.

Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whissle.

Mysel, myself.

"*Mystic-knots*," entanglements made by the bridesmaids on the bride's night-dress, so complicated as to seem the work of the Devil.

N.

Na, no, not, nor.

Nae, or *na*, no, not any.

Naething, nothing.

Naig, a horse, a nag.

When I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord bethankit, I can beg.

Nane, none.

Nappy, strong ale.

Whyles twal penny worth o' nappy
Can make the bodies unco happy.

Natch, prick, sharp satire or abuse.

Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkins bauld.

Neglecket, or *negleckit*, neglected.

Neebor, or *neibor*, a neighbor.

Neuk, nook.

New-ca'd, newly-calved.

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake.

Nick, a name for the devil.

Nick, to indent, to cut into: as a noun, an indentation; as, on a cow's horn, showing her age; a cut or wound.

Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks.
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks.

Nicket, or *nickit*, cut, cut short or off.

The knife that nicket Abel's craig.
By fell death nearly nickit.

Nick-nackets, curiosities.

He has a rowth o' auld nick-nackets.

Niest, nighest, next.

Niest day, their life is past enduring.

Nieve, *nief*, the fist.

Nievefu', handful.

Their worthless nievefu' of a soul.

Niffer, an exchange: as a verb, to barter.

And shudder at the niffer.

Niger, a negro.

Nine-tail'd cat, the hangman's whip.

Nipperkin, a small tankard or drinking-cup.

Nit, a nut.

Nocht, nought.

Noddle, brain.

My barmie noddle's workin' fine.

Noosing, tying tightly.

Noosing with care a bursting purse.

Norland, belonging to the north.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie.

Notic't, noticed.

Nowte, nolt, oxen, black cattle.

To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowte.

O.

O', of.

Och! oh! *Ochone! ocheye!* exclamations of distress or longing.

Ochtlans, in any degree.

O'er, over.

O'ergang, to trespass, to surpass, to get the mastery of, to prove too much for.

O'erlay, an outside dress, an overall, an upper cravat.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay.

O'erword, refrain.

And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.

Ony, or *onie*, any.

Or, is often used for ere, before.

Orra, superfluous, not reckoned nor worth reckoning, unknown, strange; as, "orra folks." *Orra duddies*, superfluous clothing.

To drink their orra duddies.

O't, of it.

Oughtlins, anything, in the least.

If his groun oughtlins doucer.

Ourie, drooping, shivering.

I thought me on the ourie cattle.

Oursel, *oursels*, ourselves.

Out-cast, a quarrel.

A bitter, black out-cast.

Outler, outlying; an outlying animal.

The diel, or else an outler quey.

Ower, *owre*, or *ow'r*, over.

Owre-hip, striking, as with a forehammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip.

Brings hard owre-hip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer.

Owsen, oxen.

Owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowff and wearie.

Oxter, arm-pit.

Oxter'd, carried or supported under the arm.

P.

Pack, intimate, familiar.

Unco pack an' thick thegither.

Pack, twelve stones of wool.

Scores of lambs, and packs o' woo'.

Paidle, a gardener's implement.

The gardener wi' his paidle.

Paidle, *paidlin*, to walk with difficulty, as if in water, to paddle.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine.

Painch, paunch.

Paitrick, a partridge.

Rejoice, ye birrin paitricks a'.

Pang, to cram.

Pangs us fu' o' knowledge.

Park, a field.

Parle, courtship, or love-discourse.

Parishen, or *parichin*, parish.
The pride o' a' the parishin.

Parritch or *porritch*, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat, a pot.
Something held within the pat.

Pat, did put.

Pattle, or *pettle*, a small spade to clean the plough, a plough-staff.
Wi' murdering pattle.

Paughty, proud, haughty.
Yon paughty dog
That bears the keys o' Peter.

Paukie, cunning, sly.
Dear Smith, the sleeest, paukie thief.

Pay't, paid, beat.

Peat, turf used for fuel.

Peat-reek, smoke of peats; a sort of whisky with a flavor of the smoke.

Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in asthma; *pechin*, breathing short.
Up Parnassus pechin.

Pechan, or *peghan*, the crop, the stomach.
Ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan.

Pennie, riches; *penny-fee*, small money wages; *penny-wheep*, small beer.

Pet, a domesticated animal, &c., a favorite.

Pettle, to cherish.

Philabeg, the Highland kilt.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; as a verb, to flatter.

Phraisin, flattering.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it.

Pibroch, a martial air on the bagpipe.

Pickle, a small quantity, one grain of corn.
She gies the herd a pickle nits.

Pickle-herring, a clown, a Merry Andrew.

Pigmy-scraper, little fiddler; term of contempt for a bad player.

Pine, or *pyne*, pain, uneasiness.

Pingle, trouble, difficulty.

Pint-stowp, a four-gill measure.

Pit, to put.
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in.

Placads, placards, public proclamation.
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads.

Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny.
Nae howdie gets a social night or plack frae them.

Plackless, pennyless, without money.
Poor plackless devils.

Plaiden, or *plaiding*, a kind of cloth.

Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.

Plaister, to plaster.
Her broken shins to plaister.

Plaitie, diminutive of plat

Plea, a disagreement.

Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.

Pliskie, a trick.
Deil nor they never mair do good
Play'd her that pliskie.

Pliver, plover.
To spit him like a pliver.

Poacher-Court, Kirk Session.

Pock, a meal-bag.
They toom'd their pocks an' pawn'd their duds.

Poind, to seize cattle, &c., for debt, to distrain.
Apprehend them, poind their gear.

Poortith, poverty.
Constantly on poortith's brink.

Posie, a nosegay, a garland.
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

Pou, to pull; *pow'd*, pulled.

Pouch, pocket; *pouchie*, diminutive of pouch.
But just the pouchie put the nieve in.

Pouk, to pluck.
The weans haud their fingers laughin
And pouk my hips.

Poupit, pulpit.
Ye ministers, come mount the poupit.

Pouse, a push.
I gie their wames a random pouse.

Poussie, a hare or cat.

Pout, a polt, a chick.
And the wee pouts begin to cry.

Pow't, did pull.

Pouther'd, powdered.
Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie.

Poutherie, fiery, active, like gunpowder.

Pouthery, like powder, or drift.

Pow, the head, the skull.

Pownie, a little horse, a pony.

Powther, or *pouther*, gunpowder.

Preclair, supereminent, angelically fair.

Preen, a pin.
Prent, printing: as a verb, to print.
Prie, to taste; *prie'd*, tasted.
Rab and Allan cam' to prie.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to huckster, to haggle, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Priggin o'er hops and raisins.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Proves, provost, the Scottish equivalent of mayor.
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie.
Pu', to pull.
And a' to pu' a posie for my ain dear May.
Puddock-stool, a fungus of the mushroom kind.
Sprout like simmer puddock-stools.
Pulvilised, scented with powder.
Pund, pound; *pund o' tow*, pound weight of the fibre of flax. See *Tow*.
Pyet, a magpie.
Pyke, to pick.
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke.
Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff.
The cleanest corn that ere was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in't.
'Pystle, epistle.

Q.

Quaick, cry of a duck.
An eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick.
Quarter-basin, a basin for carrying meal.
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter-basin.
Quat, to quit, quitted.
Quauk, to quake; *quaukin*, quaking.
Quech, or *quaich*, a drinking-cup with two ear-handles.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.
Quines, queans, young women.
Quo', quoth.
My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest.

R.

Rad, afraid.
I'm rad ye've got a stang.
Rade, rode.
Whare'er I gaed, whare'er I rade.
Ragged, rugged, rough.
A ragged cowt's been known
To mak' a noble aiver.
Ragweed, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle out confusedly.
Orthodoxy raibles.
Rair, to roar; *rairin*, or *roarin*, roaring.
Raise, rose.
Till Suthrons raise, and coost their claes.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee.
Ramfeezled, fatigued, overpowered.
The tapetless, ramfeezled hizzie.
Ramgunshoch, ill-tempered, rugged.
Our ramgunshoch, glum gudeman.
Rampin, or *rampaugin*, raging.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Randie, a scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew: as an adj., scolding, coarse, rough.
Randie, gangrel bodies.
Rant, a frolic, a jollification.
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Rantin, joyous, frolicsome.
Rantin, rambling billies.
Rantingly, frolicsomely.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he.
Rape, or *raep*, a rope.
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse.
Raploch, coarse cloth woven at Raploch, near Stirling: as an adj., coarse.
Though rough and raploch be her measure.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue.
Raught, or *rax'd*, reached.
The auld guidman raught doun the pock.
Raw, a row, a column.
Rax, to stretch, to reach out.
A' ye wha leather rax and draw.

Ream, cream: as a verb, to cream or froth.

The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream.

Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, or *rieve*, take by force.
Rebute, repulse, rebuke, rebuff.

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute.

Reck, to heed.
Red, or *rede*, counsel: as a verb, to counsel, to discourse.

I red ye weel, tak' care o' skaith.
And may ye better reck the rede.

Red-peats, burning turfs.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe soles.
Red-wud, stark mad.

A damned, red-wud, kilbirnie blastie.

Ree, half drunk, fuddled, wild.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking; *reekit*, smoked.

Reekin on a New Year's mornin.

Reel, the little spinning-wheel; also, a well-known Scotch dance: as a verb, to dance.

O, leeze me on my rock and reel.
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit.

Reestit, stood, defeated; stunted, withered.

In cart or car thou never reestit.

Reft, torn, ragged.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Restricket, restricted.
Rew, to take pity on, to repent.
Rhyming-proof, capable of resisting all inclination to write rhymes.
Rickles, shocks of corn, stooks.

Nor kick your rickles aff their legs.

Riddle, instrument for separating the short straws from the corn.
Rief, or *reef*, plenty.
Rief-randies, men who take the property of others, accompanied by violence and rude words.
Rig, a ridge, a back.
Riggin, the rafters, the roof.

Rattons squeak about the riggin.

Rigwoodie, withered, sapless.

Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal.

Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.

Up the rink like Jehu roar.

Rip, or *ripp*, a handful of unthreshed corn.

Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie.

Ripple, attack of sickness causing weakness.

Now she's got an unco ripple.

Ripplin-kame, instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, noting a noise like the tearing of roots.

Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit.

Riskit, ventured.
Rive, to tear, to pull greedily to one's self; to burst.

Then auld guidman maist like to rive.

Rock, or *roke*, the distaff.
Rockin, friendly evening gathering.—In former times young women with their "rocks" met during the winter evenings, to sing, and spin, and be merry; these were called "rockings."

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin.

Rood, the fourth of an acre of land; the singular form stands likewise for the plural, roods. See *Mark*.
Rood, or *rude*, the cross; as, "Holyrood."
Roon, a shred, selvage of woollen cloth.
Roose, to praise: as a noun, praise; *toom roose*, empty boast.

To roose you up and ca' you guid.

Roosty, rusty.

And draws a roosty rapier.

Roun', round, in circle of neighborhood.
Roup, sale by auction.
Roupet, or *roupit*, hoarse, as with a cold.

Alas, my roupet Muse is hearse.

Rousing, great.
Row, or *rowe*, to roll, to wrap; to row with oars.

In mony a torrent doun his snaw-broo rowes.

Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, plenty.

And rowth o' rhyme to rave at will.

Rowthie, or *routhie*, well-filled, abundant.

A rowthie but, a routhie ben.

Rowtin, lowing.

The kye stood rowtin i' the loan.

Rozet, rosin.

Rue, a well-known plant, the emblem of repentance: as a verb, to repent, to have ruth or pity on.

Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme.
I rue the day I sought her, O.

Rumble-garie, a rambling or roving person.

Rumble-gumption, rough common sense.

Run-deils, downright devils.

Rung, a cudgel.

She's just a devil wi' a rung.

Runkled, wrinkled.

Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.

Runts o' grace, the pick an' wale.

Ruth, a woman's name, compassion.

Ryke, reach; *raught*, reached.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear.

S.

S' for *has*.

Sab, a sob.

Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began.

Sae, so.

Saft, soft.

Sair, sore.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters.

Sair, to serve.

Sairie, sorrowful, poor, silly.

Sairly, sorely, much.

Sair't, served.

Sands, to take the, to abscond, to hide.

Sang, a song.

Sannock, Alexander.

Singin' Sannock

Sappy, plump, juicy.

Sark, a shirt; *sarket*, provided in shirts.

There's some sark necks I wad draw tight.

Sauce, scorn, insolence.

Saugh, willow.

Saugh-woodies, withies made of willows.

I'd thraw saugh-woodies ere they'd want.

Saul, soul.

Saumont, or *sawmont*, salmon.

Saunt, saint; *sauntet*, dead and glorified.

Saut, salt; *sautet*, salted.

Saut-backets, salt-buckets.

Parritch-pats and auld saut-backets.

Saw, to sow; *sawin*, sowing.

Sawnie, Sandy, Alexander, sometimes Satan.

Sax, six; *saxty*, sixty.

Saxpence, sixpence.

Hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock.

Scaithe, or *skaith*, to injure, to hurt, to damage: as a noun, injury, damage.

The Deil he couldna' scaithe thee.

Scandal-potion, tea.

Scant, scarce.

Scantling, very small.

Scar, to scare.

Scaud, to scald.

Scauld, to scold; *scawl*, a scold.

Scaur, scar, apt to be scared, frightened.

Neither lag, nor lame, nor blate, nor scaur.

Scaur, scar, a precipitous bank of rock or earth.

Scho, she.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt ye, Sir.

Scone, a kind of bread, flat cake.

Souple scones, the wale o' food.

Scone-bonnet, a flat bonnet, like a scone.

Sconner, or *scunner*, to loathe: as a noun, loathing.

Yill and whisky gie to cairds
Until they sconner.
Wad mak' her spew wi' perfect sconner.

Scraich, to scream, as a hen or partridge.

Screed, a rent, a large portion.

Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
O' a' the ten comman's
A screed . . .

Screed, to tear, to repeat glibly.

He'll screed you aff effectual calling.

Scriechin', screeching.

Scriechin' out prosaic prose.

Scrieve, to glide swiftly and gleesomely along.

Scrievin, as an adverb, gleesomely and rapidly.

The wheels of life gae down hill scrievin.

Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*, scant, scanty.

To mak' amends for scrimpet stature.

Scrimply, scantily, barely.
Half a leg was scrimply seen.

Scroggie, covered with underwood.
Amang the braes so scroggie.

Sculduddrie, loose talk; fornication.

Seizin, seizing.

Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.

Sell't, did sell.

Semple, humble, in low-born station.
Gentle or semple.

Sen', to send.

Servan', servant.

Set, to face in a dance.
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit.

Set by, to regard.

Sets, sets off, goes away; fits, becomes.
His only son for Hornbook sets.

Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness.

Shachl't, or *shauchl't*, misshapen.
How her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet.

Shaird, a shred, a shard.
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them.

Shangan, or *shangin*, a stick cleft at one end attached to the tail of a dog, &c., by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
He'll clap a shangan on her tail.

Shank it, walk it; *shanks*, legs.
My travel, a' on foot I'll shank it.

Shaul, shallow.
There's Duncan deep, and Peebles shaul.

Shaver, a barber, a humorous wag.
He was an unco' shaver.

Shavie, an ill turn, a trick.
That play'd the dame a shavie.

Shaw, a wooded dell.
Yon birken shaw.

Shaw, to show.

Shear, to reap, to cut grain with a sickle.

Shearer, a reaper.

Sheen, bright, shining.

Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.

Sheers, shears, scissors.
Monie a year come through the sheers.
The mother wi' her needle and her sheers.

Sherra-muir, Sheriff-Muir, the famous battle of, 1715.
Ae hairst, afore the Sherra-muir.

Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.

Sheuk, shook.
He ended, and the kebars sheuk.

Shiel, shealing, a shepherd's cottage.
The swallow jinkin roun' my shiel.

Shill, shrill, clear and sharp in sound.

Shin, ankle.
Stand out, the brunt side o' my shin.

Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
An' gied the infant warld a shog.

Shool, a shovel.
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, to offer, to give; to threaten.
Shore him weel wi' hell.

Shor'd, gave, offered, threatened.

Shot, a tavern-bill, lawing.

Shot, one traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.

Shouther, the shoulder.

Shure, shore, cut grain.
Robin shure in hair'st.

Sib, related: "owre sib," too closely related for marriage.

Sic, such; *sic-like*, such as.

Sicker, sure, steady.

Siclike, suchlike.
Baring a quarry and siclike.

Side, a district.
Kintra side.

Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Ironic satire sidelins sklented.

Sidlin', or *sidling*, going to a side, as from modesty.
I sidling sheltered in a nook.

Silken snood, a fillet of silk, a token of virginity.

Siller, silver, money: as an adj., white.
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller.

Simmer, summer.

Sin, a son.

Sin', since.

Sindry, sundry.
As I hear sindry say.

Sinn, the sun.
Sinsyne, since then.
Skaith. See *Scaithe*.
Skeigh, saucily shy, coy, disdainful.
Looked asklent and unco skeigh.
Skellie, to squint.
Skellum, a blockhead, a worthless fellow, a wiseacre.
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk or ride at a smart rate, to hurry: as a noun, a smart stroke.
Tam skelpit on through dub an' mire.
Skelpin, striking, walking rapidly.
Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Ye little skelpie-limmer's face.
Skelvy, shelving.
The skelvy rocks.
Skiegh, proud, nice, saucy, mettled.
Looked asklent and unco skiegh.
Skinkin, thin, like soup-meagre.
Skinklin, a sprinkling, a small portion: as an adjective, showy and meagre.
His skinklin patches o' heathen tatters.
Skirl, to cry, to shriek shrilly: as a noun, a shriek.
Skirl up the Bangor.
Skirlin, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Sklented on the man of Uz.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, vent, free action.
To gie their malice skouth.
Skreigh, *skriegh*, a scream: as a verb, to scream; the first cry uttered by a child.
Skyrin, party-colored, the checks of the tartan, showy.
Skyrin tartan trews.
Skyte, a sharp, oblique stroke.
Hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte.
Slade, did slide.
Slade cannie to her bed.
Slae, sloe.
As sour as ony slaes.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
At slaps the billies halt a bit.

Slap, unawares, unexpected.
Till slap, comes in an unco loon.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *slee'st*, slyest.
Sleeket, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba'.
Slight, art, sleight, dexterity.
O, Willie was a wanton wight,
And had o' things an unco slight.
Slip-shod, loose shod.
Sloken, to quench, to slake.
Their hydra-drouth did sloken.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet-o'er, fell over, as above.
Rair't and risket and slypet-o'er.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, mettle, sense, mercurial powder.
Fell, red smeddum.
Smeek, smoke.
Filled wi' hoast-provoking smeek.
Smiddy, smithy.
Smirking, good-natured, smiling.
Smit, to infect, contagion.
Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*, smothered.
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brunstane reek.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene; *smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.
Smytrie, a numerous brood of small individuals.
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans.
Snap, smart.
Nae snap conceits.
Snapper, to stumble.
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate, impertinence.
A factor's snash.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, the latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh-woodies.
Sned besoms, to cut brooms.
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-mill*, snuff-box.
Snell and *snelly*, bitter, biting.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours.

Snick-drawing, trick-contriving; stealthily entering houses for plunder; the dishonest practice of scraping the natural ridges from cow's horns, to conceal their age.

But you! ye auld snick-drawing rogue!

Snirt, snirtle, concealed laughter.

He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve.

Snod, neat.

Snood, a fillet or ribbon for the hair. See *Silken snood*.

Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery: as a verb, to submit tamely, to humiliate or submit.

O'er proud to snool.

Snoove, to go smoothly and creepingly.

I snoov'd awa before the Session.

Snorin, snoring.

Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog.

Snowkit, scented, snuffed.

Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit.

Sobbin, or *sabbin*, sobbing.

Sodger, or *soger*, a soldier.

Sodgerin', soldiering.

Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly.

His honest, sonsie, bawsn't face.

Soom, to swim.

Let posts and pensions sink or soom.

Soor, sour.

Nae poisoned, soor, Arminian tank.

Sort, to arrange or settle, to get along.

How I did wi' the session sort.

Sough. See *Sugh*.

Souk, to suck, to drink long at a time.

Souple, flexible, swift; *soupl'd*, suppled.

Souple scones the wale o' food.

Souter, a shoemaker.

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny.

Sowens, or *so'ns*, the fine flour remaining among the seeds of oatmeal, boiled and strained; this is a favorite Scots dish.

Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.

Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,

Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.

We'll sit and sowth a tune.

Sowther, to solder.

Then sowther a' in deep debauches.

Spae, to prophesy, to divine.

For him to spae your fortune.

Spails, chips, splinters.

Smash them! crash them, a' to spails.

Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.

Spairges aboot the brunstane cootie.

Spairin, sparing.

Spak, did speak.

Spate, speat, a sudden flood after rain, &c.

Spaul, the shoulder. "*Splent on spaul*," armor on shoulder.

Spavie, spavin.

Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie.

Spavit, having the spavin.

Spean, to wean.

Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal.

Speel, to climb.

Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield.

Spence, the country parlor.

Spier, to ask, to inquire; *spier't*, inquired.

Spinnin-graith, wheel and roke and lint.

Splatter, to splutter: as a noun, a splutter.

Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch.

Deil mak' his king's-hood in a spleuchan.

Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.

Spontoon, a sort of half-pike carried by officers in the army.

Sprachl'd, scrambled.

Sprattle, to scramble.

Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled.

Spret, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes, jointed-leaved rush.

Spretty, full of sprets.

Till spretty knowes wad rair'd and risket.

Spring, quick air in music.

I've played mysel' a bonie spring.

Sprush, spruce.

His bonnet he . . cock'd sprush.

Spunk, a match, fire, mettle, wit.

We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion,
Like oil some day.

Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus; the devil.

Spurtle, a stick used in making porridge; *spurtle-blade*, the sword.

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade.

Squad, a crew or party, a squadron.

Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.

Squattle, to sprawl.

Squeel, a scream, a screech: as a verb, to scream.

Stable-meal, liquor consumed in an inn by way of paying for attention to their horses.

Stacher, to stagger, to make way eagerly.

Except when drunk he stachert through it.

Stack, a rick of corn, hay, peats, &c.

Stack, stuck.

The grey hairs yet stack to the heft.

Stackyard, barnyard.

Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard.

Staggie, diminutive of stag.

Staig, a two-year-old horse.

Stalwart, stately, strong.

Stampin, stamping.

Stan', a pause: as a verb, to stand; *wad stan't*, would have stood.

It seemed to make a kind o' stan'.
He wad stan't as glad to see him.

Stane, a stone; a weight of wool, &c., varying for different articles, but generally ranging from 16 to 17½ lbs.

Stang, to sting: as preterite, stung: as a noun, a sting. "*Ye've got a stang.*"

But for how lang the flie may stang.

Stank, a pool of standing water, slow-moving water.

I never drank the Muse's stank.

Stank, did stink.

Stap, to stop.

Ye're maybe come to stap my breath.

Stapple, a plug or stopper; also the tube of a tobacco-pipe.

Stark, stout, potent.

Starn, a star.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns.

Startle, to run, as cattle stung by the gadfly.

Staukin, stalking, walking with dignity.

Staumrel, half-witted.

Staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry.

Staw, a surfeit: as a verb, to surfeit.

Olio, that wad staw a sow.

Staw, did steal.

Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods.

Stechin', cramming, panting with repletion.

Tho' the gentry first are stechin'.

Steek, a stitch.

Through the steeks
The yellow-lettered Geordie keeks.

Steek, to shut.

Sages their solemn e'en may steek.

Steer, to molest, to stir, to rouse.

Steeve, firm, compacted.

Stegh, to cram the belly; *steghin*, cramming.

Stell, a still—commonly a smuggler's.

Sten, a leap or bound.

Foaming strang wi' hasty stens.

Sten, to rear, as a horse; to leap suddenly.

Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit.

Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.

Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.

The steyest hill, thou wad hae faced it.

Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.

Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen.

Stick-an'-stow, totally, altogether.

Folk thought them ruined stick-an'-stowe.

Stilt, a crutch: as a verb, to limp, to halt.

He'll hilch, and stilt, and jump.

Stilts, poles for crossing a river.

Stimpart, the eighth part of a bushel.

A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane.

Stinkin, foul smelling.

Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.

Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbages.

Stock and horn, a shepherd's pipe. See Burns's Arms.

Stockin, stocking; *throwing the stockin*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that is to be married.

Stoiter, to stagger.

He stoitered up and made a face.

Stook, a shock of corn, twelve sheaves.

Stoor, hollow sounding, hoarse, austere, stern; as, "*a carlin stoor and grim.*"

Storm-staid, detained by the storm.

Stot, an ox.

Forbid it every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot.

Stound, sudden pang.

Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of high narrow jug or dish with a handle, for holding liquids.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup.

Stour, austere. See *Stoor*.

Stoure, or *stowr*, dust in motion; *stowrie*, dusty.

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure.

Stown, stolen; *stownlins*, by stealth.

Rab, stownlins, pried her bonie mou'.

Stoyte, to stumble.

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way.

Strack, did strike.

The auld kirk-hammer strack the bell.

Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.

Straik, to stroke; *straiket*, stroked.

Straik her cannie wi' the hair.

Strang, strong.

Foaming strang wi' hasty stens.

Strappin, tall, handsome, vigorous.

Strath, low alluvial land, a holm.

Strathspey, a dance, a dance-music.

Straught, straight.

Stravagin, wandering without an aim.

Streek, to stretch; *streekit*, stretched.

Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank.

Striddle, to straddle.

Stroan't, spouted, pissed.

An' stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

Stroup, the spout.

Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to "*tak' the strunts*," to take offence.

Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'.

Strunt, to walk sturdily and conceitedly.

I canna' say but ye strunt rarely.

Studdie, the anvil.

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel.

Stude, stood.

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.

Stump, to walk.

Stumpie, diminutive of stump; a grub pen.

Sturt, to molest, to vex.

The less they hae to sturt them.

Sturt, trouble; *sturtin*, affrighted.

Styme, a glimmer of light, the faintest form of any object.

I scarce could wink or see a styme.

Sucker, sugar.

Sud, *shou'd*, should.

Sugh, the continued sighing of wind or water, or of trees in motion.

The clanging sugh o' whistlin' wings.

Sumph, a pluckless fellow, with little heart or soul.

Sune, soon.

For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em.

Suthron, Southern, an old name for an Englishman.

Swaird, sward; the smooth grass.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, stately, jolly.

A filly buirdly, steere, and swank.

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.

There, swankies young in braw braidclaith.

Swap, an exchange: as a verb to barter, to coup.

Hae a swap o' rhyming-ware.

Swarf'd, swooned.

For fear amaist did swarf, man

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces.

Swats, drink, new ale or wort.

Wi' reamin swats that drank divinely.

Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.

Swith, or *swith awa*, get away, quick be off.

Swith, to the Laigh Kirk ane an' a'.

Swither, to hesitate in choice: as a noun, irresolute wavering in choice.

Their bauldest thoughts a' hankering swither.

Swoor, or *swure*, swore, did swear.

Swurd, a sword.

Sybow, a thick-necked onion.

A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Syne, since, ago, then.

Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

T.

Tack, a lease, possession.

Poland, who had now the tack o't?

Tackets, broad-headed nails for the soles and heels of shoes.

Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets.

Tae, a toe, a prong.

Taed, toed.

A three-taed leister.

Taed, a toad.

Sprawlin' as a taed.

Taen, taken.

Taet, or *teat*, a small quantity.

Wi' taets o' hay, and ripps o' corn.

Tairge, a targe, a shield.

Tairge, to cross-question, examine severely.

I on the questions tairge them tightly.

Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.

Tangle, a sea-weed used as salad.

Tangs, tongs.

Like a sheep-head on a tangs.

Tap, the filling of the rock of the spinning-wheel.

Tap, the top; *tap-pickle*, highest on the ear of corn; virginity.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

The tapetless, ramfeezled hizzie.

Tapmost, topmost.

The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

Tappit-hen, the largest measure of whisky usually ordered in taverns, a mutchkin.

The tappit-hen gae bring her ben.

Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.

Warly cares and warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie.

Targe, targe them tightly, cross-question them severely.

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.

And I hae seen their coggie fou'
That yet hae tarrow'd at it.

Tarry-breeks, a sailor.

Tassie, a drinking-cup, generally of silver, a pledge-cup.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a cow, horse, &c.).

Hamely, tawie, quiet, and cannie.

Tawpie, a foolish, thoughtless young person (spoken commonly of a girl).

Gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools.

Tawted, or *tawtie*, matted together (spoken of hair and wool).

Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er so duddy.

Teen, provocation, vexation.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen.

Teethin a heckle, putting new spikes or teeth in a heckle.

Teethless bawtie, toothless cur.

Teethless gab, a mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.

Temper-pin, the pin for tempering or regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel.

And ay she shook the temper-pin.

Tenebrific, dark.

Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to the horse before bed-time; from 8 P.M. till 6 A.M. is 10 hours.

Tent, a field pulpit.

Tent, to attend to, to mark: as a noun, heed, care.

Tent me billy,
I red ye weel, take care o' skaith.
I stacher'd whiles, but yet took tent ay.

Tentie, heedful, cautious.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e.

Tentless, heedless, careless.

Tester, six-penny piece.

Teugh, tough.

Teughly, toughly.

Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang

Teuk, took.

They mind't na' wha the chorus teuk.

Thack, thatch; *thack an' raep*, thatch and rope; figuratively, all kinds of necessaries, particularly lodging and clothing. "*Thack and rape secure the toil-won crap.*"

Thae, those; distinct from *they*.

If that thae news be true.

Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

McLaughlin, thairm-inspiring sage.

Thanket, or *thankit*, thanked.

Theekit, thatched.

A' the vittle i' the yard,
An' theekit right.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thieveless, spiteful, cold, forbidding, slack.

Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien.

Thigger, prowl about; beg: as a noun, a seeker of alms, a sorner.

If the wives an' dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors and yetts.

Thinkin, thinking.

Thir, these; opposed to *thae*, those.

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair.

Thirl, to thrill; to bind to a bargain.

Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated; bound.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

How they maun thole a factor's snash.

Thowe, a thaw: as a verb, to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Conscience, says I, ye thowless jade.

Thrang, throng, busy: as a noun, a crowd.

Twa dogs that werena' thrang at hame.

Thrapple, throat, windpipe.

See how she fetches at the thrapple.

Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn.

A daimen-icker in a thrave.

Thraw, a twist, a contradiction, a throe.

Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.

Thrawin, twisting; *thrawn*, twisted.

Threap, or *threep*, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk.

Threshin, thrashing; *threshin-tree*, a flail.

Thretteen, thirteen; *thretty*, thirty.

Thrissle, thistle.

Paint Scotland greetin' ow'r her thrissle.

Through, to go on with, to make out.

Throuther, or *through-ither*, pell-mell, confusedly.

Till skelp-a-shot they're aff a' throuther.

Thrum, sound of a spinning-wheel in motion; thread at end of a web.

Thud, to make a thumping noise: as a noun, a thump, a hard blow.

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds.

Thumart, foumart, polecat.

Thumpit, thumped; did beat.

Thysel, thyself.

Tight, strong, active.

He should been tight that daur't to raize thee.

Tightly, severely.

On the questions, tairge them tightly.

Till't, to it; *fa' till't*, begin.

And, Lord, if ance they pit her till't.

Timmer, timber; a tree.

Timmer-prop't, supported by timber.

Was timmer-prop't for thrawin.

Tine, or *tyne*, to lose, or be lost; *tint*, lost.

May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist.

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tip, or *toop*, a tup, a ram.

She was nae get o' moorland tips.

Tippence, twopence, money.

Tippeny, beer costing two pence a bottle.

Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil.

Tipper-taiper, to walk on tip-toe.

Tirl, to ring a bell.

We tirled at your door.

Tirl, to uncover.

Tirl the hallions to the birses.

Tirlin, uncovering; *tirlet*, uncovered.

Tither, the other.

Tittie, sister.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie.

Tittle, to whisper, to prate idly.

Tittlin, whispering and laughing

Here sits a raw o' tittlin jades.

Tocher, marriage portion; *tocher bands*, marriage bonds.

My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

Tod, a fox; *Tod i' the fauld*, fox in the fold.

Frae dogs, an' tods, and butcher's knives.

Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child; *todlen-dow*, toddling dove.

To-fa', a building added, a lean-to, a place of refuge; *to-fa' o' the nicht*, when twilight darkens into night; *pron.* tu-fa (French u).

Too, also; *pron.* with sound of French u.

Toom, empty; *toomed*, emptied.

Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whissle.

Toop, a ram.

Tosie, warm and soft.

Tosie, warm and ruddy with strong liquor.

Toss, a toast.

The toss o' Ecclefechan.

Toun. Same as *Town*.

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet: as a verb, to blow a horn or trumpet.

The Lord's own trumpet touts.

Touzle, to ruffle in romping; *touzling*, romping, ruffling the clothes.

For touzling a lass i' my daffin.

Tow, flax-fibre, beat out from *lint* or flax-stalks; hence, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Town, or *toun*, a hamlet, a farm-house.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him.

Towsie, rough, shaggy.

His towsie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black.

Toy, an old fashion of female head-dress.

On an auld wife's flannen toy.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

We'll toyte about wi' ane anither.

Tozie, tipsy.

The tozie drab.

Trams, shafts; *barrow trams*, the handles of a barrow.

Transmugrify'd, metamorphosed, transformed into brute-being.

Trashtrie, trash, rubbish.

Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic-like trashtrie.

Trews, trowsers.

Tartan trews.

Trickie, or *tricksie*, full of tricks.

Trig, spruce, neat.

The lads, sae trig.

Trimly, cleverly, excellently, in a seemly manner.

Trinklin, trickling, as rain-drops or tears.

Trinle, the wheel of a barrow.

Trintle, to roll, to trundle.

Troggers, wandering merchants.

Troggin, goods to truck or dispose of.

Wha will buy my troggin?

Troke, to barter, to exchange.

Wi' you nae friendship I will troke.

Trow, to believe, to trust to.

Trowth, truth; a petty oath.

Trump, a jews-harp.

Tryst, or *tryste*, appointment, love-meeting, meeting-place; market to which cattle are driven from a distance.

I gaed to the tryste at Dalgarnock.

Tug, raw hide, of which in old time plough-traces were frequently made.

Tug, or *tow*, either in leather or rope.

As e'er in tug or tow was drawn.

Tulyie, a quarrel: as a verb, to quarrel, to fight.

Latin splutter in logic tulyie.

Tumbler-wheels, the wheels of a kind of low cart.

Twa, two; *twa-fald*, twofold, bent; sometimes spelled *twae*.

'Twad, it would.

Twal, twelve; *twal penny worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth. N. B. — One penny English is 12*d*. Scotch.

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

Twal-pint Hawkie, a cow yielding 12 pints at one milking.

Twalt, the twelfth.

Would play anither Charles the Twalt.

Twalt-hundred, like seventeen hundred, are technical terms denoting the quality of linen cloth.

Twang, twinge.
Through my lugs gies monie a twang.
Twa-three, a few, two or three.
Racer Jess and twa-three ——s.
Twin, or *twine*, to part with, to give up, to bereave.
Has twined ye o' your stately trees.
Twine, to twist.
Twistle, a twist, twisting, the art of making a rope.
The Lord's cause ne'er got sic a twistle.
Tyke, a dog.
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie.
Tysday, Tuesday.

U.

Unback'd filly, a young mare hitherto unsaddled.
Unce, an ounce.
Unchancy, dangerous.
They're worse and mair unchancy.
Unco, strange, uncouth, very great, prodigious.
An' unco tales an' funny jokes.
Unco, as an adverb, very, uncommonly; "*unco pack an' thick thegither*," very intimate and friendly.
Uncos, news; strange things; strangers.
Each tells the uncos that he hears or sees.
Undoin, undoing, ruin.
Unfauld, unfold.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, uncertain, wavering, insecure.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie.
Unweeting, unwotting, involuntary.
Upo', upon.
Usquebae, water of life, whisky.
Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil.

V.

Valentine's dealing, drawing of names by lot on St. Valentine's day.
Vap'rin, vaporing, boasting idly.
Vauntie, joyous, with a delight which cannot contain itself.
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
Vittle, victuals, provender, crop.
An' a' the vittle in the yard.
Vogie, vain.
And vow but I was vogie!

W.

Wa', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
There a batch o' wabster lads.
Wad, marry.
And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow.
Wad, to bet: as a noun, a bet, a pledge.
I'll wad a groat he gets his fairin.
Wad, would; *wad a haen*, would have had.
Wad hae spent an hour caressin'.
There's Meg o' the mailin, that fain wad a haen him.
Wadna, would not.
Wadset, land on which money is lent, a mortgage.
Here's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth.
Wae, woe; *waefu'*, sorrowful, wailing.
Waefu'-woodie, hangman's rope.
Waesucks! wae's me! alas! O the pity!
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass.
Wae-worth, woe betide.
Wae-worth that brandy, burning trash.
Wa'-flower, the wall-flower.
The wa'-flower scents the dewy air.
Waft, woof; the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web.
Ne'er mind how fortune waft and warp.
Wage, compete, combat.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Waifs an' crocks, stray sheep and old ewes past breeding.
Wha will tent the waifs an' crocks?
Wair, or *ware*, to lay out, to expend.
Wair'd on, spent upon, bestowed.
Wale, choice: as a verb, to choose.
He's waled us out a true ane.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade.

Walie! an exclamation of distress.

O wallie! walie! up yon bank.

Wallop, to struggle convulsively; to whip.

Or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow.

Wame, the belly. "*Fient a wame it had ava.*"

Food fills the wame and keeps us livin'.

Wamefu', a bellyful.

Wan, won, earned.

The dearest siller that ever I wan.

Wanchansie, unlucky.

That vile, wanchansie thing—a rape.

Wanrest, *wanrestfu'*, restless, unrestful.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

The best wark-lume i' the house.

Warl', or *warld*, the world.

Warld's-worm, a miser.

Warlock, a wizard; *warlock-knowe*, a knoll where warlocks once held tryste.

I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

Warly, worldly, eager in amassing wealth.

Awa, ye selfish warly race.

Warp, to prepare the warp for the loom.

Warran', a warrant: as a verb, to warrant.

Warsl'd, or *warstl'd*, wrestled.

Warsle, or *warstle*, to wrestle.

Warst, worst.

Wastlin. See *Westlin.*

Wastrie, prodigality.

Little short o' downright wastrie.

Wat, or *weet*, wet.

Wat, I wat, I know, I wot.

Water, a river.

The water o' Ayr.

Water-brose, brose made simply of meal and water, without milk, butter, &c. Called also *dramach.*

Wat-shod, wet-shod.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waucht, or *waught*, a copious drink, a bumper. "*A richt gude-willie waught,*" a drink taken with mutual good-will.

Wauk, to awake.

I dream of one that never wauks.

Wauket, thickened as fullers do cloth, toil-hardened.

Heaved on high my wauket loof.

Waukin, waking, watching.

Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

Her waukrife minnie.

Waur, worse: as a verb, to worst; *waur't*, worsted, vanquished.

Faith he'll waur me.

Wean, or *weanie*, a child.

A smytrie o' wee duddie weans.

Wearie, exhausted; *mony a wearie body*, many a kind of person.

Wear the plaid, to be a shepherd; fig., to be a pastor.

Weary-fa', a curse.

Weary-widdle, toilsome contest of life.

Weason, weasand, windpipe.

Mony daily wet their weason
Wi' liquors nice.

Weavin the stockin, to knit stockings.

Wecht, weight, solidity.

Wee, little; *wee bit*, a small matter.

Our whipper-in wee blastit wonner.

Weeder-clips, instrument for removing weeds.

I've turned my weeder-clips aside,
To save the emblem dear.

Weeds, dress, apparel.

Widow's weeds.

Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.

Weel-faur'd, or *faurt*, well-favored.

Weel-gaun, well-going.

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill.

Weel-kent, well-known.

You'll easy draw a weel-kent face.

Weepers, strips of muslin stretched on the cuffs of a coat or gown, a token of fresh mourning.

Weet, rain, wetness: as a verb, to wet.

Weird, fate.

We'se, we shall.

Westlin, or *wastlin*, western.

In hamely westlin jingle.

Wether, a sheep two or three years old.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze.
Thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle.

Whalpet, whelped.

Wham, whom.

Whang, a leathern thong, a thick slice of cheese, bread, &c.
Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang.

Whang, to beat, to give the strap, pads.
Gloriously he'll whang her.

Whar, *whare*, where; *whare'er*, wherever.

Whase, whose; *wha's*, who is.

What-reck, nevertheless.

Whatt, whetted, cut.
An' took my jocteleg and whatt it.

Whaup, the curlew or screamer; *a whaup's i' the nest*, a child is on the way.
But now a rumor's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest.

Whaur'll, where will.
Whaur'll our gudeman be?

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk, to toss over; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
O rare! to see your elbucks wheep.

Whid, the motion of a hare running, but not frighted; a lie.

Whiddin, playfully running as a hare or coney.
An' morning poussie whiddin seen.

Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

Whilk, which.

Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Of ony whiggish, whingin sot.

Whins, furze-bushes.
She tro' the whins an' by the cairn.

Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.

Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.

Whisk, to sweep, to lash.

Whisket, or *whiskit*, lashed; the motion of a horse's tail removing flies.

Whiskin beard, a beard like the whiskers of a cat.

Whissle, a whistle: as a verb, to whistle.

Whissle, whistle, to change money.
I gat the whissle o' my groat.

Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Syne we'll sit down and tak' our whitter.

Whittle, a knife.

Whunstane, a whinstone.

Whup, a whip.
Just like a cadger's whup.

Whyles, or *whiles*, sometimes.
Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit.

Wi', with.

Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
To guard or draw or wick a bore.

Widdie, a rope, more properly one of withs or willows.

Widdifu', twisted like a withy, one who merits hanging, cross-grained.
The laird was a widdifu' bleerit knurl.

Widdle, struggle, bustle.
To cheer you through the weary widdle.

Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't.

Wifie, *wifikie*, a diminutive or endearing name for wife.

Wight, a man, a person; *fremit wight*, a stranger, or one estranged.

Wight, stout, enduring; blame.

Wight an' wilfu', strong and obstinate.
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.

Willyart-glower, a bewildered, dismayed stare.
Sir Bardie's willyart-glow'r.

Wimple, to meander, to enfold; *wimpl't*, meandered, enfolded.

Wimplin, waving, meandering, winding.
Whether through wimplin worms thou jink.
Where Doon rins wimplin clear.

Win, for won.
Like fortune's favor tint as win.

Win', the wind.

Win', to wind, to winnow.

Winkers, eye-lashes.

Winna, will not.

Winnock, a window.
If he some scheme like tea an' winnocks
Wad kindly seek.

Winnock-bunker, a window recess with a seat in it.
A winnock-bunker in the east.

Winsome, gay, hearty, attractive.

Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Wintle, a staggering motion: as a verb, to stagger, to reel.
An' tumble wi' a wintle.
Winze, a curse or imprecation.
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke.
Wiss, to wish.
The bony lasses weel may wiss him.
Withouten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk, weazened.
Won, to dwell.
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen.
Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woo', wool.
Woodie, or *woody*, a rope, properly one made of withes or willows; the hangman's rope.
The muckle devil wi' a woodie, haurl thee hame.
O weary fa' the waefu' woody!
Wooer-babs, or *woer-babs*, garters knotted below the knee in a couple of loops.
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs
Weel knotted on their garten.
Woor, wore.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
An aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron.
Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or surprise.
Wow! he has an unco' slight
O' cauk and keel
Wrack, care, pain, trouble.
The world's wrack we share o't.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex, to destroy.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death; wrath.
Wrang, wrong; as a verb, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked.
Writer, a lawyer, an attorney.
Wud, wild, mad; *red-wud*, stark mad.
An' just as wud as wud can be.
Wumble, a wimble, or gimlet.
Wyle, to entice, to decoy.
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame: as a verb, to blame.
Alake that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason.

Y.

Yaff, to bark. "A yaffin cur."
Yard, a garden.
Eden's bonie yard.
Yaud, an old horse.
The Murray on the auld grey yaud.
Yauld, strong, active.
Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.
Yealings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural, years.
Yearns, eagles; otherwise, *earns*.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk, to excite.
Yerket, or *yerkit*, jerked, lashed, excited.
My fancie yerket up sublime.
Ye'se, you shall or will.
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Thigger at your doors an' yetts.
Yeuks, itches.
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy.
Yill, ale.
How they crowdit to the yill.
Yin, one; *yince*, once.
Yird, or *yirth*, earth; *yirded*, earthed, buried.
Straught or crooked, yird or nane.
Yirl, earl.
Yirr, lively: as a noun, a quick, startling sound, a dog's bark.
Yitt-meal, oat-meal.
Yokin, yoking, a bout, a set-to.
We had a hearty yokin
At sang about.
Yon, a previously understood reference.
Yont, *ayont*, beyond.
Yont the dyke she's heard thee bummin.
Young guidman, a new-married man.
Youngling, *younker*, a youth.
Yowden, yielded, wearied.
Yowe, a ewe; *yowie*, diminutive of *yowe*.
An' niest my yowie, silly thing.
Yule, Christmas.
Blythe yule night when we were fou.

SCOTCH WORDS WHICH OCCUR IN VERSES QUOTED BY BURNS.

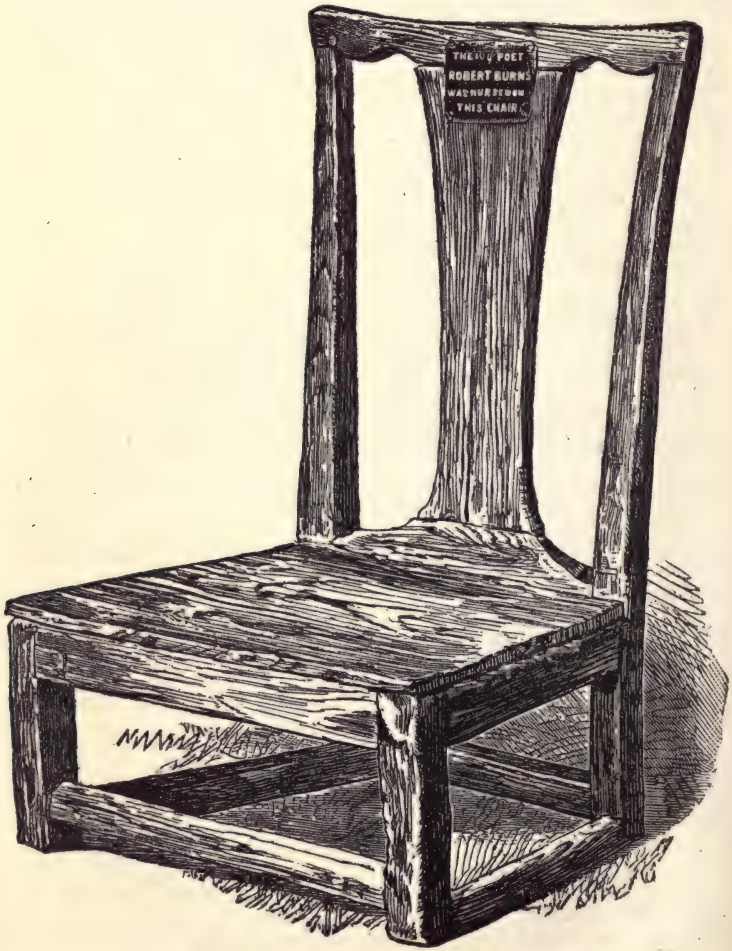
Bob, a dance.
Bumbaz'd, stupefied.
Cauld kail, cold broth; soup left from a previous day.
Chanlers, candlesticks, chandeliers.
Clintin, crevice or shelf on the bank of a river.
Coggin, the teeth of a spinning-wheel.
Cummin', coming.
Curchie, dim. of *curch*, a female head-dress.
Daunton, to subdue, to intimidate.
Door-cheeks, door-posts.
Douk, to duck.
Fee, to hire.
Feetie, dim. of *feet*.
Gaes wi' me, is easy to me.
Greetie, dim. of *greet*, cry.
Hen-bawks, hen-roosts.
Holland, fine linen.
Hollin-buss, a holly tree.
Kill, a kiln.
Link, a lock of hair.
Menzie, serving-men, dependents.
Oliphants, elephants.
Shak, shake.
Shellin-hill, rising ground where the shelled oats are winnowed.
Shute, shoot, put over.
Sicken, such.
Stand wi', to dispute, to differ.
Stent, to stop.
Three-girr'd cap. This is Shakespeare's *three-hooped pot*.
Wanton, to please.
Water-side, bank of a river.
Wonder, wondrous.

FOREIGN WORDS AND PHRASES USED BY BURNS.

Ab origine, from the beginning.
A' Dieu, le bon Dieu, je vous commende! to God, the good God, I commend you! That is evidently what is meant, but we doubt if the words express it.
A la Français, after the French manner.
A' l' egard de moi concerning me.
Alias, otherwise.
Aqua vitæ, brandy, whisky.
Belle et aimable, beautiful and amiable.
Belle fille, pretty girl.
Belles lettres, polite literature.
Bellum, war.
Billet doux, a love-letter.
Bon ton, the fashion, good style.
Ca ira! this will go, this will do!
Carmagnole, dress, dance, etc., much in vogue in France at the Revolution; a person who wore the dress; put by Burns for a cruel person.
Chef d'œuvre, a master-piece.
Cher petit Monsieur, dear little Master.
Ci devant, former.
Cognoscenti, connoisseurs.
Compagnon de voyage, fellow-traveller.
Coup de main, sudden and successful effort.
Cri de guerre, war-cry.
De facto, really.
De haut en bas, contemptuously, condescendingly.
Denouement, the end, catastrophe.
Dernier ressort, the last resource.
Dont j'ai eu l'honneur d'etre un miserable esclave, of which I have had the honor of being a wretched slave.
Dramatis personæ, the characters in a drama.
Duresse, hardness, sternness, &c. dourness.
Eclat, splendor; *eclatant*, splendid.
Eloignee, distant.
Embaras, perplexity.
Enbonpoint, in good condition, plump.
En passant, by the way.
En poete, like a poet.
Entre nous, between you and me.

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuse, give my respectful compliments.
Faux pas, a false step, an error.
Fete Champetre, country festival.
Fillette, a young woman.
Finesse, artifice, trickery.
Frater, a brother.
Gaieté de cœur, lightness of heart, wantonness.
Gens comme il faut, people as they should be, of the right sort.
Germina, germs.
Gravissimo, exceedingly grave; musical term.
Hardiesse, boldness.
Hauteur, haughtiness.
Integer, a whole, not a fracuon.
In terrorem, to deter.
Io triumphe! triumph! rejoice! We suspect that Burns went to Horace for these words. If so, his knowledge of Latin may have been greater than he pretended, or than his biographers have given him credit for possessing.
Jeu d'esprit, a witty sally.
La plus aimable de son sexe, the most amiable of her sex.
Lapsus linguæ, a slip of the tongue.
Lente largo, slow and grave.
Le pauvre inconnu, the poor unknown.
Le pauvre miserable, the poor wretch. Cowper, too, calls himself *pauvre miserable.*
Le plus bel esprit, et le plus honnete homme, the greatest genius and the most honest man.
Les beaux esprits, persons of genius.
Les environs, the neighborhood.
Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable, the true is not always like the truth.
Ma chere amie, my dear friend.
Maitre d' hotel, steward.
Memento, a remembrance.
Mes cheres Mesdames, my dear Ladies.
Miserable perdu, wretched lost one.
Moi-meme, myself.
Mon ami, my friend.
Mon grand but, my great aim.
Morceaux, morsels.
Naiveté, candor, simplicity.
Noblesse, the nobility.
Nota bene, mark well.
Opinionatre, opionatreté, obstinacy.
Oublie moi, grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie! forget me, great God, if I ever forget him!
Ou il plait a' Dieu—et mon Roi, (I go) whither it pleases God —and my King.
Outré, preposterous, odd.
Pardonnez moi, Madame, pardon me, Madam.
Pas, precedence.
Pauvres miserables, poor wretches.
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei, I have sinned, O father, pity me.
Penchant, inclination.
Poetæ minores, minor poets.
Politesse, politeness.
Primo, firstly.
Pro and con, for and against.
Probatum est, it has been proved.
Quantum, amount.
Quem Deus conservet! whom may God preserve!
Quondam, former.
Reveur, dreamer.
Rôle, one's place in the world.
Sanctum sanctorum, the holy of holies.
Sans ceremonie, without ceremony.
Sans culottes, lit. men without breeches, revolutionists in France.
Scélerat, villain.
Secundum artem, according to rule.
Solitaire, recluse, hermit.
Statu quo, as before.
Subscripsi huic, I have subscribed this.
Tant pis, so much the worse.
Tapis, the carpet.
Terra firma, solid earth, a firm footing.
Tête-à-tête, private conversation.
Ton, style. Burns seems to use it to signify *height.*
Tout au contraire, quite the reverse.
Un but, an aim.

Une bagatelle de l'amitié, a small token of friendship.
Un homme des affaires, a man of business.
Un penchant a'l'adorable moitié du genre humain, a liking for the adorable half of the human race.
Un peu trompé, a little deceived.
Un tout ensemble, a whole.
Vade mecum, constant co.npanion.
Veni, vidi, vici, I came, I saw, I conquered.
Viva voce, by the living voice, by word of mouth.
Vive la bagatelle! Trifles for ever! Let us be merry!
Vive l'amour! Love for ever!



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Mrs. Dunlop,	42	John Ballantine,	7
Mrs. Riddell,	18	Richard Brown,	7
Peter Hill,	17	Gavin Hamilton,	8
Robert Ainslie,	15	John M'Murdo,	7
Alex. Cunningham,	14	Robert Muir,	7
James Johnson,	13	William Nicol,	8
R. Graham, of Fintry,	11	4 persons, 5 letters to each	20
Miss Chalmers,	11	4 " 4 "	16
James Burness,	10	12 " 3 "	36
Robt. Cleghorn,	9	27 " 2 "	54
William Burns,	8	78 " 1 letter each	88
	272	Total	534

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